

❧ THE ❧

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. No. 1.

❧ JANUARY, 1880. ❧

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THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published by the Class of '81, Bates College.

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EDITORS.

W. P. FOSTER, O. H. DRAKE, C. A. STROUT, W. J. BROWN, H. E. COOLIDGE.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON.

THE sons of the "Old Dominion" ever have been prominent among the noted men of our nation. Of the first five Presidents of the United States, four were from Virginia, and each was honored with a re-election. And among Vice Presidents, Cabinet Officers, Justices of the Supreme Court, and Foreign Ministers, Virginians have not been few. The names of Madison, Monroe, Marshall, Lee, Randolph, and others, are familiar to every student of our political history. But while these names are losing their familiarity, except to the political student, so long as the people of this nation have sufficient interest in governmental affairs to maintain the present Constitution, the names placed at the head of this article will be known to every intelligent citizen.

Adams and Jefferson, or Jefferson and Hamilton are usually paired for contrast; but Hamilton's official career was brief, and Adams as President is chiefly noted for winning the hatred and accomplishing the destruction of his own party. That much is owed to Hamilton for his efforts in securing the ratification of the Constitution, and his masterly management of the Treasury Department, and that Adams served his country faithfully as a diplomatist the historian will not forget. But the people naturally remember their Presidents better than Foreign Ministers or Cabinet Officers.

It may be objected to the coupling of these names that Washington did not rep-

resent a party. True he was without a rival at either his first or second election, and in nominations was never biased by party ties. But his administration will stand in history, and was regarded by many before its close, as a federal Administration. Again, Washington's military career alone is sufficient to place him far above his contemporaries. But it is on the common ground of statesmanship that I would study these men.

Natives of the same State, quick to espouse the cause of the colonies, associated in forming and setting in motion the machinery of Government under the new Constitution, each twice elected to the highest office in the nation, one cannot be studied without learning much of the other. Both were true patriots. But would Jefferson's patriotism render him so forgetful of self as Washington's? Though sensitive to every appearance of dissatisfaction with any of his measures, Washington was chiefly anxious that the people should believe in the purity of his motives. Conscious of this purity himself, he could not be swerved from what seemed to be for the good of the country by party claims, private friendship, or the fear that the name or influence of any other man might outweigh his own. Here is the first point in which I notice Washington's superiority to Jefferson as a Statesman.

That Jefferson ever favored measures which he did not think designed to further the cause of liberty and justice, I cannot

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believe. With his enthusiasm for freedom and hatred of anything like aristocratic rule, it was but natural that he should differ politically with Hamilton; but had it not been for a jealous fear that the latter's influence over both the Executive and Legislative branches of government, and so over the people, was surpassing his own, he never would have resigned his seat in the Cabinet, nor have made it his first object when called to the Presidency to detect dishonesty in Hamilton's management of the Treasury.

The control of the Mississippi by the Spanish, the retention of the British Posts in the West, and the efforts of the French to secure aid from Americans in their war upon England, made the questions connected with the Department of State during Washington's administration peculiarly difficult, and no higher compliment could have been paid a man than his call to this office. Unfortunately, Jefferson, being at the time of his nomination the American Representative at Paris, did not take his seat in the Cabinet until March, 1790. In the mean time he had contracted strong prejudices against the course of the President and some of his counsellors, on the strength of rumors current in Virginia in regard to certain social customs established at the Presidential Mansion. To us at the present day it seems a small matter for statesmen to dispute about,—when the President should receive visitors, how they should be ushered into his presence, what the style of his bows should be, whether all should sit or stand, etc. But at that time all these things were supposed to be indexes of the nature of the government, whether republican, aristocratic, or monarchical. That Washington consulted his associates in regard to these matters was not on account of his love for ceremony and pomp, but on account of his wish to please the people, some of whom, considering the office of President of the United

States superior in rank to any office among contemporary nations, were anxious that due respect should be shown its occupant, while to others anything savoring of European Courts was most distasteful. Jefferson, to use his own words, "being fresh from the French Revolution, * * * and, consequently whetted up in my own republican principles," was especially opposed to all ceremony and titles, expressing a wish that even "Mr." might be dropped, and was suspicious of the reverence naturally shown to one whose deeds were so illustrious and character so exalted as Washington's by a people so recently the loyal subjects of a king, as having a tendency toward monarchy.

A disappointed local politician, speaking of the Grant "boom", remarked that "he could see where all these things were *emanating to*, we should have a monarchy within three years with Grant at the head." The gentleman would no doubt have been surprised to learn that the same charge was made against Washington. But a moment's consideration will develop that Jefferson had stronger reasons for such fears than we of to-day, with all our degeneracy. Washington's military career had made his name and influence almost supreme. Jefferson says in 1796, "One man outweighs them all (members of Congress) in the influence over the people, who have supported his judgment against their own and that of their representatives." It was not certain that any other man could successfully preside over the nation. The whole government was as yet an experiment. Would it not be wise to keep this great influence over the people while life should be spared? If there were those who mistrusting the strength of the new Constitution, favored a monarch, the tardy submission either of individuals or States to the authority of Congress, and the free, not to say violent, criticisms of the Administration, must have intensified this feel-

ing. The people were saved from taxation without representation, and a king here in their midst might be more tolerable than one three thousand miles across the water. Surely, however much jealousy may have exaggerated them, grounds for Jefferson's suspicions did exist. He ought to have known, however, that Washington's opposition to a monarchy, if not expressed in so nervous language, was as sincere as his own. Had Jefferson been in the field with Washington, Hamilton, and Knox, they might have agreed better in the Cabinet, or had he been present at their first meetings some causes for his suspicions might have been prevented.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," so I fancy Jefferson's early suspicions of Adams and Hamilton of leaning toward a monarchy, and his jealousy of the latter, were the origin of the bitter strife between Federalists and Anti-Federalists. Once contract a personal dislike for a man, and arguments against all measures of his proposal are easily found.

The different views of Washington and Jefferson in regard to the Constitution, French Revolution, and other matters of that day were in harmony with the character of the men. The calm, well-balanced, order-loving mind that sustained Washington in the responsible positions of his youth and early manhood,—surveying Lord Fairfax's estates, bearing important dispatches through trackless forests, saving Braddock's army from utter ruin,—made him anxious to see the affairs of the new nation proceeding without friction or jar. In his view, the signs of the times threatened anarchy rather than monarchy. On the other hand, Jefferson, who, on his own authority, at the age when Washington was discharging the duties of a man, was giving more time to tavern festivals than to his studies, and was known as the gayest youth that ever chaffed a

pretty bar-maid or danced a Virginia Reel, feared most a fixed, stately government that should not occasionally be lifted from its ruts by the uprising of the people. With what horror his remark upon the Shay rebellion, "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion," must have struck Washington, who regarded it as a most alarming indication that the people were not ready for self-government, and urged Mr. Lee, then President of Congress, to use in its suppression every power the Confederacy afforded.

Jefferson's faith in the people was supreme. He regarded their impatience at restraint as the result of ignorance and inexperience,—faults which time and education would remove. The remark said to have been made by Washington, "Men I can govern, but not boys," contains the key to his idea of what a government should be. Jefferson was a philosophical politician with a head full of theories, some bad, most good. Washington was a practical business politician, caring little for theories but anxious for results. He was not an originator. He saw clearly desired ends, but others must devise the means; he would execute. The mind that is most fertile in schemes and plans, is not always a safe guide. It is apt to be blind to the defects of its own plans. Washington's peculiar talent was that of holding with the even hand of justice, the scales into which the different plans of men were thrown. Jefferson was the man to declare the independence of the Colonies as a correct political principle; Washington was the man to establish it as a practical fact.

It is difficult to believe that Jefferson was so averse to political life as some of his letters would have us believe. The natural bent of his mind was directly toward politics. He probably did not enjoy being "daily pitted" against Hamilton in the Cabinet. But to be President was

different. His estimation of the office of Vice President is noticeably different from that of Adams. The latter complained that his countrymen had provided him with an office having neither responsibility, influence, or honor. This is about the opinion at the present day. Jefferson, after failing to gain the first office, and becoming Vice President under Adams, said: "It is as I have wished. The second office of this nation is one of honorable ease; the first is but splendid misery." Yet every Federalist believed that Jefferson wrote that letter to gain influence over Adams, which he subsequently used to break down Adams and his party, and gain this splendid misery for himself for eight years.

But we must not neglect to mention the matters for which Jefferson's name is specially honored. It is worthy of note that on assuming the duties of President, he abolished the formal levees of his predecessors, so suggestive to many of the royal courts of Europe, and instead of being escorted to the Capitol by an imposing procession at the assembling of each Congress to deliver an opening speech, he substituted the simpler method still followed of sending a written message. His part in breaking down the law of entails and primogeniture, and the Anglican Church with their attendant aristocracies in Virginia; his part in drafting the Declaration of Independence, and incorporating into the Constitution a Bill of Rights; his efforts to establish a general system of education, and to secure the gradual emancipation of the slaves, all show him to have been superior to Washington in devising political measures. Jefferson's interpretation of the Constitution is too well known to need review at this time. His influence in our political system has been like the centrifugal force in the physical universe,—equally dangerous, and equally necessary with its opposite, the centre seeking power.

Washington's success was not due to brilliant genius, nor extensive learning; but to a sound judgment and a moral character in which the people learned to trust. Jefferson was surrounded with no military glory, nor had he, like many of his contemporaries, the power of moving and molding men's minds by the eloquence of spoken words. His work was in the purely intellectual department of politics, yet no man of his own or subsequent times has left a more lasting impression upon American politics.

THE OAK.

'Tis twilight now; the last red gleam,
Which through thy leafy branches stream,
Begins the voice of day to still.
Beneath thy shade I drink my fill
Of freedom, beauty, and repose.
Old age in thy strong branches shows
But evidence of new life, fresh and green,—
The beauty, strength, and bloom of youth are
seen.

And yet the noble, grand, and such
As 'scape the icy, chilling touch
Of Death, cannot the sure decay
Of Time evade, or e'en delay.
The even red its farewell gleams,
And bids me leave my pensive dreams—
The whisperings of thy breathing, rustling
leaves,
And meet the fate the God of Nature weaves.

Here thou hast stood with courage strong;
And reared thy lofty head among
The ruin and decay that must
Reduce all mortal things to dust.
In Autumn, if thy leaves to earth
Are fallen, their death but proves a birth
To new life. Verdure new springs forth in place
Of old, with beauty, loveliness, and grace.

Emblem of immortality!
The Future Life we surely see
Foreshadowed in thy yearly death,
And resurrection by the breath
Of gentle zephyrs in the Spring.
The very song the glad birds sing
Within thy branches, ever seems to me:
"There is no Death; 'tis but a life to be."

C. A. S., '81.

PROTESTANTISM.

C. A. BICKFORD.

AFTER the first church was established at Jerusalem, Christianity "found confessors and disciples in all parts of the known world." Notwithstanding the terrible series of persecutions which began under Nero, in the year 64, and continued intermittingly through the first three centuries, Christianity grew in all lands, from Britain to India, and from the German forests to the sands of Africa. The fourth century witnessed its complete triumph over paganism. The victory began in 313 when the Emperor Constantine issued the famous Edict of Milan, "securing to every subject of the Roman Empire the right to practice such religion as he pleased, and in particular the right to pass from paganism to Christianity." The last great blow was struck near the close of the century, in the reign of Theodosius, when, at Alexandria, the colossal and splendid idol that stood as the grand representative of polytheism, and the magnificent temple, the Serapeum, in which the god towered with arms outstretched to the opposite walls, fell forever beneath the battering rams and the axes of the Roman soldiery. This was in 391. It signalized the complete overthrow of paganism. The cross became everywhere the dominant symbol of religious faith.

This exaltation of the Christian church was attended, however, with a great loss to it of primitive simplicity and purity. When Christianity was opposed and persecuted, and, in the words of an eminent scholar, "made its way by its own divine energy, the general purity of its profession was preserved." But "no sooner do we see the teachers in the church invested with secular honors, immense wealth, and elevated to dignity, than the first object of their lives seems to have been to maintain their power and preëminence, and to

aspire at dominion over the bodies and consciences of men. From the days of Constantine, the progress became rapid of corrupting the religion of Christ, and of converting it into a system of spiritual tyranny, idolatry, superstition, and hypocrisy, until it arrived at its full height in the Roman hierarchy." Says Mosheim, "The history of the Roman pontiffs that lived in the tenth century is a history of so many monsters, and not of men, and exhibits a horrible series of the most flagitious, tremendous, and complicated crimes, as all writers, even those of the Romish communion confess." The period from the tenth to the sixteenth centuries presents a sad and shocking panorama of the growing secularization and corruption of the church, until "the popes had virtually renounced the lofty position of moral and religious guardians of society."

The first considerable protest against laxity in the church came from the lips of Novatian, a presbyter of Rome, as early as the middle of the third century. Seeing no prospect of stemming the tide of immorality that was inundating the church, Novatian withdrew from it and was excommunicated. He "formed a church and was elected bishop. Great numbers followed his example, and all over the empire Puritan churches were constituted and flourished through the succeeding two hundred years." In the fourth century arose the Donatists who, among other things, insisted upon separation between church and State, and freedom of conscience against Romish limitations. Coming down to the seventh century, we find the same spirit extending itself in the powerful and much persecuted sect of the Paulicians, of whom Gibbon has spoken with praise. In the ninth century we behold Claude, bishop of Turin, "a truly great man," sometimes called "the first Protestant reformer," eloquently proclaiming the same doctrine that seven centuries

later Luther so largely established,—justification by faith. The twelfth century contains the names of several eminent Protestants of whom let two be mentioned—Peter of Bruys, and Henry of Clugny, uncompromising opponents of worldliness in the church, the one suffering martyrdom, the other dying in prison for the faith, yet not without having achieved large results in the work of religious reform. The blood of the puritan sects oftentimes flowed freely during that dark period from the ninth to the twelfth centuries. From the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, we witness the growth and direful persecution of the great Puritan Church known in Southern Europe as the Waldenses or Albigenses, in Bohemia as the United Brethren, in England as the Lollards; we behold, too, the admirable heroism of such staunch reformers as Peter Waldo, John Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and many others.

In the year 1517 broke out the great Reformation under Luther. What is known as the Era of the Reformation extends from this year (1517) in which Luther published his ninety-five theses to the Conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648—a period of one hundred and thirty-one years. During the first half of this period, Protestantism grew rapidly and seemed likely to supplant the Catholic Church as, more than a thousand years before, Christianity had supplanted paganism. But, during the latter half of this period, the current changed. Instead of longer gaining, Protestantism began to lose; it continued losing; and in 1648, when the Treaty of Westphalia was signed, it was plain that the Roman Catholic Church was ascendant. How is this accounted for? Several leading facts are never to be lost sight of. In the first place, it must be remembered that the Protestant

movement was greatly aided by political, as well as by moral, influences. In the second place, Protestantism, being made up of diverse and inharmonious elements, and teaching liberty of the individual conscience, contained within itself the elements of future dissensions and divisions. Even before Luther's death these things came. Thirdly, one of the immediate and most notable effects of the Reformation was to produce a vigorous counter-reformation among the Catholics themselves.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, then, Protestantism "halted in its course," as Prof. Fisher expresses it, "and was shut up within fixed boundaries." The latter half of this century witnessed the gradual decline of the Catholic revival, without, however, any gain to Protestantism. The whole eighteenth century was a period of apathy in religion. "Catholicism and Protestantism rested within their respective lines, and no longer made inroads on each other's territory." "The geographical frontier between the two religions continued to run almost precisely where it ran at the close of the Thirty Years' War."

The nineteenth century has been one of general religious revival, and has witnessed great revolutions in the religious world. The infidelity of the last century having culminated in France, in her famous paroxysm of atheistic blasphemy, a reaction in favor of religion set gradually in, by which, during the first half of the present century, Romanism seems greatly to have profited. Since the middle of the century, various revolutions have obscured the brilliant prospects of the church of Rome, and given to Protestantism, particularly on the continent of Europe, such opportunities as she has not seen since the close of the sixteenth century. Protestants, however, will not be wise to consider themselves sure of ascendancy in

the immediate future. While it is true that Protestantism is still the ruling power in the United States and Great Britain, and from the Seine to the Danube beholds a door opening that has been closed against her for full three hundred years; while it is true that "since 1866 Protestant Europe has been politically stronger than Catholic Europe—and Protestantism can claim legal rights to-day throughout the continent," a thing that was never true before; it is also true that Romanism is a much vaster body than Protestantism, and although inferior in regard to fundamental principles is greatly superior in point of magnificent organization and power of united effort throughout Christendom; and it is true that Rome, under Leo XIII., is making masterly efforts to regain her lost ascendancy. Let Protestantism fail to combine vigilantly and strenuously against her, and it needs no prophet to foretell another Romish triumph equal to that which she won in the last half century of the Era of the Reformation. It is by no means as yet settled whether Protestantism or Romanism is to be dominant in Europe and America at the beginning of the next century.

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY KATE HANSON.

The oldest themes are ever the most new,
New Years grow old, and old grow young again,
They follow each the other in long train—
Each hath its seasons, yet its diff'ring hue.

Where is the Old Year, who knows, who can
tell?

We had it, it was ours, but now no more;
Gone, gone into the past, naught can restore
It to us, we can only sound its knell!

We felt so sure of every day that came,
Sure in possession, but it passed away,
And of it soon, we said "The other day,"
And it was nothing but a by-gone name!

And shall our hands fall down, and hearts sink,
low,

Because these years that once were ours, are not,
And try, in vain, to bring back what's forgot?
'Tis better, friends, to calmly let them go.

'Tis deeds make life, for deeds the New Year
wakes

For living not for dreaming in the past,
Forever and forever life must last,
And who lives well, a constant New Year makes.

What was, was then of use, but this to-day
It is the best for you and me to hold,
And when 'tis used and cast into the mold,
Our Sovereign Ruler turneth out the clay.

He holds the Years, not unforgot, by Him;
Is any day, or hour, or moment gone,
We simply say, 'tis ended, and go on
Into the future, while the past grows dim.

CO-EDUCATION.

BY F. L. B., '82.

MUCH has been said and written, during the past five years, upon the subject of co-education. Leading divines and public educators have grown enthusiastic in maintaining certain pet theories in regard to it, but have, as a rule, been unable to agree as to methods. When this matter was first brought before the public, college sentiment was almost united against any movement which should result in the co-education of the sexes.

It was claimed that the young ladies could not stand the strain which a four years' course would certainly demand; that the standard of morals, which was in most cases none too high, would be lowered; that, in short, it would result in the destruction of that dignity which has always been associated with college culture. Anything like putting these claims to the test, was discouraged, and it was only through a non-conservative spirit, and a desire for fair play, that one or two of our American institutions ventured to try the experiment.

As Bates was one of the first colleges to open her doors to women, it is from actual observation that we are able to make known the result. Timidly at first, but gradually with firmer step, the young ladies ventured to trust themselves to the hardships and amenities of college life. They expected to meet with opposition, but they little knew how quickly this would disappear under the warm encouragement of advanced thought. Up to this time, it had not been an uncommon thing to hear language used in and about the recitation room which was far from elevating in its tendency. Rough pranks were played upon classmates and professors whenever opportunity presented. It was not long after the entrance of the young ladies before a change was noticeable. The young men became more gentlemanly in their deportment. The ribald song; the questionable allusion; the rough language incidental to harumscarum youth, have, in a great measure, disappeared. Perhaps some will say this is mere idle talk, and that the statements made are without foundation. Let him who would be convinced in regard to their truthfulness, make his own inquiries and observations, and decide for himself.

That co-education is the more natural method of instructing our youth is readily deducible from past experience in educational and social matters. Large public schools, in which the sexes are educated in separate buildings, have almost invariably proved hot-beds of vice. When Anthony Comstock began his warfare against the publishers of obscene literature, he found that their heaviest sales had been made among those institutions which were

exclusively devoted to the education of either sex separately.

Jean Paul Richter, in his admirable work, "*Levana*," hits the nail on the head when he says: "To insure modesty, I would advise the education of the sexes together; for two boys will preserve twelve girls, or two girls twelve boys, innocent, amidst winks, jokes, and improprieties, merely by that instinctive sense which is the forerunner of matured modesty. But I will guarantee nothing in a school where girls are alone together, and still less where boys are." So much for the moral aspect of our subject.

We have noticed with interest the general good health which the young ladies, who have graced our college with their presence, have enjoyed. We believe that only one, out of the fifteen ladies who have entered Bates, has been obliged to leave on account of ill health. This fact seems to indicate that they are as able to endure the hard study of collegiate life as the sterner sex.

The rivalry which co-education naturally stimulates is healthy, and productive of much good. Rather than be defeated in recitation by a young lady student, an enterprising collegian will spare an hour from his sports, and spend it in conning his lesson.

Co-education has been a decided success at Bates, as it has been in nearly every instance in other American colleges. When we behold aristocratic Harvard taking the first steps toward opening her doors to women, we are encouraged to hope that ere ten years have passed, there will not be an institution in the land which does not admit both sexes on an equal footing to the privileges of scholarship.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WITH this number the STUDENT begins a new year, under the management of a new Board of Editors. Of the changes which we have made, and propose to make, we have spoken elsewhere. We do not believe in long introductions or salutations. We simply promise our subscribers that we will do our best to give them a good and lively college paper.

There is one department in which Bates compares very favorably with our largest and best New England colleges. Few institutions give such a good drill in Rhetoricals as ours. The instruction is very valuable, and there is ample opportunity to put it into practice in the public declamations and debates. Professor Chase's lectures on "Rhetorical Invention" last fall were highly appreciated by the Junior class. In the Freshman year we have essays and prize declamations, in the Sophomore year come the prize debates, and in Junior and Senior year the Rhetoricals consist of debates, criticisms, and original declamations. The discipline and knowledge derived from these are invaluable to those who intend to follow those professions requiring a good use of language. On the whole we think this the most profitable part of our curriculum.

In preparing for class debates this question is often asked, shall I write my debate? There are several reasons why it is better to write it. Even if the debate is written it is not necessary that it be committed to memory. When a debate is properly prepared many ideas are collected which are well worth preserving. If the debate is written the ideas are at hand for any future use, and they are clothed in as good language as the writer can command; but if it is not written they

are probably soon forgotten, and when wanted must be again looked up. Since as correct words as possible are used, in a short time a person will have a large and useful vocabulary of standard words. In a debate delivered extemporaneously this last advantage is almost entirely lost.

Although it is true that a ready command of language is obtained by "off-hand" speaking, yet our Societies furnish opportunity for an abundance of this practice. It seems right that our class debates should aim at accuracy rather than fluency of expression. A small but good vocabulary is better than a large and poor one, a few facts and ideas ready for use than many once known but now forgotten.

When the publication of the STUDENT was commenced, it had a form and character given it which has since been scrupulously maintained. There has, however, long been a desire on the part of those conducting it, to modify its form and arrangement to correspond more nearly with other college journals. There have been various obstacles to such action, foremost among them, a distaste on the part of the Faculty for the change. It will be seen, however, that the present managers of the STUDENT have made a radical change in its appearance. To all persons who have any appreciation of the typographical appearance of a paper, this change will commend itself. All will admit that the former size of type was too large for the width of the columns, and it is largely for this reason that a change of form has been desired. When the STUDENT was started, the reading matter was set in long primer; later it was increased to small pica. We have now decreased it to bourgeois. By thus decreasing the size of type we are enabled to give our sub-

scribers more reading matter, by full two pages of the former type; in other words, the late issues of the *STUDENT* have contained 41,600 ems of reading matter; the present issue contains 43,920 ems, giving subscribers, by actual measurement, an additional 2,320 ems. Surely our subscribers will not be offended with us for so doing. Moreover, by a change in the arrangement of the literary articles there will be, hereafter, a less number of blank half pages staring our readers in the face, suggestive of space paid for but not filled up.

The musical outlook for the next two terms is exceedingly cheering. We have a fine quartette and a flourishing orchestra. But the labor of cultivating the Bates musical ear should not be left entirely to these. We ought to have more local organizations of the sort. Both societies and all four classes ought each to have a quartette and even an orchestra of its own. If half the strength and talent which is expended in howling, as well as the breath wasted on poorly sawed conchs, was turned a little in the direction of *music*, we think the results would be far more satisfactory. It would certainly be a good idea to form a Musical Association somewhat after the plan of our Reading Room or Base-Ball Association, for the purpose of supporting musical enterprise at Bates. No doubt the Faculty would give a vacant room in Parker Hall which could be used as a reception and practice room. It could be furnished at a small cost, and the necessary musical instruments easily procured. There is nothing that relieves the dull routine of study so much as good music.

We think such an Association would revive that old and pleasant custom of singing college songs which has for the last term almost fallen into disuse. After a good, old, rollicking "Here's to Good

Old Bates," or "Bull-dog on the Bank," the student is in a pleasanter state of mind than before and better fitted to accomplish his allotted tasks.

—

Last fall term a system of written examinations was instituted, which, though a new departure, will be highly beneficial to the interests of the college. Formerly we had no examinations except at the end of the summer term, and those did not affect, to any extent, our average rank.

We think much of the unfairness which necessarily results from ranking entirely on daily recitations might be obviated by averaging the student's rank with his examination rank. Some students are quick and ready, and can recite far better than others who retain what they learn, and derive more benefit from it. We do not see why the quick perception of the former should receive more credit than the retentive memory of the latter. In daily recitations, the former have the advantage; in written examinations, the latter generally come out ahead. By averaging the two, a juster estimate of the respective ability of the students can be made.

More than this, these examinations are an incentive to study. However low a motive it may be, still it is a motive and will in time lead to a better. With the prospect of a severe examination before him, the student will be more careful, more accurate, and more studious, than without it; and the knowledge, from whatever motive it may be acquired, cannot fail to be valuable to him. If a student knows that there is a certain rank which he must obtain in order to continue his course, he *will* obtain it if he can, and if he cannot it would be an injury to himself and the college to retain him. We think if this system of fair written tests at the end of each term is permanently adopted here, it will raise the standard of

scholarship and make it more of an honor to graduate.

While it would be presumption in us, the new Board of Editors, to suppose that we are going to make any great or radical improvements upon the literary work of our predecessors, yet, as we believe the magazine has improved with each year of its existence, we may modestly hope it will not retrograde under our management. Much fault has been found with the *STUDENT*, in former years, for publishing long and dry articles and essays which could get into print nowhere else. We believe there has been some excuse for this fault finding.

Students or graduates who read two or three essays or books, by able writers, upon some well-known subject, and by their aid write a *heavy* article for their college paper, throw away their labor. Their article is never read. Students who wish for information upon those subjects go to the fountain-head for it.

Now, we would like articles and contributions from all the students and graduates of the college—such articles as *you* would read if printed elsewhere. Make them bright and attractive, no matter if they are even witty. Don't think you must write something heavy and dull because you are writing for a college paper. That is the very place where wit and talent are best appreciated and should abound. The college student gets tired of prosiness during his hours with the professor; when he takes up his college paper, he expects and requires a change. Now we wish all to feel an interest in the *STUDENT* and be willing to take a little pains to make it what such a paper should be. And in conclusion, articles of all sorts, bits of experience in prose or verse, fancies or correspondence, will be appreciated and heartily welcomed at this office.

The fact that the *STUDENT* passes into

the hands of each class at some period of the college course, makes it a matter of equal interest to all. There is not a student in the college who cannot contribute something to make this enterprise a success; if you cannot prepare for its columns a weighty article on Moral Philosophy or some other profound subject, you can give it material aid by patronizing its advertisers. The financial success of the *STUDENT* depends largely upon its advertising list, and certainly, if upon no other grounds than those of sound business principles, we should make it a positive advantage to the merchant to advertise in our columns.

In soliciting advertisements we are sometimes met with the remark, "Others who do not advertise, receive as much of your custom as I, who advertise liberally with you." Passing over the discussion of the truth of this remark, we submit that we are under obligation to give our trade to those who patronize us, so long as their terms are as satisfactory as those of other merchants. Show to the business men of Lewiston and Auburn that our custom depends upon their patronage, and the advertising list of the *STUDENT* may easily be doubled.

We make this appeal knowing that the benefits of following our views will come not to us, but to those who may succeed us; our labors in connection with the *STUDENT* may have been completed before our patrons realize the change, but the soliciting agent of the next Board of Editors will certainly see the wisdom of the advice which we venture to put forth, simply as the result of experience among our advertising patrons.

LOCALS.

How desolate!

Send back the boys.

We haven't enough to form a company for the Augusta campaign.

All the editors of the STUDENT are teaching.

Donovan, formerly of '80, now talks politics at Bowdoin.

We have no choir at chapel now, but hope to "brace up" when Wilbur returns.

As slowly as the returns from back towns come in, do the students return to their studies.

Shattuck, of '81, who was absent last term, has returned and resumed his studies.

The Professor who told Lib. he had no taste because he didn't like poetry, has lost one friend.

Notwithstanding the "counting-out" mania, Prof. Stanley has been qualified as State Assayer.

McCleery, of '81, is to represent the *Lewiston Journal* at Augusta during the session of the Legislature.

The Senior class has secured Edward Everett Hale as orator before the literary societies at Commencement.

Flunkers can easily find "fatal defects" in any question the Professor in Political Economy may put to them, on the plea that "the point isn't in his edition."

A Junior translates the German: "*Ich liebe dich und du liebst mich*,"—"I love you and you,—do you—love me." An audible smile convulses the rest of the class.

Student—"Professor, do you favor free trade?" Prof.—"Well, if I could get into good company by voting for free trade, I might do so." (Democratic papers please copy.)

The small number of students present at the opening exercises of the term would indicate that the Faculty had resorted to the "counting-out" business; but we are authorized to say that no student will be deprived of his seat.

Bearded upperclassmen smile complacently to see Freshmen and Preps spending their spare time in starting fuzz sufficient to warrant them in patronizing the new female barber shop.

In these times of political uncertainty we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, but as the Fog(g) has been brushed aside, let us hope the Prof. will retain his office without an appeal to arms.

We gather from a show-bill sent us that Cook is a "star" in a dramatic company at the "Mills." We knew the boy once blindly followed a "star," but we thought that "Stella" had set — on him.

Emerson is *de facto* bell-ringer. We expect he'll soon be counted out. We've all confidence in Emerson, but we've no more confidence in that watch of his than we have in the Greenback Legislature.

Mr. Tracy, of the Sophomore Class, held spell-bound an interested audience at the Court St. Free Baptist Church, on New Year's evening, by his excellent rendering of Talmage's "Empty Theatre."

Prominent among the participants in the State Teachers' Association of Colorado, we notice the name of I. C. Dennett, formerly of Bates, '73, and at present Professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Colorado.

The following dialogue proves that nothing can escape the argus eye of our Faculty: "Mr. —, I hear that some of your class go down town on the pick-up." (Profound silence.) Prof.—"Yes, Mr. —, I hear that they even go home with Irish girls."

Anxious mothers should have no hesitancy in placing their sons under the watchful care of our Faculty. Not long since, one of the boys about to assume the duties of the pedagogue, in another State, was allowed to stop over one train to have his pants patched.

Politics, politics, everywhere
That any man can think.

Even the students have returned filled with the divine (?) afflatus which has lately shaken the State so severely that the remotest portions of the country have demanded its subsidence.

A woman in Virginia recently sought and secured a divorce on the ground that her husband was a Republican. Reason enough. Had the husband been a Maine Democrat instead of a Virginia Republican he would have disregarded the decision of the court.

The class in Philosophy were caught napping the other day. The Professor in discoursing upon "Sound" made the remark so naturally, "There's Music in the Air," that members of the Glee Club took out their tuning-forks to see if the aerial singers weren't flat.

As the result of an investigation into the finances of the Base-Ball Association, we find that the expenses of the grounds for last season were \$50.00, while the receipts were \$25.00. This needs no comment. Members who are in debt to the association will do well to "ante-up."

Hon. Alonzo Garecelon, late Governor, is a member of the Board of Fellows of Bates College. How fortunate for the poor student seeking an education to feel that his interests are watched over by a man who has such a conscientious regard for the constitution and laws of our State.

Prof. Stanton has given the Freshmen a lecture on the political situation, in which he applied some very close-fitting epithets to the fashion leaders. We believe Prof. Stanton has done just what every man, who holds a position which gives great weight to his words, should do, in denouncing this outrage.

Our subscribers will confer a great favor by remitting their subscriptions at once, as we wish to pay for the publication of

the STUDENT in monthly installments, thus making the financial affairs lighter for all concerned. We are sure our friends will respond to this request, as it will aid us materially, and can make but little difference to them. All subscriptions should be addressed to the Manager of BATES STUDENT, Lewiston, Maine.

Considerable interest was felt by the students in the concert of the Mendelssohn Club, given in Music Hall on the evening of the 15th of January. Bates is well represented in the Club, '81 alone contributing four members. The students are to be congratulated that there is an organization in the city in which they can receive such excellent musical drill.

One of the Professors has been appointed State Assayer. Rumor has it that all the liquors received at the Agency have to be brought to the Professor's house for analysis. The fact that several bibulous students have recently been assiduously cultivating the acquaintance of the Professor's young son, and plying him with questions and peanuts, has no connection with the above.

A Junior, who is a prominent member of the choir, and has the ministry in (distant) view, recently submitted his head to the manipulations of a phrenologist, requesting judgment as to what pursuit in life was best adapted to his abilities. The man of science, after thoroughly examining the bumps on the head of our hopeful Junior, confidently assured him that he would make a good *drover*.

Rec has recently shown considerable knowledge of music, in recitation, which we were at a loss to understand, knowing that he made no pretension to musical culture; but the mystery is solved, and we hasten to explain to his alarmed classmates, that the credit (?) of his views belongs not to him but to the "Warbler." His musical education has been suddenly

broken off; she has put the "soft" pedal down on him, and now he is studying "Divinity" instead of music.

Since the late political crisis has hung over our State, how fortunate must the Faculty of Nichols Latin School have felt that the Hon. Mr. Fogg's name was not enrolled among its list of graduates. No institution of learning wants to claim the honor of having directed the education of such a demagogue as he has proved himself to be. He was a former student of the Latin School, but on account of habits uncongenial to the rules of the institution his membership was suddenly terminated.

We have been kindly allowed to read the class letter of '78. It has reached Mr. F. L. Bartlett, on its fourth round. It takes nearly six months for the letter to complete the circuit of the class. One member makes a terse summary of his condition, thusly: "I write to nobody. Nobody writes to me. Go nowhere. See nobody. Work all the time." The letter evinces a decided leaning towards matrimony on the part of the members, and ill-concealed envy of their more daring brother, who has gone and done it.

One of our Professors makes frequent use of inuendo in his remarks to disorderly pupils. One fall term a student returned to his class near the middle of the term. The first day he was detected in creating a disturbance, the Professor said: "Mr. P—, you sit still." Then, thinking he might have been too harsh, the Professor went on to say: "Now, Mr. P—, don't want you to think—that I think—that you had anything to do—with that disturbance. Wouldn't have you think so—for all the world. I don't think—that you had anything to do with it at all. I know—that you are above—all such things. But—but—Mr. P—, *th— th— there was no trouble till you came back, Mr. P—.*"

In the Junior Class is a student who has felt the influence of feminine charms. One evening last term he started for Auburn to call upon his divinity, who had informed him of her arrival upon a brief visit. "I am stopping at the second house from—street," ran her note. As the streets crossed each other at right angles, four different houses or buildings were presented to his inspection. The night was dark; the curtains of each house were drawn, and the young man stood hesitatingly upon the corner for a few minutes, considering his prospect of calling at the right house with less than three unsuccessful trials. "Here goes," at last he said as he started toward the nearest house. "If they don't know her they won't know me in the outside darkness." His bold pull at the bell was answered less quickly than his inquiry, and as he turned toward the middle of the street and approached another building, an audible invocation of the Fates might have been heard. His second ring was more successful, and in a few moments

"Two hearts that beat as one," were united. "The prospect of calling at all the houses in the neighborhood," he says, "is too much strain upon one's nervous system to have that occur again." From which we infer that Mr. Candle has been reading a lecture.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—Eds.]

Editors of the Student:

Your correspondent happened to be in Boston on New Year's day, and as good fortune would have it, fell upon a meeting of Bates graduates. It was a meeting of those of the Alumni who are located in and around Boston, at the office of Geo. E.

Smith, Esq., 194 Washington Street. They have formed an organization, and are looking after the interests of the college, and of each other, as opportunity offers. The meeting was called to order by Mr. G. C. Emery, '68. Prof. O. C. Wendell, '68, of the Cambridge Observatory, was chosen President, and Geo. E. Smith, '73, Secretary. It was an informal occasion. Speech making was out of order. The afternoon was spent in a conversational discussion of the interests and needs of the college, and in personal reminiscences. In the midst of the discussion President Cheney happily and unexpectedly came in. He expressed his pleasure in finding the college so well represented. But fearing his presence was a hindrance to whatever deliberations were in hand, he soon went away; not, however, before giving his assurance that the college would shortly be placed upon a secure financial foundation.

I am reminded of the meeting that was to have taken place on February 21st, 1878, a few weeks previous to the death of the benefactor of the college. The meeting of New Year's day was the first since the death of Mr. Bates. Shortly before his death, arrangements had been nearly completed for an Alumni dinner at Young's Hotel, at which Mr. Bates was expected to have been present. Among the speakers and the toasts to be responded to, the following are remembered: Prof. O. C. Wendell, Bates College; Rev. C. L. Bickford, '72, State Universities *vs.* Denominational; Rev. A. L. Houghton, '70, Our Benefactors. The arrangements had been forwarded largely through the efforts of the chairman of the occasion, G. C. Emery. It is to be hoped the occasion is not entirely given up but only postponed, and that to no distant day.

The number of graduates settling in this locality is steadily increasing. It will not be many years before a strong and influen-

tial organization of Bates Alumni will be established in Boston, working much good for the college, its members aiding and assisting each other in the various callings in which life's labors may find them.

Several years ago, John T. Abbott, Esq., '71, met Mr. W. E. C. Rich, of '70, (I believe Mr. Rich was the man,) upon the corner of Washington and Court Streets in Boston. They shook hands, passed the time of day, exchanged information on college affairs and college men, and passed on. Mr. Abbott gives this as an account of the first meeting of the Bates Alumni in Boston. No doubt it was a pleasant one. Much ground has been gained since then, and as the numbers increase the meetings grow in interest.

Lewiston, Jan. 20, 1880.

H.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, pastor of the North Congregational Church, New Bedford, Mass., has announced his decision not to accept the call extended to him from Jamaica Plain.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker, on the last Sunday in December, preached a sermon reviewing the history and work of his church, Lowell. Since the church was completed, in 1873, the membership has increased from 26 to 155.

'71.—Hon. L. H. Hutchinson, of Lewiston, was among the counted-out members elect of the Maine House of Representatives.

'72.—Rev. Theodore G. Wilder, of Blackstone, Mass., is laboring earnestly. He writes that he has all the work laid out that he can find time to accomplish.

'72.—John A. Jones, in company with his father, has purchased the boot and

shoe stock of W. E. Pressey, Lisbon St., Lewiston, and proposes to continue the business.

'74.—Mr. F. B. Stanford, of the *New York Independent*, since last October has suffered from two severe hemorrhages from the lungs. He has gone to Augusta, Ga., to remain during the entire winter.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley participated in the dedication services of the Pond Street Church, Providence, R. I., Dec. 29th.

'75.—Rev. J. M. Lowden was kindly remembered by his congregation, Portland, Christmas evening and made the recipient of an elegant self-adjusting easy chair.

'76.—Of Rev. T. H. Stacy the *Morning Star* says: "Fairport, N. Y., Church, with Bro. Stacy as pastor, is hard at work to recover losses from past failures. They and the pastor seem both to be of 'one heart,' and are working 'together, with the Lord.'"

'77.—O. B. Clason was in town a few days ago.

'77.—J. W. Smith was in Lewiston a day or two the last of December.

'77.—H. W. Oakes has been chosen Principal of the Auburn Grammar School for the present term.

'78.—F. B. Mower is meeting with marked success at Maple City, Cal.

'78.—E. V. Scribner is teaching at Brownfield, Me.

'78.—Rev. C. E. Brockway, pastor of the Birdsall Street Church, Norwich, N. Y., was ordained at the last session of the Chicago Quarterly Meeting.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle is Associate Editor of the *Daily News*, Lewiston.

'79.—F. P. Otis is studying law in connection with his teaching.

'79.—W. E. Lane's beaming countenance greeted us upon Lisbon Street the other day.

'79.—We are gratified to learn that Mr. Ranger is giving excellent satisfaction as Principal of the Nichols Latin School.

'79.—Kincaid has been spending his vacation in Maine. He has returned to New York to resume his medical studies.

'79.—Mr. A. L. Lumbert, a former member of '79, and a graduate of Bowdoin, '79, is practicing law in Houlton, in partnership with Mr. Fred Powers, brother of Llewellyn Powers.

'81.—J. H. Parsons is teaching in Newburyport, Mass.

'83.—F. E. Perham is Principal of the High School at West Tisbury, Mass.

EXCHANGES.

Of the existence of many of the exchanges, whose acquaintance we now make for the first time, we have before been totally unaware. They have come dropping in upon us from unknown spaces, until, on sitting down to our full table, we really don't know where to begin. The motto of the exchange department of the college press, so far as we have learned, seems to be that celebrated one of Artemus Ward's: "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." Bearing this in mind, we commence with one of the newest of our new acquaintances, the *Argosy*, from Sackville, N. B. It is truly an *Argosy* of good things. We have been surprised that in bleak December in bleak New Brunswick so many witty sayings should be turned off even by college students. The article upon "English Sentiment in 1811" is rather interesting. "The Umbrella in Ethics," is fine. We quote a part of it, for the benefit of certain of our own students. "The stealing of an umbrella can be justified only on the ground that it is an article in which no one can acquire a right of property. Air, for instance, is an article of this kind. The human race own it in common. But observe, umbrellas do not come down from heaven like snow-flakes. They are kept for sale in the shops. A man goes in and

expends a portion of his means in purchasing one; and, if it is taken from him, it is evident that he suffers a pecuniary loss just as truly as if some one were to take his hat." We agree with the writer of "The Curse of Autograph Albums," in his opinion of those torments, but we dislike his improvements upon Burns' spelling in the lines which he quotes. The editorials and correspondence, we should say, would be interesting to those connected with the college.

The editorials and locals of the *University Herald* are well made up. The writer of the article upon Nihilism, groups Nihilists, Socialists, and Communists together, the latter as *sub*-classes, and pronounces their object to be the same. This object, he declares, on the authority of Tourgenieff whom Prof. Boysen pronounces "the first living novelist," to be the abolition of authority. We understand the objects of these societies, though to a superficial observer they might appear the same, to be entirely different. The Socialists, especially, and the Nihilists have almost nothing in common. We think these older societies would object to being called *sub*-classes, when compared with Nihilism. Who Prof. Boysen is, we have yet to learn. The comparison of Cleopatra with Lady Macbeth is very good.

The article in the *Acta* upon "College Cheers" is interesting to all who have ever felt the blood thrill at the ringing cries of a company of spirited college youths.

The *Volante* contains a suggestive article upon the trivial nature of the conversation heard in society at the present day. The writer quotes the following from a book upon Madame De Stael: "In this age she would be denounced as an old woman with a hobby, and be voted a bore of the first magnitude. She could no more adapt herself to the tone of society of the present day, or mingle in its conversation, than the eagle could adopt the manners

and customs of a duck. Imagine her seated upon one end of a sofa in the drawing-room, with her highly ornamented fan before her face, and her eyes peering from behind it at a young Adonis at the other end of the sofa, and, with the most languishing and bewitching air possible, saying: "Now Mr. A., I think you are real mean."

The *Reveille* is well gotten up. Some of its stories are a little seedy. The parody upon the "Three Fishers" is middling.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The *Rutgers Targum* has discovered the missing link.

Williams College has graduated eight hundred and ninety-four clergymen.

The authorities of Princeton College have notified the parents of every member of the Sophomore class, that any student found guilty of hazing will be at once and irrevocably expelled.—*Ex.*

The Roman pronunciation in Latin is used by twenty-two colleges, the English by eighteen, the Continental by one, and a mixed pronunciation by two. All the Roman Catholic institutions use the Continental.—*Ex.*

The authorities of Cornell have taken a new departure, and have ordered that next June, entrance examinations shall be held, not alone at the University, as heretofore, but also, and at the same time at Chicago, Cleveland, and Boston.—*Ex.*

The following extract from the annual catalogue of Mississippi College is going the rounds of the College Press, as an indication of the bad social state which exists in that section:

"Each applicant will also be furnished with a copy of the laws of the college; and, after reading them, he will be required to deliver up to the President all

fire-arms or weapons of any kind in his possession, to be returned at the close of the college year; and he will be required to sign the following declaration and promise:

"Intending to become a student of Mississippi College, I do hereby acknowledge myself subject to its laws; and I do further declare on my honor, that I will obey all the laws of the college now in force, or that may be enacted while I continue a student thereof. I also declare on my honor, that I have delivered up to the President all fire-arms or other weapons of any kind in my possession or under my control, and that I will not procure or retain any in my possession during my connection with the college."

CLIPPINGS.

No, Sophie. "Blessed are the peace makers" don't apply to breakers of chairs.—*Ex.*

"How dare you swear before me?" asked a man of his son recently. "How did I know you wanted to cuss first?" said the spoiled urchin.—*Ex.*

1st student has just taken his seat after recitation. 2d Student—"May I ask the gentleman a question?" Prof. (somewhat annoyed)—"Please don't call each other gentlemen. We don't wish to make a legislature out of the class."—*Ex.*

A traveler who was "doing" St. Petersburg with a guide, inquired—"What river is this?" Guide—"Neva." Traveler—"What Neva?" Guide—"Well ——— (Just here the guide saw danger in the traveler's eye, and changed the subject.)

THE SUB-FRESHMAN.

His brow was sad, his cheek was wan,
But yet his tongue did rattle on,
And like a murmuring jews-harp rung
The beauties of that ancient tongue,
Homeric Greek!

"Try not," the old man said, "to pass,
Thou seemest to me but an ass."
He raised his eyes, and gave a groan,
A last, long pent-up final moan,

"I've flunked!"
—*Acta Columbiana.*

Cleveland Leader: "Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams? Let her scream.

The *Harvard Crimson* has interviewed the new Chinese Professor. Among other results the following has been obtained: Professor—"Yes; me see. You say in paper, me no washee—washee—me teachee. Melican's wife sendee clothes to washee. Me heap mad—say damme." Reporter—"Shocking blunder. But, sir, how do you propose to carry on your elective, and what system of marks shall you adopt? I have here a marking machine that has been employed with great success. It is warranted to turn out minus quantities, and never to give above seventy." Professor—"Me know catchee what you speak. Me markee bully. Me askee boy (student): You likee rice? Boy say yes; he rushee no flunkee, me givee big mark. Boy say no; he deadee, no squirtlee—me givee little mark."—*Ex.*

One more unfortunate;
Thought I was hunk,
But eribs were no go;
Made beastly flunk.
Took 'em out tenderly,
In spite of Prof's glare;
Peeped at 'em stealthily,
Answers weren't there.

—*Tripod.*

ENDORSEMENT OF FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

It is a matter of pride to Rochester, N. Y., as well as to the firm directly interested, that yesterday a cable dispatch was received stating that the French government had adopted the tobacco and cigarettes manufactured by Wm. S. Kimball & Co., of that city. We should explain, perhaps, that all tobacco sold in France up to this time, has been manufactured by the government. Of late, the demand for other makes has arisen, and the government, to meet it, allowed English and American manufacturers to enter goods for competitive test with a view to the adoption of the best. The fact that Wm. S. Kimball & Co. have come out far ahead of all other manufacturers in both countries is unmistakable proof that their goods are the best the world produces. Their tobacco and cigarettes will henceforth be on sale in Paris as freely as in New York, but no other make, except the French, will be found there. In other words, the French government, on the report of its experts, declares the Vaulty Fair tobacco and cigarettes of Wm. S. Kimball & Co. the best in the world!

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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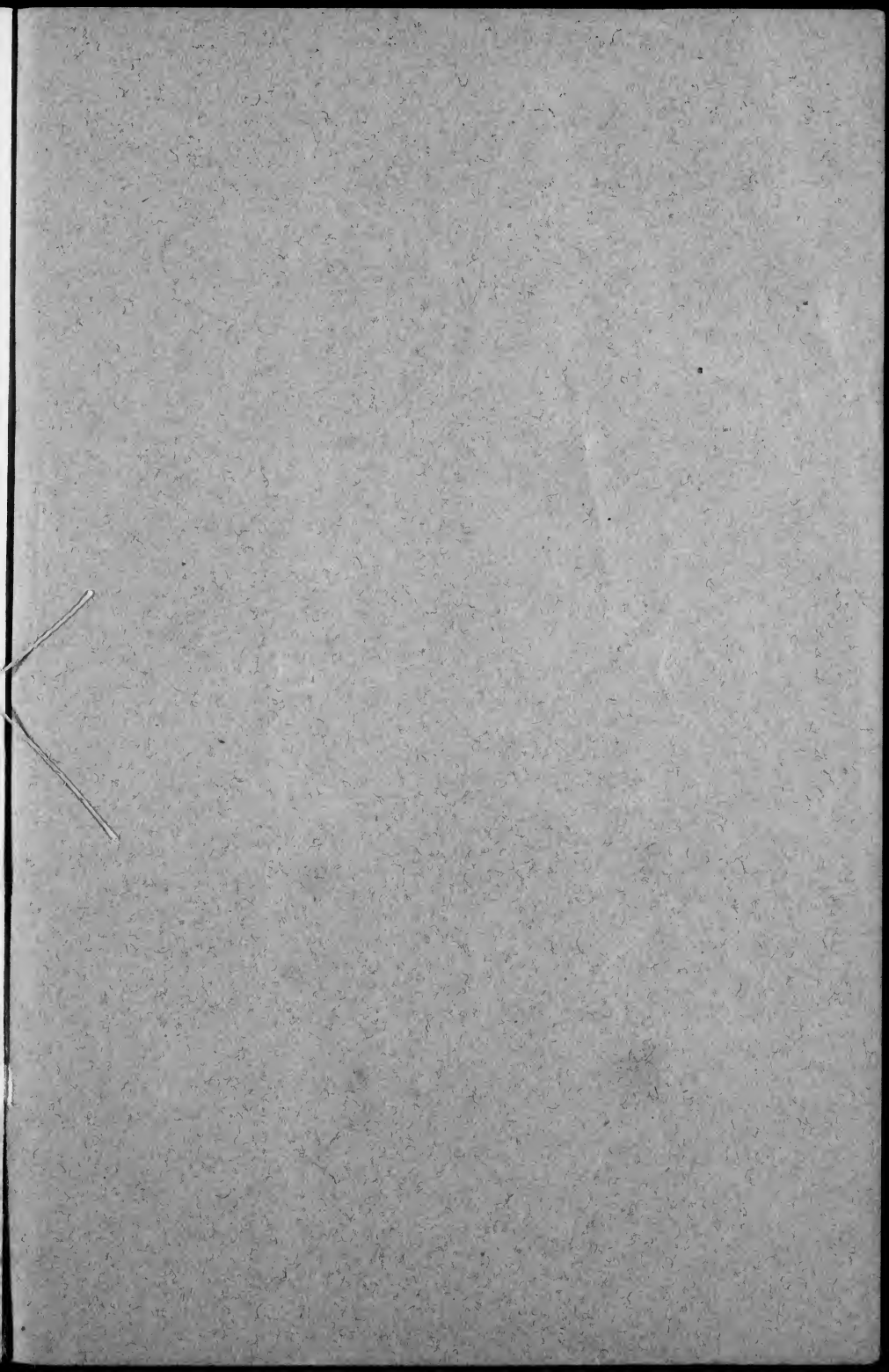
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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. NO. 2.

❧ FEBRUARY, 1880. ❧

LEWISTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '81.
1880

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BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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OLIVER CROMWELL.

THAT Oliver Cromwell played an important part on the world's stage, none have attempted to deny. Centuries have rolled away, yet his name stands out in clear, bold relief, and is among the very few names of men whose deeds will, I believe, be perpetuated to the end of time. Cromwell stamped himself upon the age in which he lived, and through that age upon all future ages.

All men have acknowledged his greatness, but some have denied his goodness. They say that he was actuated by too selfish an ambition, that he loved his own preferment more than the good of his country, and that he was a despot. The best judge of character, or greatness, is time, and so it often happens that a just appreciation of a man's merit is not obtained till years, and, perhaps, years multiplied into centuries, have rolled away. Milton won no laurels as a poet in his own generation. Galileo received cursings and imprisonment from the bigots of his time, so Cromwell was traduced to such a degree, by many of his contemporaries, that the world has been a long time in finding out the real character of the man. To-day, there is no enlightened and unprejudiced lover of liberty and good government who does not do homage to the mighty spirit that with one hand smote the bigotry, infidelity, and licentiousness of a degenerate age, a corrupt government and a corrupter king, and with the other, out of the mire and dust of

ages, set up liberty of conscience, "pure religion and undefiled," and a good and a just government. All honor to such a man, cry we of to-day!

But why was Cromwell thus vilified? The answer is obvious. The adherents of the king came into power again soon after Cromwell's death and, very naturally, they sought to bury Cromwell and his deeds forever in oblivion. Further, many of the writers of his own generation and of the generations immediately following willfully misrepresented him. Why was this? Because they had no respect for his religion. Nay, they were bitter enemies of that religion, therefore, regarding Cromwell as its most prominent representative, they shot at him all the shafts of their rage and hate. Of these writers, Hume was the chief. No doubt it seemed strange to him that a warrior should go forth to battle praying and not cursing, that he should "trust in the God of battles" as well as in his own good right arm; that he should be pious and not licentious; and that he should endeavor to inculcate the principles of his religion, the Christ-religion, among his people. Consequently Hume never believed in Cromwell, consequently he misrepresented him. But, think you, is Hume worthy to be compared in truthfulness of statement with Milton and Macaulay and Carlyle? What do they say of him? "In speaking," said Milton, "of such a man who has deserved so well of his country, I should do nothing

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if I only exculpated him from crimes, since it so nearly concerns the country and myself to evince to all nations, and, as far as I can, to all ages, the excellence of his character and the splendor of his deeds." Says Macaulay, "Had Cromwell been an infidel, he would have been treated more leniently." "He was a man of truths," says Carlyle, "whose words do carry a meaning with them, and still more his silences." Are not these authorities sufficient to show the falsity of Hume, and Bolingbroke, and others of their kind?

Some one says, "You can no more measure a building by a few of its stones than a man by a few of his deeds." Let us, then, not look at this man with narrow eye, but rather let us behold him "in all the majesty and supremacy of his greatness, the mighty bulwark of the nation's hope, the august arbiter of the nation's destiny." And truly, in the dark hour of its struggle, he was the bulwark of the nation's hope, the arbiter of its destiny. Standing between oppressive royalty and an oppressed people, he smote the former and raised up the latter; he broke the scepter, and never again was it to be the emblem of such power as it once was.

Cromwell ushers in the dawn of a new and better era in the history of the world. None, before him, had dared to deny the "divine right of kings." Monarchs might soak their lands in blood, burn cities and villages, make desolate hearts and homes, nay, turn the whole world into a "wilderness of woe," and not a voice dare complain, nor an arm be raised in resistance. A Philip the II. of Spain, or a Henry the VIII. of England, might out-Herod Herod in barbarity and cruelty, and there was no one to protest. Cromwell, alone, arose in his might and said, "Thus far will we suffer these wrongs and no farther." Thenceforth, kings paid more respect to people; thenceforth, monarchism began to make way for republicanism. The

origin of the republican ideas of to-day, must, I think, be dated from Cromwell. He, of the seventeenth century, foreshadowed the liberty of the nineteenth.

To stand forth so boldly in advance of his age, and to accomplish so grand a work, must have required remarkable qualities. Macaulay, indeed, ranks him with Cæsar and Napoleon. In some particulars he thinks him to be a more remarkable man than either of them. Cæsar had learning and polish, and many graces of mind and body. Napoleon had the best military education his country afforded. Cromwell had little learning of any kind, was destitute of any particular personal attractions, and, until forty years of age, had been a farmer. Cæsar and Napoleon found splendidly disciplined armies at their command. Cromwell created his out of the rawest material, and yet made it the most redoubtable army the world had ever seen. His "Ironsides" will be forever famous. "Had his history," says Mr. Foster, "closed with the raising and disciplining of these men, it would have left a sufficient warrant of his greatness to posterity." With these "Ironsides" he fought and won three of the greatest battles in history, and never in any battle was he defeated. Yet Cæsar and Napoleon undoubtedly surpassed Cromwell as commanders, but he, besides possessing a large share of their military ability, far surpassed them in all the true and essential qualities that make the man. They were animated by the lust of conquest and power; he by the love of his country. Cromwell was the soul of the Puritan revolt. He made it of value and significance to the world. A dissolute and rapacious king went down beneath the might of his arm; a desperate civil war was triumphantly won for the people by his unaided genius; then, being placed by them at the helm of state, he piloted it safely through to peace and prosperity.

No period in English history, not even the Elizabethan, was ever more prosperous than that under Cromwell. A wise and beneficent rule at home, and a respected government and nation abroad, was the aim and success of his administration. "It is certain," says Macaulay, "that he was to the last honored by his soldiers, obeyed by the whole population of the British Isles, and dreaded by all foreign powers; that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp, such as London had never before seen, and that he was succeeded by his son Richard as quietly as any king had ever been succeeded by any Prince of Wales." E. T. P., '81.

NOW, AND THEN.

BY F. P. M., '74.

In college days our pleasures, tasks, and hopes,
We shared, for boys we were together;
'Twas then life's gayest moods unceasing came,
For we were free from close-drawn tether.

A frowning world now bids us use our mental powers,
At college trained, but sends no classmate near,
Our gloomy thoughts and saddened hearts to cheer;

In far-receding distance seem those long-sought hours

Of comfort and renown for which, in youth,
We strove, by Fame's delusion led from truth.

'Tis thus the mind, with present cares perplexed,
Can only see, on memory's pictured wall,
Among the varied scenes that make our lives
Complete, the brightest of them all.

But boys, not less than men, their trials find,
That harrow up the mind and dwell
In discord there: of these afflictive griefs
And hopes let varied measures tell.

"The schoolboy's mind is pricked with disappointment's thorn,
Disturbed with threats, rebukes, all manner
of slights,

Now gay with hope, now sad for perished delights;

His ill-attempts and childish failures old folks scorn,

Thus adding cruel flame to the glowing fire
That slowly burns ambition's fond desire.

"In manhood man is free in thought and deed,
To scheme or study with self his master;
Success and rank insure his own good name,—
Defeat's not parent's, but his disaster."

To each some fancied delight in the shadowy
Then

Makes sadder seem the joyless Present;
So all repiners, by living in the dreamy Past,
Find not the joys that make life pleasant.

Since memory is the precious, golden cord
That binds the present to the past,
If present thoughts be free from error's stain,
Each hour'll be happier than the last.

Then we'll enjoy the moments as they pass,
And weave, with memory's silken thread,
A continuous web of lasting happiness
Around the present path we tread.

We will subdue the feeble ills of Now,
And hope for joys in the coming Then;
For we cannot expect rich grain to reap
Till thro' its furrow the plow has been.

SWEDENBORG.

C. A. S., '81.

THE world dislikes innovations. New ideas, especially if they conflict with pre-established notions, are an object of great aversion to the human race. We wish to make our progress slowly, gracefully, and with decorum. Snugly buttoned up in our thick overcoats of conservatism, we tender a most chilling reception to all reformers. Nowhere is progress more slow than in the region of spiritual thought; for nothing so vitally concerns the human race. It is a matter that relates not to their temporal but their eternal welfare; and they cling to long-cherished dogmas, as drowning men

cling to straws. Like another class of foolish bipeds, they think that if they hide their eyes from the truth, the truth ceases to exist. But it is well to consider the claims of every pioneer of thought, whether he labor in the field of science or theology; whether he be philosopher or prophet.

In science few thinkers have rivalled Immanuel Swedenborg; and in theology none have so nearly established a claim to spiritual insight.

He was born at Stockholm in 1688. His youth was not spent, as is usual, in boyish sports. At a very early age he plunged into the mysteries of Geology, Chemistry, and Mathematics. He was carefully educated by his father at the University of Upsala, and spent quite a number of years in travel, visiting the principal universities of Europe. In 1718 he performed the remarkable feat of hauling two galleys, five boats, and a sloop fourteen miles overland. In 1716 he published his "*Dædalus Hyperboreus*," and, for the next thirty years, was employed in the composition of his scientific works. These writings, although very voluminous, were profound and valuable additions to the science of his day. Indeed, he anticipated much of the science of the present day. In Astronomy, he anticipated the discovery of the seventh planet, and the modern theory of the generation of the earth and other planets by the sun; in Chemistry, he anticipated the atomic theory; and in Physiology, he first showed the office of the lungs.

Perhaps the best of his scientific works is the "*Animal Kingdom*." In this work he treats a subject, usually dry and uninteresting, in a brilliant and masterly manner. Here appears his favorite maxim, "Nature exists entire in leasts." "It is a constant law of the organic body, that large, compound, or visible forms exist and subsist from smaller, simpler, and ul-

timately from invisible forms, which act similarly to the larger ones, but more perfectly and universally; and the least forms, so perfectly and universally, as to involve an idea representative of their entire universe." This idea entered not only into his science, but also into his theology. Such was his repute as a scientist, that he was much honored and consulted by King Charles III., and received notable encouragement from not a few nobles and other men of rank.

Although a slow speaker, he was a ready writer. The whole number of his works published is fifty, half of which are scientific, half theological, and a mass of manuscript still lies unedited in the royal library at Stockholm.

At the age of fifty-four occurred what he called his "illumination." Here the admiration of most critics ends. Dr. Mandsley calls him insane. Emerson says that he was "deranged." Yet both admit that there was a "method in his madness." He claimed that he was chosen to establish the doctrinals of a new church, signified by the New Jerusalem of the Revelation; that he was permitted, while in full possession of his senses, to converse with angels and spirits; that, in short, he was a prophet, or, as he signed himself, "Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." With this idea thoroughly woven into his mind, he plunged as deeply into theology, as he had previously into the sciences. Never was there such a daring genius. There was nothing in the heights of Heaven, or in the depths of Hell, that he did not grasp with the might of his understanding.

In theology, as well as in science, he anticipated many of the theories of the present day. Theologians of to-day have generally accepted the idea that Adam and Eve were the *Representative* Man and Woman of the most ancient times. Swedenborg, one hundred years ago,

said that Adam and Eve signified the Most Ancient Church,—Adam representing the Church as to Truth; Eve, as to Good. Another statement made by him agrees strangely with developments in the science of Elocution. He says that the angels, from the sound of the voice, know a man's love; from the articulation of the sound, his wisdom; and from the sense of the words, his science.

He had four favorite views which he advanced both in his scientific and in his theological works. These were the doctrine of Forms, the doctrine of Science and Degrees, the doctrine of Influx, and the doctrine of Correspondence. "Forms," he said, "ascend in order from the lowest to the highest. The lowest form is the angular, or terrestrial and corporeal. The second, and next higher form is the circular, which is also called the perpetual-angular, because the circumference of a circle is a perpetual angle. The form above this is the spiral, parent and measure of circular forms; it is called the perpetual-circular. The form above this is the vortical or perpetual-spiral: next, the perpetual-vortical, or celestial: last, the perpetual-celestial, or spiritual." Did ever genius strike out more boldly on the vast ocean of speculation?

But by far the most daring flight made by this bold philosopher was in his doctrine of Correspondence. He conceived the idea that there was once a people in a high state of innocence and intelligence, who made use of this science, long since extinct. Certain books of the Bible were not to be taken literally, but contained an inner and hidden meaning. The first eleven chapters of Genesis were of this character, and he wrote an explanation of them in his "*Arcania Celestia*." A horse signified understanding of the word; a white horse, understanding of the truth of the word. Animals signified the affections of the heart: domestic animals, the good

affections; wild beasts, the evil affections. Every object in nature had some spiritual meaning. Arbitrary as such interpretations may appear, there is still a certain symmetry in his applications, which cannot fail to make a strong impression upon the careful student of his works. To him this world was a complete picture-language in which he could read the joys, sorrows, and hopes of the future life. Emerson says, "His theological bias fatally narrowed his interpretation of nature, and the dictionary of symbols is yet to be written." But he adds, "The interpreter, whom mankind must still expect, will find no predecessor who has approached so near to the true problem."

Swedenborg believed that there was a continual influx of good from the Lord into the inner man, which was turned into evil by evil men; that man's capacity for thinking was derived from this influx; and that, should it cease, he could not exist for a single moment. He says that this influx is continually passing from Heaven to Hell, but is subverted by the inmates into evil, showing that all evil is of man and not of God. It was in this manner that he explained the entire dependence of man upon his Creator, without interfering with his own free agency and will.

Throughout his works, Swedenborg sustains the dignity of thinking. He never stoops to introduce matter which, though it might add to the interest, would degrade the thought. Emerson says he lacked sympathy, and contrasts him with Jacob Behmen when he said, "In some sort, love is greater than God." Swedenborg saw that love *was* God; and God, the essence of love. He declared that the highest good consisted in *uses* to ourselves and others. Whether his inner sight, his spiritual vision, was a delusion or not, it must be admitted that he was a sincere as well as a wonderful man. The whole gist of his writings is the necessity of rectitude and

holiness, and whatever we may discredit in his claims, we can but admire his genius, respect his integrity, and honor his nobility of purpose.

A VALENTINE.

BY KATE HANSON.

And this I find, as many years go by,
My heart though changing always still is true,
Because it ever keeps one thought for you!
Emotions come and go, they fall and die,
In grandeur rise to perish with a sigh,
In mockery their progress I review:
'Tis as the rippling stream, the bird that flew
Across my vision, though it came not nigh.
These only make my life and courage strong
To fill each day with music and with light,
To catch the true soul out of every song,
The star-shine out of every darkling night,
And let despair go free, but only long
That all Love's foes shall perish in the fight.

GENIUS OF MRS. BROWNING.

THE most severe of Mrs. Browning's critics have never presumed to deny to her the possession of great genius. They have said that she did not make the best use of her powers, that she misjudged her own capacities, that her execution was faulty, that her rhymes were poor, that the subjects she chose for her greatest efforts were not those best adapted to herself; but all have admitted that, notwithstanding these faults, she was a great poet, perhaps the greatest of her sex.

While reading many of her poems, we frequently say to ourselves: Here is a false rhyme, here a careless use of words, here a misplaced accent, here an obscurity of thought, and here a painful want of melody; and yet, we are forced to acknowledge that her works have a hold upon our hearts that can be accounted for only by conceding them to be the productions of genius.

The first of her long poems, after some translations from the Greek, was on the banishment of our first parents from the garden of Eden, a subject which might well be avoided even by a master-mind; yet this youthful, feeble woman, confined to a couch of pain in a darkened room, approached it without hesitation.

Although her "Drama of Exile" may not, as a whole, compare favorably with Milton's "Paradise Lost," yet it contains some passages that would not be unworthy even of that immortal poet. Listen to this prophecy of the future of woman, addressed to Eve in her great sorrow:

"Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee
strong;
Thou shalt be served, thyself, by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

How sweetly and beautifully are set forth the compensations for life's sacrifices!

The song of the Morning Star to Lucifer, although somewhat marred by its imitations of the style of the old Grecian poets, whose works the author had studied with such zeal and love, yet glows with the light of true poesy, such as is enkindled only by genius. A wonderful depth of sorrow is reached in the last stanza:

"All things are altered since that time ago,
And if I shine at eve, I shall not know—
I am strange—I am slow!
Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to me,
And, gazing on me, such shall comprehend,
Through all my piteous pomp at morn or eve,
And melancholy, leaning out of Heaven,
That love, their own divine, may change or end,
That love may close in loss!"

Beautiful as is this lament, yet it does not touch our inmost heart. The Morning Star is too far away; we cannot compre-

hend her grief. But when our author speaks of human sorrow, then, indeed, we feel the full power of her genius. When Bertha tells her story of broken-hearted, yet willing self-sacrifice, telling it very gently and tenderly, least she should sadden the heart of the fair daughter-sister, for whom she gives up her love and her life, there come quick answering throbs of sympathy and appreciation, and we cry with the dying Bertha, "Love's divine self-abnegation!"

Although the darkened life of Mrs. Browning gave a somber coloring to many of her earlier writings, yet her genius is not confined to sad imaginings. What could be more graceful in its thorough appreciation of the moods of childhood than the "Romance of the Swan's West?" The single line "With an eye that takes the breath" is worth a page of commonplace description.

In the preface to the full edition of Mrs. Browning's works we are told that she wrote the whole of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours. We should deem this impossible did we not consider what must be the power of a mind which could conceive and execute "Aurora Leigh" with all its wealth of philosophy and passion.

That the absence of that polish which would so greatly enhance the beauty of her poems cannot be ascribed to lack of ability, must be conceded by every one who has read the smoothly flowing and melodious stanzas on "Cowper's Grave." We can only express a regret that one so bountifully endowed by nature should have been too impatient or too careless to devote to her productions that painstaking labor which would have made them almost peerless.

While we admire the vigor of her style, the versatility of her genius, the grace and originality of her conceptions, yet we must think that the greater part of her

success is due to her intense sympathy with human nature, her warm espousal of the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden, of whatever nature or rank; her patriotic love of liberty, and the expression of noble sentiments.

Every generous heart must pay homage to a writer who could say: "I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England, having courage, in the face of his countrymen, to assert of some suggestive policy,—'This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your damnation; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people farther off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore away with it! it is not for you or for me.'"

Pervading all her writings is that sweet womanliness, patience, and amiability which made her so beloved and lamented, and these are the qualities which so endear her to her readers. As one has said of her, she "makes us feel, even when handling the least sacred subject, that we are in the presence of a heart which, in its purity, sees God." M. K. P., '81.

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an
endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right
the wrong—

Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of
glory she:

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of
Virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of
the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats
of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a
summer sky:

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—Tennyson.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WE are glad to learn that there is every reason to believe the money left by Mr. Bates for the college will be secured. No doubt there are many ways in which it may be wisely expended; ways in which it may be a means of great good, but we think a few dollars of it cannot be better used than in the purchase of lamps to be placed in the passages of Parker Hall. But, seriously, we think such an open nuisance as this might be abated; one goes from room to room in the Hall at the risk of bodily injury, and it has always been a matter of surprise to us that no accident has happened on account of the Egyptian darkness in which the passage ways are shrouded. Perhaps the students are guarded by luck or Providence, but we sincerely hope that those who are responsible for this neglect will not attempt to navigate the windings of Parker Hall, for we fear Providence would make a terrible example of them by withdrawing its protection. If nothing else can be done we advise the inmates of the Hall to procure small miner's lamps and mount them in their hats.

Every college has its own peculiar evil. Ours seems to be lack of ambition. There is not emulation enough among the students. This is partly owing to the prevalent idea that students are not ranked entirely according to their scholarship, but that other considerations, such as Faculty favor and religious belief also affect the comparative standing. There may be prejudices, but what of that? We come here to improve ourselves as much as possible, and, if we do so, the prejudice, if there is any, will be likely to act in our favor instead of against us. Even if our *rank* does not show our work, it will benefit us none the less, and will

render us so much the more efficient in the real work of life. The idea of studying no more than we get credit for is very much like the idea of earning no more than we are paid. Our fear of overstepping the bounds often keeps us quite a distance within them. Our eagerness to gain credit for all we do often leads us to do less than we get credit for. It is not a healthy state of affairs, when students quietly and without putting forth any effort, see others distancing themselves in the race of scholarship, simply because they are afraid they shall not receive due acknowledgment of their efforts. Whatever unfairness may exist, one thing is certain,—a good scholar never took the lowest stand, nor a poor scholar the highest stand in his class.

Again, it is urged that we should not study for rank. Considered rightly, this is a very good sentiment. Rank should not be the object, but the indication of study. The wind does not blow to change the position of the weather-cock, but the position of the weather-cock shows the direction of the wind. Although rank should not be *the* motive, it may, without the sacrifice of any manhood, be a motive for study. As the traveler may keep his course better, by directing his steps to a neighboring hill, while the distant mountain, looming up far beyond, is the real object of his journey. If we would look at the matter in this light, our aversion to studying for rank for its own sake, instead of making us idle, would increase our efforts to improve our opportunities to the utmost. Our improvement is too serious a matter for us to allow ourselves to be led into indolent habits by such trivial considerations as these.

A great deal of advice in regard to

reading has been wasted; yet we would like to say a few words about fiction. By fiction we do not mean every story that is a product of the imagination, but only those that have merit. The old adage, that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is as true in reading as in anything else. But few of the studies of the college course are play, and but little time does the student get for reading. Therefore it seems right that a portion at least of his reading should not require much study.

The works of such authors as Dickens, Hawthorne, and Collins are admirably adapted to train the imagination. Although the most of us have very fruitful imaginations, yet they sadly need culture. From the ballads and traditions of his native land, the imaginative mind of Scott produced the *Waverly Novels*. Owing to their interesting nature we acquire the use of a greater number of words from works of fiction than almost any other source. If we read the standard works we soon have a good vocabulary.

Many have claimed that the reading of fiction spoiled the memory, but we think this true only of the worst kinds. We know that we remember best what appeals strongly to our natures, and since this is pre-eminently the character of fiction, it follows that our memory takes a strong hold of it.

Some have objected to fiction on this ground that it was too well remembered; but no one ought to object to remembering the best thoughts of great minds, and these are truly found in the best fiction. Nowhere in the world are truer moral lessons taught than in the works of the great novelists. As some one has said, the fundamental idea of Dicken's novels is man's humanity to man. It was Mrs. Stowe's works that taught the North the hideousness of slavery. In fact wherever there has been a great wrong to

overthrow, novelists have bent their aid in doing it. It is in our best fiction that we obtain true pictures of life. A truly successful work of fiction is a condensed record of many human lives.

But while fiction is thus interesting and profitable, it should not be made the principal part of a student's reading, only do not pass it by entirely.

The need of a Musical Association at Bates has long been felt, and we notice with pleasure that such an organization has at last been formed. For the last four or five years the college has been represented by a good Quartette, and the past year has shown what our Orchestra, with practice, can accomplish. Two years ago we had a Glee Club which, by its short existence, proved that such a body could be sustained at Bates as well as at other colleges. We have always had material enough, but have lacked the interest and system which would have made a Glee Club successful. An Association has been formed which shall combine all these organizations and care for the interests of each. The interest which the students have taken and the heartiness with which they have responded to the call made upon them, is most gratifying to the movers in the enterprise. No organization in college will have a membership equal, in numbers, to the Musical Association, and we think few of our college societies will be productive of more good. It will give its active members drill in the more difficult kinds of music which few of them would otherwise obtain, but more than this, it will form new ties of companionship among the students, and will uproot antagonistic feelings between the classes as no other agency can. When Soph and Fresh side by side, can sing,

"Here's to good old Bates,"

thoughts of hazing will give place to more healthy feelings, and bonds of friend-

ship will be formed which shall outlast the petty prejudices so prevalent in college. When Senior and Junior can join in singing the old familiar college songs, former feuds and quarrels will be buried so deep that they will never be revived. The Faculty have kindly given the use of a room in Parker Hall which is being pleasantly furnished, and practice will be commenced at once for a series of concerts which the Glee Club and Orchestra propose to give at an early day.

LOCALS.

SKILL, "*got a Valentine.*"

Who stove in the panels?

A Senior wishes a copy of "Plutarch's Poems."

"What instrument did you play on?"

Ans.—"On the *baton*, sometimes called the stick."

One of the Sophs is writing an autobiography, and another innocently inquires "Who of?"

All the members of the choir have returned, and chapel exercises are once more enlivened by music.

Roe was tendered an ovation the other day, on the occasion of his presenting himself at recitation *on time*.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage;" but "devils' fiddles" have'n't charms to soothe the Faculty.

"How lucky he didn't see us!" Yes, my dear unknown, but luck won't always befriend you in your dark ways.

Tom was once "bounced" for blowing horns, and now he has suffered martyrdom for blowing off his mouth.

Any one wishing to see the Bates Pinafire Company, can do so by calling at Cook and Goding's room, No. 25, Parker Hall.

The students are returning one by one, and the Halls and recitation rooms are assuming their usual appearance.

The Sophomores have finished Trigonometry and have commenced General Geometry. The prevailing opinion of the class is, that it was a "poor swap."

Deacon A. M. Jones, our college treasurer, has been appointed valuation commissioner for Androscoggin County and is now in Augusta attending to his labors.

A Senior who does not favor co-education, says he does not wish to sit beside a lady at recitation, he prefers to do that outside the class room. (Ladies, beware.)

We regret to learn that Mr. Lord of '83 is not to return to Bates. He will be missed in the musical and athletic circles of the college. We understand he goes to Colby to complete his course.

An '82 man translates, "*ae, sicut in familia recentissimus quisque servorum et conservis iuclibrio est.*"—"And, just as in an assembly of students, each Freshman is a laughing-stock for his fellow-students."

The Juniors are aggrieved; they have been restricted in the use of fire wood in the recitation room. Never mind, boys, summer is coming; besides, if we can't have a fire *in* the stove we'll have one *on* it.

We do not wish to be unreasonable, but wouldn't it be well to have the walk from Hathorn Hall to the street kept cleared so that the walk to and from recitation should be less suggestive of a tight-rope performance.

Visiting the room of a student the other day we noticed a large mirror, one side of which was badly shattered. We thought nothing of the matter until we noticed the name of the owner's sweetheart pasted over the broken part, to indicate, no doubt, that the damage had been done by a look from her. It is to be hoped his heart is harder than *his lookingglass*.

The students of a certain Western college are obliged to pay the Prof. twenty-five cents when they make up a recitation. Isn't this a little too much like the assessment of department clerks for political purposes?

As the editors are all away we must ask our subscribers to excuse the delay in issuing the present number. After this month, we hope that at least a part of the editors will have returned, and no more delays be necessary.

The Orchestra is composed of the following members: 1st Violin, C. S. Cook, B. J. Hinds; 2d Violin, J. E. Crowley, G. T. Beals; Flute, E. N. Dingley; Cornet, W. C. Hobbs, W. H. Dresser; Clarinet, B. F. Wright; Pianist, F. E. Manson.

The *Journal* came out recently with the story of a Haunted School-House. Had it not been for the timidity of a Freshman we could throw the *Journal* completely in the shade by telling of a Haunted College. Great Caesar! only think of the "cheek" that would lead a ghost into the regions of base-ball bats and plucky Sophs, and a female ghost too!!

The Musical Association was organized on the 17th of Feb., with the following officers: Pres., I. F. Frisbee; Vice Pres., F. E. Manson; Sec. and Treas., J. W. Douglass; Librarian, W. C. Hobbs; Ex. Committee, H. E. Foss, F. L. Blanchard, A. C. Libby; Leader of Glee Club, W. C. Hobbs; Leader of Orchestra, C. S. Cook; Business Manager, E. D. Rowell.

As we were recently passing a certain house, we saw a lady leave the piazza, and run down the carriageway to the street, pursued by a young man who reached the street as the lady returned to the piazza by the foot-path, and said, "Ha, Ha, Frank, you did not do it, did you?" "No," said he, "but I will *next* time." As he sadly walked away we could not mistake that "Senior dignity."

Affairs at Augusta this winter have not been without interest to Bates students. Among those who have paid occasional visits to the State House are Peaslee, '78, George, '79, Deshon, '80, Norcross, '82, while G. B. Files, A. M., Principal of the Augusta High School, drops in as often as opportunity offers. A. M. Spear, Esq., of Hallowell, is also a frequent visitor.

The Glee Club is composed of the following members: 1st Tenor, H. E. Foss, J. F. Shattuck, J. H. Goding, G. G. Weeks; 2d Tenor, A. A. Beane, J. W. Douglass, I. M. Norcross, W. C. Hobbs; 1st Bass, F. L. Blanchard, C. S. Cook, H. P. Folsom, W. B. Perkins; 2d Bass, H. E. Gilkey, A. C. Harlow, F. E. Manson, B. S. Rideout; Organist, F. E. Manson.

The following conversation shows how much we need that \$100,000 from Mr. Bates' estate: Student—"Professor, isn't the silver dollar larger than the \$20.00 gold piece?" Prof. (with a sigh of resignation)—"It's been so long since I've seen one that I don't know anything about it." Just here a bloated bond holder from the back seat ventures to remark that he recently saw a twenty-five cent gold piece (class here looks incredulous).

We have heard of many varieties of absent-mindedness, but for pure off-from-his-nuttedness a tall Junior takes the belt. At a public entertainment, not long since, this diffident Junior was watching the young lady of his choice, from a secluded retreat, when she, thinking that he was not going to "brace," started for home; this piece of feminine tactics worked to a charm; our Junior followed, but when he got half way to the door through which his "*divinity*" was just passing, he suddenly turned, gave one of his expressive k-n-f-s, and started on a go-as-you-please for his former seat, seized his hat, which in his agitation he had forgotten, and returned to the chase, a better equipped, if not a wiser man.

A pedagogue sends us the following composition, written by one of his scholars on the subject of "Enjoyments of Winter":

"Winter is most full of enjoyments theys slideing and when the rivers is frose theys skateing then we haf dances and ponomard concerts i enjoy myself to the last mentioned mostly ive rit bout all i can think."

A Junior renders—"Als er in der Trunkenheit mit dem Pferde in einen Abgrund stürzte, und an den Felsen den Korf zeoschellte"—"He plunged into an abyss with his horse, in a drunken spree, and smashed his head on the rocks." The class seemed to think this rendering was somewhat indefinite, but it wasn't, after all. True, the man may not have been drunk, nor is it quite certain that the horse was, but there is little room for doubt in regard to the condition of the Junior.

Scene, Main Street—Dramatis personae: Smart Junior, who had been in the habit of visiting Oak Street School, and a small urchin, formerly pupil of the school, now vender of the *Daily News*. Urchin—"Daily News, only one cent a copy. Have one, Sir?" S. J.—"Look here, youngster these are yesterday's papers. What do you mean by trying to sell me one of those?" Urchin (indignantly)—"They ain't yesterday's papers, now, you just ask Mr. Callahan, if you don't b'lieve me." Urchin (who just then recognizes Junior)—"Perhaps you had better ask Miss Parlin; she can tell you." The smart Junior immediately went into a committee of the w(hole) and pulled the hole in after him. Other smart students take warning.

Hon. C. B. Rounds, of Calais, counted-out Attorney for Washington County, refers with apparent pleasure to his student life at the Maine State Seminary, now Bates College. At this institution he took the

first year's studies in the regular college course but then went to Bowdoin. Mr. Rounds has taken a noble stand with regard to the counting-out conspiracy. It will be remembered that he last December offered, at his own expense, to bring forward witnesses and prove that fraudulent corrections had been made by town clerks in his county to aid in executing the nefarious work of the Governor and Council. But no hearing was allowed him. He now finds, by examining the returns, that his former statements were true, and that more fraud had been practiced than he suspected, and he proposes to lend his whole aid in exposing the entire crookedness of the Returning Board. Mr. Rounds is now in Washington, but will return to Maine in a few days.

We rarely notice in our columns receptions to which we are not invited, but Dame Blodgett's *soiree* shall be reported, although paper *has* advanced five cents a pound. The Dame's best days are over, but she likes to see others happy and spares no pains to please them. Not long since she invited four College Street belles to take tea at her residence, and gave four Seniors a hint to call during the evening and escort the young ladies home. No plans were ever more carefully laid, and yet the best of plans sometimes miscarry. The evening wore slowly away and the young ladies grew anxious and the hostess became indignant. In the meanwhile our brave Seniors were struggling manfully to coax their courage to the point of appearing, which result was reached at last, and the next-June-I'll-have-a-sheep-skin brigade marched up to the door as barvelly as if they were making an ordinary call for their week's washing; but alas! the Dame appeared and with ill concealed scorn informed the delinquents that the young ladies had been obliged to go home with no protection save an outraged modesty, and that the

next time she gave a party she should issue her invitations to Freshmen. Oh '80! we gave you credit for more stamina.

Following the example of many colleges, we have obtained the first and second choice of each of the students for President. We intend this as a "boom" for no one; we do not suppose the result of our voting will at all influence the Presidential election, or even the different nominating conventions; yet, we think it will be of interest to the students and to those who are interested in us, to know just how Bates stands politically. The result shows that while the Republicans are divided between the men who are now prominently before the public, the Democrats are practically united. It will be noticed that the Freshmen have started a mild "boom" for the Doctor, which will, no doubt, pave his way to the White House. Many, of course, vote for Mr. Blaine because he is a Maine man, but aside from all State pride, a majority of the students believe him to be the ablest man in American politics.

SENIOR CLASS.

First Choice.		Second Choice.	
Blaine,	9	Garfield,	3
Sherman,	2	Chamberlain,	3
	—	Sherman,	2
Total,	11	Washburne,	1
		Total,	9

JUNIOR CLASS.

First Choice.		Second Choice.	
Blaine,	14	Sherman,	11
Edmunds,	3	Grant,	2
Grant,	1	Washburne,	2
Sherman,	2	Edmunds,	1
Bayard,	2	Garfield,	2
	—	Hayes,	1
Total,	22	Garcelon,	2
		Bayard,	1
		Total,	22

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

First Choice.		Second Choice.	
Blaine,	13	Blaine,	4
Grant,	3	Edmunds,	2

Garfield,	5	Washburne,	2
Sherman,	1	Garfield,	7
Tilden,	4	Sherman,	1
Bayard,	1	Chamberlain,	1
	—	Bayard,	1
Total,	27	Garcelon,	5
		Grant,	2
		Total,	25

FRESHMAN CLASS.

First Choice.		Second Choice.	
Blaine,	17	Blaine,	7
Grant,	3	Grant,	4
Sherman,	2	Sherman,	8
Bayard,	6	Edmunds,	1
Hendricks,	1	Garfield,	1
Phillips,	1	Washburne,	1
	—	Conkling,	2
Total,	30	Garcelon,	6
		Total,	30

WHOLE VOTE.

First Choice.		Second Choice.	
Blaine,	53	Sherman,	22
Grant,	7	Grant,	8
Sherman,	5	Washburne,	6
Garfield,	5	Edmunds,	4
Edmunds,	3	Garfield,	13
Bayard,	9	Hayes,	1
Tilden,	4	Garcelon,	13
Hendricks,	1	Bayard,	1
Phillips,	1	Conkling,	2
	—	Chamberlain,	3
Total,	88	Blaine,	11
		Total,	84

Once a Junior of quiet demeanor,
Exclaimed to a friend, "I have seen her."
"What bliss! Oh! what rapture!
If I could but capture
This pretty Modjeska Helena."

His friend said, "Indeed you are stupid,
If you're pierced by an arrow of Cupid,
That you don't make a try,
Either conquer or die,
And not stand like a flower that is drooped."

The Junior, he did as advised,
And at his success was surprised.
At last, e'en he came,—
We must all do the same,—
To a point you have doubtless surmised.

But his finger he bites, and expects
Every movement the ghost of the Prex.
But alas! for him, then,
The mill clock struck ten,—
A death-knell to all without checks.

And quickly the door flew asunder,
And the mistress beheld he in wonder.
He turned in his feet,
As he made for the street,
And he gasped, "I am busted, by thunder."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

"It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen."—*Agathon.*

Last fall, soon after election, it will be remembered a Bangor daily paper sounded a bugle note of warning to the Republican party. This was that the result of the recent election was to be changed—that instead of a Republican victory, a Democratic victory had really been won. Few at first would believe the statement, but soon evidence came to light that caused the refrain to be taken up and re-echoed from corner to corner of the old State of Maine.

The common people stood aghast at such an unheard of act, while Democratic-Greenback intriguers at first held whispered conferences, and then made confident remarks that no Republican victory had been won. For some time after these first rumors Governor Garcelon loudly disclaimed his knowledge or countenance of any such movement, but the "Divine Providence" of one of the Councillors was at work with pencil and paper, and finally eliminated an answer to his example which fairly took away the breath of sober-minded men. This answer made the Legislature fusion instead of Republican, and caused every one to look with interest for new developments at Augusta.

It was under such circumstances that the subscriber was sent to Augusta by the leading daily paper of the State to look after its interests. Coming as he did at a time when party spirit ran high, and the air was full of threats of treason and the aroma from the unclean persons hanging

upon the skirts of the would-be dominant party of the State, he found that many things he had hitherto deemed improbable were likely to become probable. In fact appearances strongly indicated that the time-honored motto of the State was to have a new meaning, to point out the fact that no State, however much it had previously prided itself upon its educational advantages, and the general intelligence of its people, was safe if intriguing politicians were allowed to direct its course. Happily this apparent result was obviated by the moderate, judicious course taken by the Republican party, and the necessity of draping the motto was removed. "It was the triumph of law over rascality," as Senator Blaine has said. It proved that "Divine Providence" did not work with pencil and paper, but in the good old way provided from the beginning.

Now came a change. The red hot fusion politicians were prepared to spill the last drop of their blood than to yield to the Republicans, and when they were "locked out" of the State House they hired a hall and held a "mutual admiration society," till the Supreme Court discharged at them another volley of law which left them no other course than to submit to the inevitable.

Meanwhile rumors of war had filled the air from Kittery to Quoddy Head, and would-be law makers were willing to lend their influence to such a movement and thus become law breakers. Nothing seemed improbable, and for about a couple of weeks the Governor and his aids remained almost constantly at the State House to take council upon the dispatches constantly arriving from trustworthy persons throughout the State. It was from the contents of these dispatches that the Governor kept the various militia companies in their armories day after day, and finally summoned three of them to the State House. These dispatches are private,

but could they be given to the public they would show an extension of the revolutionary movement little dreamed of by the majority.

Few people can realize how near the State came to being involved in revolution, or what care was necessary to prevent it. The very fact that the twenty-four hours following Smith's inauguration were spent by the fusionists planning how to support their government, and that later dispatches were sent to one militia company in the northeast portion of the State and another in the southeast to come by special train, show how desperate was their condition. So rapidly did the scenes change for the first two weeks after the organization, that the conspirators could hardly follow them. This fact is evidenced by their continual change of plans, as shown by documents left at the State House on their departure. One instance of this I will give. After they were finally excluded from the State House there was found the following special order, never before given to the public:

STATE OF MAINE.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 16, 1880.

Special Orders, No. 2.

Commissioned officers of all military organizations accepted into the service of the State are hereby ordered to obey the commands of Lieut. Col. Horace M. Davis, aide de camp on the staff of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and move forward as expeditiously as possible, as directed by him.
By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

MELVILLE M. FOLSOM,
Acting Asst. Adj. Gen.

This order, after being written, was laid aside and never sent to the various militia companies. Its very text shows that they did not believe the decisive moment for definite action had come. In its place was issued the following order of which no notice was taken, thus revealing to the fusion government that however much

they might claim the militia was with them instead of General Chamberlain, the facts did not bear them out:

AUGUSTA, Jan. 17, 1880.

General Order, No. 2.

The commanding officers of the Portland Montgomery Guards, Portland Mechanic Blues, Co. C, and Biddeford Light Infantry are hereby ordered, with their respective companies to report to these headquarters on Saturday, Jan. 17, 1880, at 6 A.M.

The members of your respective companies will provide themselves with rations for three days, to be paid for by the State.

The Maine Central Railroad will furnish transportation.

By order of Gov. and Commander-in-Chief.

MELVILLE M. FOLSOM,
A. A. A. General.

These dispatches are in the Adjutant General's Office, and the fact remains that the latter company went so far as to secretly put their arms upon the train, and an outraged people put them off. But these trains would never have reached Augusta, for the forces under control of the Republicans were so well organized that as soon as either train left its depot loaded with militia for the fusionists the tracks of the railroad would have been torn up, probably causing a loss of life, but saving a greater loss by stopping them in their course.

It was under such a war cloud that the good people of Maine lived for about three weeks. But the arch conspirator, who forwarded the movement for personal gain, has now felt compelled to leave the State, at a time of life when a man usually desires to seek rest from active labors, and to enjoy the prospect of a well-spent life.

Throughout the entire State peace now reigns, but a large addition has been made to the State debt, and men who assisted in this attack upon the people's liberty are unpunished. Perhaps no personal pun-

ishment will be meted out, but the facts now being exhumed by the Legislative Committee will tend largely to destroy the party countenancing the fraud. It is already ascertained that the counting-out scheme was concocted in Calais about the 8th of last August, by parties who met there, among them an ex-Councillor, who afterward presented to the State a bill of \$61 for his expenses on this trip, ostensibly to visit the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians in an official capacity!

Since the "adjournment" of the fusion Legislature all but four Representatives and one Senator have taken their seats in the legal bodies, and business has been carried forward very expeditiously, considering the feeling in the minds of many people who desire changes in the laws, that there may still a doubt arise as to the full legality of the doings of the present Legislature. An occasional episode breaks the dull monotony of the routine work, in the shape of a sharp political debate by the party leaders. These debates are brought on by a few fusionists who feel the revolutionary spirit resting upon them. The summary, logical, unanswering replies made to these men by Hale of Ellsworth, Strout of Portland, Hutchinson of Lewiston, Young of Brunswick, and others, soon settles them into their seats till a new opportunity offers.

With about one exception those participating in these debates sit upon the south side of the Representatives Hall. In the first row, front seat, sits Eugene Hale with an able supporter at the same desk. Directly behind him sits Prof. Young. Three seats farther back sits Hon. A. A. Strout, and directly back of him sits L. H. Hutchinson, Esq. In the second row, third desk from the front, sit Plaisted of Lincoln, and Ingalls of Wiscasset,—half way between Hale and Strout, the two ablest debaters upon the floor of the House. Two seats back of Mr. Ingalls sits the

Rev. H. A. Wales of Biddeford. Next back of him is Hill of Corinth. In the next row, second desk, sit Major Rowell of Hallowell, and Gushee of Appleton, about as ill-mated seatmates, politically, as any in the House. In the third desk back of these sits Perry of Camden. In the fourth row, seventh desk back, sits Harriman of Kennebunkport, and two desks further back, upon the other side, sits Swan of Minot. These are the two gentlemen who claim to have been bribed by the republicans to defeat the organization of the House upon the first Wednesday of January.

Many other prominent men are present, but do not obtain notoriety by their debates, or attempted debates as one would call some of the effusions, when their author starts into each sentence with no definite idea of where he will end. Were this the place, and the subscriber had the time at his command, many interesting incidents of debate might be introduced.

One remaining here, in an official capacity, during the session comes into contact with many influential men throughout the State, for this is the objective point while the Legislature is in session. He will also learn much that will hereafter be of great practical benefit, yet he has still got to be the architect of his own fortune, for here as well as elsewhere his position is what he makes it, and if he once allows himself to fall behind to regain his position, the truth of Virgil's words, "*Ille labor, hoc opus est*," are forced upon him.

The prospect now is that the present legislative session will be long,—that the delay of work in January will cause the members to remain here till the latter part of March. As yet no legislation has been done to remedy existing defects of the present laws if biennial sessions are substituted for annual as provided by an amendment to the Constitution. Quite a number of new laws have been passed

and signed by the Governor, and others are on their passage, while the various committees are hard at work upon the numerous petitions and motions referred to them, seeking to evolve from the comparatively chaotic mass the greatest good.

But I must close. The want of time has compelled me to give a random nature to this article, yet the subject it involves is one dear to the hearts of all the people. The investigations now in progress regarding the great conspiracy attempted, will, ere long, furnish subject matter for a voluminous appendix to the latest published history of the State, and will show only the more strongly that Liberty, though crushed to the ground, will in the end triumph over its oppressors.

C. L. M., '81.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'71.—One of the most popular members of the House this winter is Hon. L. H. Hutchinson of Lewiston. He is a member of the most important committees, among them the judiciary, bribery, and illegal enlistment, all of which require a thorough judicial knowledge. Whenever he takes the floor in a debate he holds the close attention of all present, and his earnest yet candid words carry a strong influence with them.

'77.—N. P. Noble recently spent a few days with friends in the city.

'79.—E. W. Given has secured the agency for a popular Science Monthly.

'79.—E. A. McCollister is at present at the Bowdoin Medical School.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett has just closed a successful term of school at Canton Point.

'80.—Gilbert of Bowdoin, formerly of Bates, '80, paid us a flying visit the other day.

EXCHANGES.

The new daily, *Harvard Echo*, promises to be a success. It is a bright, newsy affair, and, really, a great addition to our list of exchanges. We notice in a late number an article upon "The Spelling Reform," which we believe well represents the sentiments of our American colleges toward the so-called reform. The writer argues that whatever changes are necessary will be brought about in time, without the aid of the radical methods advocated by the friends of the present movement.

The *Madisonensis* contains an interesting and sound article, entitled "Tramp Logic," with the following quotations at its head:

"'The world owes me a living.'—*Tramp.*"

"'When I announce my determination to study for the ministry, it is the duty of the Church to educate me.'—*Ministerial Student.*"

We thoroughly enjoyed reading the article upon "Falstaff," in the same number.

The *Columbia Spectator* contains a wretched cartoon, labeled "*Alma Mater's Latest Twins.*" This, really, will not do, Mr. *Spectator*. Give us a *word-picture* next time, or leave it to our imaginations. The "*Reminiscence*" is good.

The *Brunonian* has started a "Juvenile Department." In this number the editors have thought it necessary to give the Freshmen some good advice and a "little information." The editorials are vigorous and well written.

The *Willenberger* is one of our heavy exchanges. Listen to its table of contents: "Conscience in Literature," "Bain on the Classics," "Individuality," "Education," etc. The editors express their gratification that the Faculty have determined to take measures to prevent the students' frequenting the liquor saloons and billiard halls near the college. This paper also contains

a Mathematical Department of three pages.

The *University Magazine* from Pennsylvania may be interesting to those interested, but to us it is dull, dull.

Concordiensis is much given to bad verses. Its literary begins with two columns of what it calls "poetry," by a Freshman, too. We advise the writer to restrain his "infinite yearnings" and confine himself to Algebra for a few terms more. Locals are breezy; editorials fair.

It is surprising to our American college students that the two great universities of England should have only a single paper between them. Harvard has five papers, but the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* is the only representative of its sisters across the water. In this, too, the advertisements are the highest and easiest reading.

Several of the college papers contains articles upon Co-education; most of them in its favor. We have received a few visitors entirely new to us this month. The Spelling Reform Association occupies the attention of various exchanges. Most of them denounce it.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Two new papers are just started at Harvard, the *Register*, and the *Echo*, a daily.

Only 75 out of the 200 Freshmen at Yale passed their entrance examination without conditions.

Thirty men have been dropped from the Sophomore class at Harvard for poor scholarship.

The old-fashioned game of Hare-and-Hounds is popular at Michigan University. It is being introduced at many colleges.

Cheating at the examinations in Princeton College has assumed such large pro-

portions that the students have found it necessary to protest against it in their papers.

There are 425 colleges in the United States, or one to every 100,000 inhabitants. New York has one to 320,000; Massachusetts one to 230,000; Connecticut one to 200,000; Rhode Island one to 160,000; Pennsylvania one to 135,000; Illinois one to 100,000; Tennessee one to 95,000; Maryland and Missouri one to 90,000; Ohio one to 80,000; Iowa one to 70,000.—*Illini*.

CLIPPINGS.

"Important, if true—a wife."

How to drown a cat. In the water pitch her.

Prof.—"Will you mention some liquid that is lighter than water." Junior—"Alcohol." Prof.—"Can you mention any other with which you are familiar?" Junior immediately searches for a club.

Elderly gentleman to a Freshman on the train—"You don't have no ticket." "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far."—*Ex*.

Freshman asked to decline *Die Nation*, speaks in abrupt crescendo: "*Die Nation, Des Nation, DER NATION! DIE NATION!! DAM NATION!!!*" The rest is drowned in applause.—*Lampoon*.

When I flounder in the Greek,
Or Faust or Loomis make me reek,
Who braces up my failing cheek?
My Pony.

When my winks in vain are wunk,
And my last stray thoughts are thunk,
Who saves me from a shameful flunk?
My Pony.—*Ex*.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
Because, if I should now sit down,
I'd burn my pants! he said.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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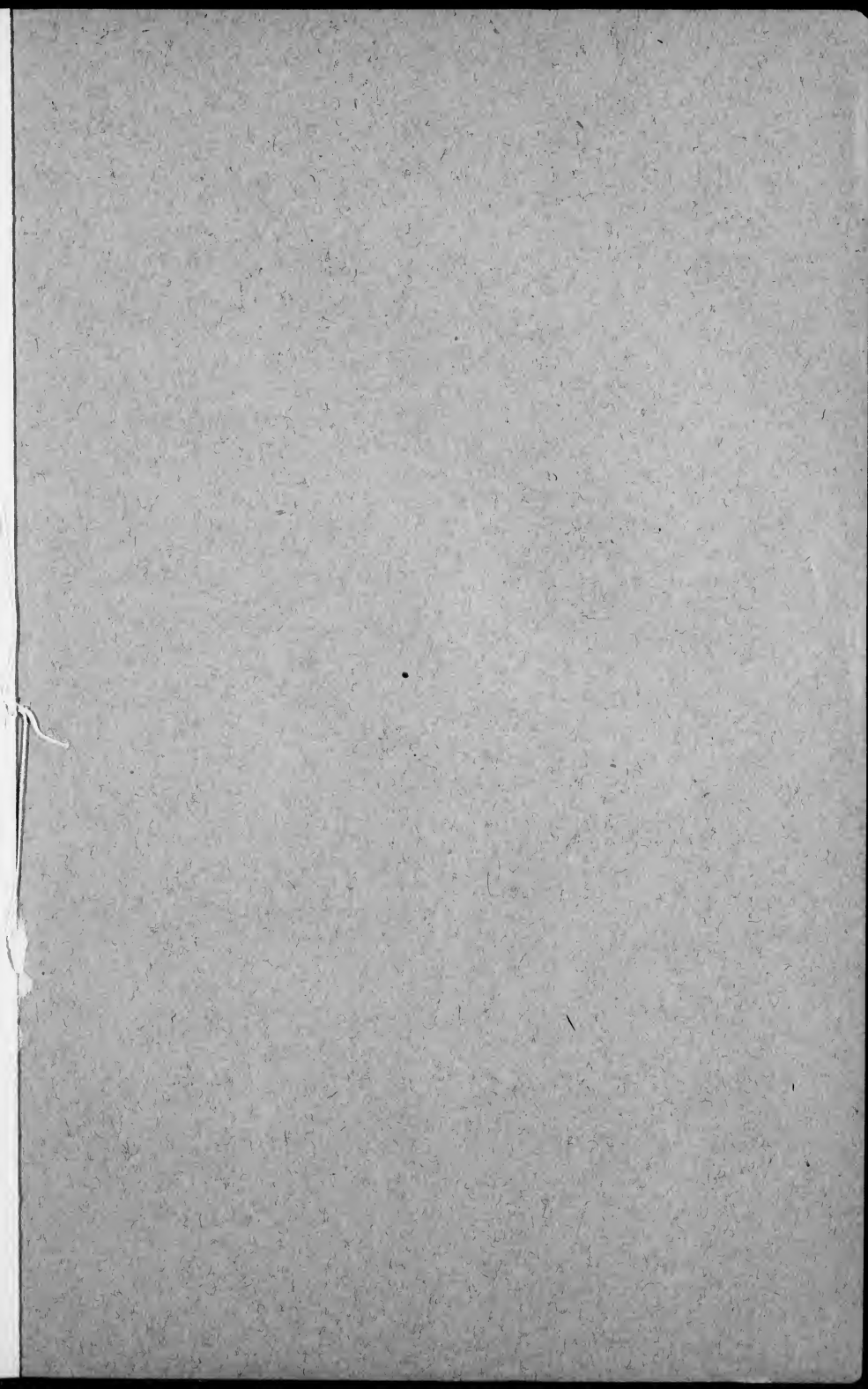
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→: THE :←

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. No. 3.

→: MARCH, 1880. :←

LEWISTON:
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THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published by the Class of '81, Bates College.

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EDITORS.

W. P. FOSTER, O. H. DRAKE, C. A. STROUT, W. J. BROWN, H. E. COOLIDGE.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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CULTURE AND AMERICAN PROGRESS.

EVENTS of the past clearly prove that no good and successful government can be maintained over subjects entirely or nearly illiterate; and that, for national life or growth, some degree of mental training is absolutely essential. The fact that a republic without intelligent citizens is inevitably short-lived, is indisputable. Therefore, the form of education which will make the best citizens and insure the greatest success to a nation is a question of vital importance. This required form of education we find to be culture, or a liberal education, superior to that furnished by our common schools. Without stopping to show wherein a common school education fails to give this culture, let us proceed to consider its meaning and bearing on national progress.

True culture is the training and finishing of the whole man until he makes physical wants to be merely secondary, and pursues science, art, and religion as objects of intrinsic worth. It is no mere special education, but is the expanding and cultivating of man's whole intellectual and moral nature, so as to fit him to most successfully accomplish his share in a nation's welfare. How evident it is, therefore, that the culture of the people and national progress are so intimately connected that the latter is dependent upon the former.

We are now living in those days when the true greatness of nations is measured

not by their martial success and military power, but by the contributions they make to the world's progress and civilization. Never were truer words spoken than these of Sumner, America's greatest statesman:

"The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence, they may adorn it; but in their nature they are but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur in a nation are that Christian beneficence which diffuses the greatest happiness among all, and that passionless, god-like justice, which controls the relations of the nation to other nations, and to all the people committed to its charge."

Ancient Greece and Rome were, indeed, great; but their greatness consisted chiefly in their martial glory and in their wonderful art and literature. The moral element that Sumner found in true greatness was wanting. And to its absence may be attributed the downfall of these nations and their subsequent decline in art and literature. It is because true culture was wanting that the historian delves in vain amid the darkness of the "Middle Ages" for much evidence of learning. With its successful appearance after a long interval do we see the re-establishment of literature and art, and that with much true beauty.

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In its relations to democratic America we find culture to be of the highest importance. A cultured democracy is abso-

lutely necessary to the maintenance and success of a republic. And this culture should be the broadest and best that can be obtained. That such culture is wanting in America, no one will attempt to deny; else, why do our most devoted students still go to Europe to complete their education? It will be a great satisfaction to the American mind, and a surer token of American success when American students can finish their education at home.

Theodore Parker is credited with this saying: "In America everyone gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely anyone a full meal." A few years ago this statement was nearly true. To-day we hope there is an improved state of things. But even now it is too true that the mighty dollar and our wonderful smartness are more generally sought and worshipped, than a cultured intellect and a pure heart. The day when wealth and smartness were important objects to be attained has passed. It is true they were really necessary for the firm political foundation of this nation. But on these a nation like the United States cannot subsist forever. Its further nourishment and development are surely under the influence of a higher and more beneficial object than either wealth or smartness. This new object of pursuit can be no other than a thorough, consistent, and elevating culture. That culture which will ennoble a man, which will give him the clearest perception of the duty he owes to his fellow-men, his country, and his God.

Opposed to the attainment of such a culture in America are many obstacles. Not the least important of these are the prejudices which many entertain against a liberal education, believing it to be unnecessary. But as the good tends to overcome the evil, and in the end to triumph, so is culture, in every step of its progress overcoming these prejudices and giving evidence of its final triumph. War, one of

cultures direst foes, is rapidly yielding to arbitration. Our unprecedented success in general educational interests gives us the fullest assurance of a like success in the culture so much needed. But the question arises; how shall this culture be obtained? To be a fully cultured man, one must begin in his youth to acquire culture. It does not come spontaneously; a course of study must be pursued, and, indeed, study should never cease. Michael Angelo, in his eighty-fourth year, after a life of unrivaled achievements in every branch of art, had as his favorite motto, "*Ancora imparo*"—"I yet learn." The spirit of Michael Angelo should be the spirit of every earnest seeker after culture.

The oak first starts from the tiny acorn. In its early life it may be made to grow into a gnarled and unsightly tree; but, if it is unhindered and properly cultivated, its growth is slowly but surely onward. With each successive year it branches out in new and diverse directions, until, finally, we see it a noble and lofty tree, the most majestic of the forest. The sculptor is hewing a statue. He has a rough block of marble cut into a desired shape. He begins his work; first we see the coarse outlines of a human form, then gradually with each gentle stroke of the chisel, appear the finer lines, until at length we see the rough block of marble developed by the experienced eye and skillful hand into a beautiful work of art.

Now there is the human mind; it is, at first, like the minute acorn or the rough marble undeveloped, unwrought, yet having the vital force necessary for life, and so plastic that by right training and cultivation, it can be developed into an entity grander and nobler than the most stately oak, far more lovely and beautiful than any sculptor's most magnificent work of art. Yet, too true is it also, that by wrong cultivation, it may possess no more grandeur or nobleness than the stunted and de-

formed oak; not even as much beauty as the work of a novice in art. How true it is, then, that culture elevates and ennobles the human mind, and makes a man what he should be, an honor and not a disgrace to society. True culture qualifies a person to acceptably fill his position in a nation, and to aid in the progress of literature, science, art, and religion.

America demands of her citizens this culture, and also their united attention to its attainment. Their chief aim should be to seek it. The highest education our institutions afford would not give too much culture. A thorough drill in the curriculum of a four years' college course is but a beginning, an open door to the great future. This being the case how necessary it is that every person should let no opportunity escape him in his pursuit of culture; for as every nation is composed of individuals, its progress is necessarily dependent upon the culture of those individuals.

The success America has already achieved in culture may be seen by reference to her literature. From its evidence, however, we observe that several European nations are her superiors. But even this is not derogatory to America. There is a clear explanation for her present inferiority. The European nations were old and established when this republic was being formed. The American people have been making their nation firm and strong, and have not, like England and Germany, had the leisure to give to culture. But now, since they have become the most powerful nation in the world, more time is given to the pursuit of literature, and those highest acquirements of man, science and art. America has indeed already accomplished much in these departments, but her golden age is yet to come. The germ only needs to be developed. As Shakespeare in the cradle became Shakespeare in Hamlet, so surely will American culture, now in its

infancy, become in its maturity a ripe age of unparalleled success in literature, science, and art. In the words of a distinguished writer, "America has but to copy the massiveness of Egypt without her self-deification, the art of Greece without her sensuality, the imperial majesty of Rome, without her selfish haughtiness,—indeed the best things which the wide world has shown, without the vice that cankered its heart and turned its gilt into dross. Doing this, she will not miss life or honor."

F. D. G., '78.

IN THE DARK I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Lead me gently, Father, gently,
For 'tis dark, I cannot see,
And this pathway o'er the mountains
Seemeth rough and steep to me.

But I know that thou art tender
And wilt lead me free from harm,
So I lean in trustful quiet
On thy strong and willing arm.

What though darkness shroud the pathway,
And thy face I cannot see,
I yet feel thy loving presence,
In the dark I'll follow thee.

C. E. S., '83.

THE ELEMENTS OF MYSTICISM IN THE EVANGELICAL DOCTRINES.

BY REV. C. S. FROST.

THE primal idea of mysticism appears in the derivation of the word: viz., that of mystery. The mysterious, the inexplicable, lies at the foundation of all mysticism. From the mysterious to the supernatural the step is an easy one. The supernatural involves the mysterious, and the mysterious beckons to the mystic. But think not to find this only in the museum

of antiquated theology, for among modern collections you will find many *excellent* specimens.

With contemptuous laughter do we dismiss the wild imaginings of paganism, forgetful that Christians are guilty of similar extravagances. Of the meaning of the *Evangelical Doctrines*, what sad perversions! Concerning their nature men have reasoned as far as they could, and then have either guessed at the rest, or allowed their imaginations to supply what reason failed to give. No evangelical doctrine is without its mystery, and on this mystery men have seized as a basis for their chimerical structures. Almost every one of the doctrines of the orthodox belief has yielded its mystical dogma. Take for instance the doctrine of original sin. In it lies a deep mystery. Who with the plummet of reason has sounded its depths? Who with the line of his understanding has measured its infinite reaches? Unable to do this, men have run along on the line of their imagination far out into the misty regions of speculative thought, and announced, as a result of such an exploit, that all the race were present in Adam when he sinned, and partook of his guilt.

The doctrine of imputed guilt is a child of the fog. It is true that men inherit propensity to evil; but such an inheritance, of itself, involves no guilt. Only in a voluntary yielding to corrupt propensities does the individual sin, and as a sinner become guilty before God. If it be thought that this doctrine is peculiarly favorable to mysticism, there is the doctrine of the atonement.

In it profounder mystery lies imbedded. Who has understood the doctrine in all its relations to God and men? Much of its truth has been brought within the compass of reason; enough to secure the intelligent belief of every soul. But out of its depths have arisen what absurd and fanci-

ful notions! The mystical doctrine of Christ's imputed righteousness, in the sense of a literal transference of Christ's merit to sinners, has sprung from the mystery of the atonement. Imputed righteousness has been compared to a robe, by the transference of which from Christ to men the leprous spots of sin are covered and the sinner saved from the consequences of his guilt. As well might the clothing of a slave with a kingly robe impart to the wearer the nature and rights of a king. It is not the robe but the royal blood flowing through his veins that makes a man king and gives him title to the throne. It is not Christ's righteousness *on* us but *in* us, flowing through our moral natures that makes us kings and priests unto God; that gives us title to a royal residence in the New Jerusalem. It is Christ formed *within* us that is "the hope of glory;" for, "if ye have not the *spirit* of Christ ye are none of his."

Even the rite of baptism has not escaped the disordered brain of the visionary. It is surprising to notice with what fanciful notions men have invested the simple ordinances appointed by Christ. We understand baptism to be symbolical; an outward Christian rite emblematical of an inward cleansing. But minds able to mystify the simplicity of the gospel have never been wanting; and from the minds of such a cast has the world received the mystical doctrine of *baptismal regeneration*; as though water in some way, secret and supernatural, were connected with the renovation of moral character. Before that clamorous multitude Pilate washed in vain his guilty hands. Only as baptism is significant of an inward cleansing does virtue flow from its observance.

The Christian doctrine, however, which perhaps is more eminent for mystical abuse than any other, is that of the *eucharist*. How has mysticism robbed this Christian ordinance of its beautiful and

primitive simplicity! The dogma of transubstantiation is the legitimate fruit of the superstitious devotion to the marvellous. In the interpretation of this Christian rite Martin Luther was hardly less mystical than the Church of Rome. While the Roman Catholics advocated *transubstantiation*, Luther as stoutly contended for *consubstantiation*.

To be sure, Luther substituted "con" for "trans" but in so doing there was no exchange of mysticism for common sense. In stoning Roman Catholic creeds Protestants have need of caution, for too many of their own are built of glass.

Mysticism is an outgrowth of religious speculation. Such doctrines of the church as are above the level of man's comprehension supply the material for religious speculation; and religious speculation, not of necessity but as a matter of fact, tends to mysticism. Here, then, see the origin of much of the mystical interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. Mystery in Scripture, often becomes mysticism in creed.

In all ages of the church, where shall we look for the principal source of religious controversy? To the plain, self-evident truths of the Gospel? No, but to the inscrutable things of God. Over the sermon on the mount men have never quarreled nor churches been divided; but over the "trinity," "the two natures of Christ," and "the secret will of God," polemical disputants have waxed hot and crossed their swords. At an important crisis during the great Reformation, Luther and Zwingle met to secure, if possible, union of effort in battling a common foe. But the effort failed. To what was the failure due? To essential and radical points of difference? No, but to difference of interpretation on the single point of the Lord's supper. Zwingle regarded the elements as symbolical. Luther contended for the real presence of the body of Christ. As

the hour of departure was close at hand, Zwingle, still desirous of union with the great reformer, advancing toward Luther, said: "Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree, and as for the rest let us remember that we are brothers." "Yes, yes," cried the Landgrave, "you agree; give then a testimony of your brotherhood." Zwingle, bursting into tears approached Luther with extended hand, but Luther draws back, scornful the proffered union. Thus, in all ages of the church has theological mysticism rejected Christian fellowship. Speculation undoubtedly has its place in the advancement of Christian truth, yet mysticism is always best kept out of the church by the diffusion and appropriation of such truth as shall bear the fruit of pure and holy lives.

AFTER READING JOAQUIN MILLER'S

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.

Hot blooded bard, whose dizzy, leaping thought
Sometimes will blind the eye that guides the
hand;

Poet of Passion, thou, at whose command,
The hands clench and the cheeks are fever-
fraught,

Or swift tears rush into the eyes unsought;
I list thy singing from a foreign strand,
And, listening, feel my landscape's walls ex-
pand,

And thank thee for the visions thou hast
brought,

For, as I read thy book, before me blow
Black western pines bent by the mountain
breeze;

Smoke-shrouded prairies, hot and wrathful,
flow

In crackling floods, beneath white hills that
freeze:

Gray canyons gloom, and, on a sudden, lo!
The twittering sheen of twinkling Tropic
seas.

—H. L. K. in *Colby Echo*.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WE feel that we owe the readers of the *STUDENT* an apology for the amount of politics introduced in the last two numbers. The editors were away, and the articles were inserted without their knowledge. We do not intend to make the *STUDENT* in any sense political.

We should think by the actions of some students, that they were intending to "dead beat" their way through college. Whenever they are asked to lend their support to some college enterprise, they always discuss to a great length, the question of its use to themselves, and finally end by saying "I don't have much time for such things, and I won't put my name down." There is not an association in college that is not a benefit to the institution and a majority of the students. Even if it does not hit our particular case, it has just as many claims to our support.

What should be more friendly than the relation between teacher and pupil? Yet in college the prevalent feeling is that of antagonism between Professor and student. Where is the blame? The blame cannot be wholly attributed either to the Faculty, or to the students. Perhaps no people understand young men so poorly as college Faculties, and, we might add, *vice versa*. The Faculty regard the students with a degree of distrust, which, in turn, arouses a spirit of resentment on the part of the students. There ought to be, and the best results cannot be obtained until there is, a different relation between Professor and student.

We would like to call the attention of some one, we hardly know who, to the condition of the chapel on the first evening of the Sophomore Prize Declamations. The

room was cold and poorly lighted, not fit for any one to occupy for an evening. It does not seem to be just the thing to invite an audience to our public exercises and then give them so poor a reception. And yet this is not the first time it has occurred. We do not know just who is at fault in this matter, but that some one is, is certain. A little extra care to have the room well warmed and lighted will make such exercises pleasanter for the participants, will attract a larger and better audience, and will, especially the matter of lighting, go far toward keeping quiet that part of the audience who delight in deeds of darkness.

We are glad to see that measures have been taken so early to insure a successful season of base-ball. The most efficient and steady practice is necessary in order to preserve our past good record. Each one of the fourteen chosen for gymnasium practice should feel as if the success of the nine depended in a great measure upon his own efforts. But as we cannot support a nine successfully with an embarrassed state of finance, measures should be taken as soon as possible to place the Base-Ball Association upon a firm financial basis. There was a rumor of an entertainment for the benefit of the treasury. Has it been given up? If not, the necessary preparations cannot be made too early. If properly managed, we see no reason why such an entertainment should not bring into the treasury a considerable sum of money.

Considerable has been said in the columns of the *STUDENT* concerning our literary societies, yet there is much more that might well be said. It is true that they compare very favorably with those of other colleges, but there is still room for

improvement. While nearly all the students belong to one society or the other, there are comparatively few *active* members. We are aware that in this kind of work as in any other, all are not equally gifted, yet it is the privilege and, we think, the duty of every student to avail himself of the opportunities offered by his society; for, as those who have faithfully tried it will readily testify, it *pays*—even more than almost any one study in the whole college course. Probably the chief reason for the lack of attention to this work on the part of most of the students is the non-appreciation of the benefits thus to be derived, and the feeling that this can be more easily slighted than their regular college work.

There are usually those, and we have talked with a number, who profess seriously to disagree with the present system of compulsory attendance upon college duties and who claim that just as conscientious work would be done if left to themselves. Now if students entertaining such ideas would only put them into practice in our societies, they would not only show themselves consistent with their theory, but they would also find such a course of training of great benefit. There are very few in the whole college who cannot, if they choose, devote Friday evening of each week to this purpose; and there is certainly no more profitable way of occupying a spare evening. We hope that every student who has not hitherto interested himself in this direction will take these ideas home to himself and see if the work of the society is not as really his own peculiar college work as is his Greek or his Mathematics.

Perhaps no one thing would add so much to the interest in the Societies as good music, and there is no reason why we cannot have it. We support a Musical Association, and it may in every way be

made worthy of our aid. But we give it our support for the benefit of the college and not for the purpose of aiding in the musical education of ten or a dozen favored ones. If the latter were the case, our quarterly dues would be mere gifts of charity. The Association has a right to demand some return for its assistance. Most of the members of the Association are also members of the Societies. Whom could they expect with more reason to furnish music for their society meetings than members of the Glee Club or Orchestra, who belong to their respective Societies? There is much dissatisfaction among the society-going students on account of the apparent reluctance of the musicians to furnish the much needed music. We do not see why they should not exercise their talents for the benefit of Societies as well as the good debater, declaimer, or essayist.

The students have nearly all returned and the recitation rooms are well filled. But the boys come back with from two to six weeks' work to *make up*, in addition to going on with the daily recitations of the class. Thus the work of the whole winter, including rhetorical, come, to a majority of the students, all in a few weeks, which makes the work for this part of the term hard and unsatisfactory.

And yet it seems necessary to get over the whole ground and be all made up at the end of the term in order for examination. But it is very evident that preparation made in so hasty a manner, as this must necessarily be made, leaves the students in a very poor condition to do credit either to themselves or to the teachers, in the examination.

We believe in examinations and we believe in making them the test of real merit and faithful work. But is an examination under such circumstances a test of either? Would it not be better and fairer to all concerned to omit the examination

at the end of this term, and let that for next term include whatever of this winter's work can be reviewed to advantage?

We think a few words upon the recent disturbances in morning chapel would not be out of place at this time. It was but a few mornings ago that, while the professor was addressing a Divine Being, the room was so filled with stamping, "knocking wood," cat-calls, and whistling that his words were perfectly inaudible to the greater part of us. We are amazed when we seriously consider this matter. Here in a Christian college was an aged teacher engaged in public prayer, while before him were nearly a hundred and fifty students, laughing, whispering, studying, amusing themselves in various ways, with a small minority trying to give attention to the exercises. Nearly half of our students are supposed to be Christian young men. What is there which those who cause these disturbances respect? It is evident that they do not respect their fellow-students, their teachers, nor an eternal God.

The first necessity in a true man is a reverence for something. But here are we, who, as students, profess to be trying to broaden our lives, to make ourselves capable of nobler aspirations and purposes, cultivating the very opposite of this Faculty. Are we in earnest about anything, or have we lost all thought of the nobility and earnestness of life? Do we think that habitual rowdiness in the holiest place and during the performance of the holiest duty connected with our college life will aid us in forming a good character? Do we think this conduct becoming to brave, strong, and honorable young men? The unpopularity of the professor who is conducting the exercises is no excuse for us. This thing has occurred again and again and we think it time there were some strong words said

about it. If we look at it from any standpoint it seems to us that it is a cowardly and mean thing.

Since the exit of '78 and '79, Parker Hall has been as dreary, and ghost-like as the ruins of an old Mediæval castle. The majority of the students have made their abode out of the Hall this year. It seems to us that it would add much to the enjoyment, without detracting from the benefit of the course for all who can to live in the Hall. There is nothing connected with the four years spent at college, upon which a graduate looks back with more pleasure, than the associations, jollifications—the college *life*. It is a life distinct from all others, full of romantic freedom and light-heartedness.

If the students are scattered here and there through the city, almost their only association is at the recitations and society meetings. They do not feel themselves so firmly bound together by the ties of college and class friendship. It is true that this is the distinctive feature of German University life. But there is no reason why we should pattern after foreign institutions. American student life is peculiar to American colleges, nor is it necessarily on this account inferior or less adapted to the encouragement of scholarship and fine literature. We are progressive in everything else; why should we consider our system of education inferior to that of European nations?

Our university training has surely produced, or rather, brought to light, as many and as great scholars in the same time as that of Germany or England. At the two principal colleges of the United States, Harvard and Yale, the students are almost entirely associated together in large dormitories. Why should we ape the methods of foreign institutions, when nothing but a foolish conservatism could

imagine so vast a superiority as is claimed for them?

We have heard a report, but do not know how true it is, that the Faculty intend to repair the rooms and reduce the rent next year. If this is so, there will probably be more demand for rooms, and we may hope once more to hear the timid step of the Freshman and the jovial howl and boisterous tramp of the Sophomore within its walls.

In the process of changing the tree to the useful lumber, many chips are made. If left these chips are of no service, but if used they may do much good. So in the attainment of the object of every life, there are many leisure moments, many opportunities, which may be improved or neglected; if improved, the attainment of the object is so much the grander; if allowed to pass by, much of life's success is lost. The successful men in every calling in life have been the ones who used up the chips. The little helps were not allowed to pass as good for nothing. There is, perhaps, no place in life where more time is wasted than in the college course, and no place where it could be more profitably employed. The spare time of too many of us is spent in idle conversation, or in worse ways. While we have libraries this spare time could be used in acquiring knowledge outside of the text-books, and in broadening our minds. Perhaps in after life no such opportunities will be offered. If we neglect the chips of time and the chance opportunities for improvement while in college, we may hereafter bitterly regret it. If we remembered that the small things made or marred success, we should be more careful what we did with the moments.

Thirty-five of the Freshman class have expressed their intention to take part in the Sophomore debates of next fall term.

LOCALS.

Got your blue spectacles?

Lord, '83, has entered Colby.

"Stickey" likes molasses candy.

The Seniors got a cut on Prof. Hayes.

Quite a number of '79 boys are in town.

The '81 quartette has had its picture taken.

The Preps are going to have a Class-Day.

Whooper, how about that quart and a half?

The pedagogues have nearly all returned.

The sound of Limby's fiddle is heard in the land.

Wee Johnny has been at home sick with scarlatina.

We are glad to welcome Bob and Dave back again.

The Societies have organized themselves respectively into a Congress.

The Sophomore class holds a class prayer-meeting every Friday evening.

Libby was recently advised by one of the Faculty to think twice before speaking.

All of '80 are now on the ground except Plummer, who is ill at his home in Gardiner.

Where is the Reading-Room coal-hod? And who posted the notice in the Reading Room?

Is a cornet a horn? And can all the cornet playing in Parker Hall be called music?

Prof.—"What classes of people does credit benefit?" Gray—"Indigent students."

Nutter, '83, has been called home on account of the dangerous illness of his father.

Junior (translating from the German)—
"Then they loaded their *thunderbusses*."
General howl.

The base-ball boys are at work in the gymnasium with a will. No admission to outsiders.

The Profs are now kept well supplied with candy, corn-balls, and other like refreshments.

The new sidewalk is an improvement on the mud; yet some of the boys complain of its *width*.

It cost just six dollars to kick in three door-panels, and twelve dollars to grease a black-board.

Abe Shorey says, "Tell the boys I am at my old stand ready to shave, cut hair, and tell stories."

Vacation is almost here. The boys begin to flunk as usual at the last end of the term. Brace up!

The Theologues are taking lessons in elocution of F. C. Robertson, from the Boston School of Oratory.

It is said that there is a Freshman so modest that he does not dare to go down town this sloppy weather.

Quite a number of the Seniors are inquiring after the new college laws. Better have read them before!

What a change it makes in a man to get married! Eddy Thomas recently translated *er küsst*, "he curses."

Those—Juniors—on—the—back—seat—may—be—excused—if—they—cannot—abstain—from—tipping—that—settee.

It is said that a certain Professor is in the habit of perambulating College Street each night until a certain light disappears.

An ex-ped. can be heard singing in a dolorous voice,

"Oh who will go to see my girl,
Now I am far away."

Scene in Junior recitation room. Prof.—"Mr. R., what is the value of two silver half dollars?" Bob (confidently)—"One dollar."

The Seniors have been studying the metaphysical views of different philosophers. A majority aver a decided preference for K(c)an't.

M. T. Newton, '80, has gone to Athens to take charge of the Academy. We hope he will meet with the success that his high merit deserves.

The singing books had all disappeared from the chapel a few mornings ago, but the choir were equal to the occasion, and gave us the Doxology.

Prof.—"Mr. —, you may demonstrate the — theorem." Freshman (who begins to feel weak in the knees)—"I—I—I haven't any string, sir!"

Another: Prof.—"What does one to fifteen, the ratio of gold to silver mean?" Junior—"It means that one dollar of gold is worth fifteen of silver."

The Juniors complain of the scarcity of *horses* on German. "There's a good time coming, boys." The Seniors have a good stock on hand for next term.

A Junior translates the German "*Sassen an der Thiire*,"—"Sat on the gate." Another spells *der* "dear." Where are the thoughts of the Juniors?

We recently received a long report of the sugar beet industry with request to publish. We have not yet decided whether to insert as a local or correspondence.

Senior Exhibition occurs on the last Friday evening of the term; that is, if the class don't have so much other work that they can't get time to write a part.

Two Seniors thought they would exercise their benevolence, a short time ago, in the City Charity School. They were greeted with a lobster, herring, and other like missiles from the orderly (?) school, and concluded to seek more congenial fields for the employment of their philanthropic spirit.

Nobody in the Senior Class seems to know who groaned during the recitation the other morning. It must have been some unseen agency for which Parker Hall is so noted.

Two Freshmen are rooming in the gymnasium to look after the Indian clubs and the three new bowling-alley balls. We hope they will keep the Yaggers and Preps out Sundays.

Prof. Stanton has been giving the Freshmen some ideas in regard to politics. He says the colleges have all voted pretty badly but none so badly as Bates. He is probably not a Blaine man.

The Seniors, who have just been studying Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," consider themselves especially fortunate in seeing so good a representation of this great comedy as was lately given in Music Hall.

Prof.—"Mr. L., can you tell why the Neapolitans crowned themselves?" Mr. L.—"To show their grief at Pompey's sickness." Prof.—"To—to—to show their joy at his recovery? Perfectly right—perfectly right."

A Freshman was discussing the musical qualities of an acquaintance with a lady friend. "Does he play in the orchestra?" mildly asked he. "I don't think he does," answered she hesitatingly, "I think he plays the fiddle."

A Freshman who is a disciple of cat-gut and known to be of an inquisitive turn of mind, has lately discovered certain stars which are completely beyond his comprehension. Any explanation respecting such will be gladly received by him.

Special rules in the Janitor's jurisdiction have been circulated among the few inmates of the palace called Parker Hall. Section 8 seems to have been violated more than any other. Hereafter all wood and coal must be taken to the back door.

One very highly esteemed under-graduate is developing his heretofore dormant musical powers on the following well-known favorite: "It was my last cigar." The prominent characteristics of his execution are naturalness of expression and depth of feeling.

The Maine heroes, Chamberlain and Garcelon, are graduates of Bowdoin and Bates, respectively.—*University Magazine*. Our Pennsylvania friend is mistaken. To Bowdoin belongs both the honor of graduating the first, and the dishonor of graduating the last.

The '80 Class Committee has not yet secured the talent for Commencement Concert; but they are in correspondence with several parties of the highest merit, among them Ole Bull. The public can be assured that the tickets to this concert will be sold as *advertised*.

A large dog found its way into the chapel at prayers the other morning, which, like "Mary's little lamb," "made the scholars laugh and play." As the Professor came in, he noticed the dog and the confusion, and quietly remarked, "Don't make him think he has got into bad company."

Some of the students have been attending dancing school, and occasionally impress their superiority upon the uninitiated by a graceful whirl or two. Such an exhibition recently took place in the south end of Parker Hall. The music was furnished by Richard's Orchestra, consisting of a banjo, guitar, and several pairs of bones. The *execution* was excellent.

The first division of the Sophomore class held their prize declamations at the college chapel, Friday evening, March 12. The exercises were universally good and the speakers all showed careful preparation. The following were selected to take part in the final contest: Blanchard, Lowell, Cogswell, Douglas. A new and

interesting feature was introduced. We refer to the music by the Glee Club. Such music is more attractive to the audience, and better appreciated by the students than that usually furnished at these exercises.

The public meeting of the Union Society, Nichols Latin School, was held Friday, March 5th. It was well attended and the exercises showed good taste and careful preparation. The question for debate was, "*Resolved*, That it is for the best interest of the Nation that Gen. Grant be our next President." As is usual the most noticeable fault was their length.

Prof. Stanley gave a Magic Lantern Exhibition to the Junior Class and a few privileged outsiders, Thursday evening last. The students were unusually orderly, and much interested in the pictures and the Professor's explanations. One picture, entitled "The Lilies," was greeted with ominous sounds resembling the forcible concussion of two shingles. Dangerous picture that to exhibit to amorous Juniors!

One of our Sophomores was brought before the Board of Aldermen and questioned concerning his right to vote in this city. During the interview the following questions were asked: "Have you engaged in any business since you have resided in this city?" "Yes, Sir." "Please state what business." "I have traded quite extensively in horses." This answer satisfied the city fathers, who were, doubtless, unacquainted with the dark ways of college boys.

The Sophs were trying to get a cut the other day, when one of the Juniors stepped into the room and sat down in the Professor's chair with an open book before him. The Sophs were somewhat taken back by the appearance of Charles' smiling and classical face (cheek rather), but

never was a person more nonplussed than was Charles when the Prof. came trotting into the room. He picked up his hat, caught sight of the Prof.'s roguish eye, and slunk out of the room in as crest-fallen manner as is possible for a Junior to assume.

The following specimen of great genius was given us by a returned pedagogue:

"FROGGES.

"frogs is Fichess. they dont groe in the ochun caus it is soo deap. they could not never come up to the Bank To drink and peke over and then it wood droune Their Eggs i gess, frogges eggs is not used for cooking hear but in chinyland They Use em. frogges is useforl in 2 way'z. they Can ete musketers and they can skare gurls i sawn a big gurl run over a ston wal and holler ghorrie once at a frogge. they singe Loud at night when the coes is going home they dont Singe toons. Frogges are sum-times gren, and sumtimes yuller. i sawn a bleu frogge. frogges can jump as hi as a man. i lik frogges."

The Junior Class recently serenaded one of their number who had been elected to the important office of Ward Clerk. The class met in Rec's room at 7 ½ o'clock, and, after discussing several bunches of cigarettes, marched in procession to the residence of their "distinguished fellow-citizen." After serenading most of the Profs. and a few citizens, they made their way to the house, where they were regaled on apples and oranges. This repast was followed by an appropriate speech from the class orator (who, by the way, voted the other ticket) and a reply from the successful candidate. After a few rousing college songs, the boys "dispersed" to their several abodes well satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

Lives there a Soph with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Geometry so general
Will bring about a funeral,
And cause the shades to re-echo
With sounds of mourning and woe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

We hear many criticisms upon the action of the Faculty in forbidding the further issue of the *Garnet*, in prohibiting burial services, class suppers, and field day exercises.

Believing that the college papers should at all times respect the sentiments of the students, we propose to consider the action of the Faculty from the students' point of view. We confidently assert that the students, almost without exception, consider the action in question to be shortsighted and unwise. This fact alone is one of no mean importance. While we do not by any means maintain that the judgment of the students is generally superior to that of the Faculty, yet we do think that when the opinions of the students are unanimous in favor of a measure, that fact of itself ought to have the greatest weight. Factions and cliques are often heard in advocacy of schemes and ideas which would not be countenanced by the students as a whole, and which their own maturer judgment would condemn. But students are never found ready to unanimously endorse a course of action which would redound to their injury or that of the college of which they are members.

Therefore, if we were not excessively modest, we should venture the assertion that, in advocating with practical unanimity the adoption of these college customs, the wisdom and foresight of the students is in commendable contrast to what might be perhaps unjustly termed the narrow-minded policy of the Faculty in forbidding the same. The bearing of these customs upon college life and college work may be seen, if we look at the motives of the students in desiring their introduction. Do the students have in mind merely the pleasure to be derived from them, or the good of the college? We answer, both.

Freely granting that the element of pleasure enters into the motive of the students, we confidently assert that there is no student but thinks that the celebration of these college customs would be a great advantage to the college in many ways. We indignantly scout the idea that we, as a body, could be induced to advocate and support a measure or course of action that would be detrimental to the college. As the number of the students increased and the institution began more and more to assume the proportions of a college, the conclusion was inevitable that the earnest efforts put forth by the Faculty to make this the leading college in the State, should be eagerly and ably seconded by the students in those departments of college superiority which are the peculiar province of students. When Bates first vanquished the Bowdoin on the ball-field, who did not feel a new pride in the college? When several years had brilliantly maintained our superiority in this respect, it was very natural that the mind of the students should turn to new conquests and begin to have vague thoughts of a field day, in which the feats of our rivals should be surpassed, and the supremacy of Bates in the department of athletics be complete.

That the *Garnet* would, if continued, have been a first-class advertisement of the college, and an indisputable evidence at once of its progress and standing, as well as a beautiful *souvenir* of college life, is a proposition that would receive the ready endorsement of every student in college. As an advertisement to those contemplating a college course, the celebration of these college customs cannot be too highly estimated. Students do not come to college to be amused, it is true. But that the general liveliness, so to speak, of a college has much to do in influencing a decision, cannot be successfully disputed. Young men are young

men the world over, and while they may, and we believe, do have a fitting appreciation of the true end of a college course, yet they require and enjoy some deviation from the ceaseless round of study. Young men do not incline to a college where everything is dead and tomb-like. The adoption of these college customs would give just that spice and variety that is needed, and thus serve as a strong inducement for those who are fitting for college, as well as a mark or evidence of our progress as an institution. No wonder that the remark is so familiar to many of us, "I don't want to go to Bates, everything is so dead there;" no wonder that students in recommending the college to friends at home or elsewhere, can only fall back on the vague, indefinite, and always unsatisfactory assertion that "Bates is coming up;" no wonder that so many students go through college with an ever-lessening opinion of Faculty wisdom, when their endeavors to make the college attractive to themselves and to increase its reputation abroad, are so determinedly thwarted by the Faculty.

The policy of the college government in thus suppressing and curbing the natural desire of the students to vary the monotony of college life with the vivifying customs practiced and sanctioned elsewhere, we are forced to believe, is as unwise and short-sighted as it is positively injurious. It reduces the students to the dead level of an unvaried monotony. It fails to awaken the love of, and pride in, their Alma Mater, so conspicuous among the Alumni of other institutions.

It tends to alienate student from instructor, and to force upon the mind of the former that his interests are naturally antagonistic to those of the latter. It makes the one feel, when in company with graduates or under-graduates of other institutions, colossal inferiority of our own. The gist of the whole matter

was summed up in the remark of a member of '76, who made us a visit last spring. We showed him a copy of the *Garnet*, then just issued, and, as he turned its leaves admiringly, we told him our plans for the burial of analytics, for the establishment of a Sophomore Exit, for instituting field day. As we told him all this, his face lighted up with a gleam of enthusiasm as he exclaimed, "Why, Bates is really getting to be quite a college, isn't she?" That is the whole thing in a nut-shell.

PROGRESS.

EXCHANGES.

The *College Argus*, from Middletown, sets the example of letters from graduates. It contains a lengthy letter from a member of '72, full of class reminiscences. Cannot some of our Alumni follow suit and tell us what was done when they were college boys?

The *Undergraduate* is an exceedingly well-conducted journal. We were much interested in its essay upon "Apollo in Greek Art," though we do not quite agree with the writer in some of the conclusions to which he comes. We think there is good reason to believe that our best statues were ranked high, even by the ancients themselves. The tribute to the "gentle Elia" is too short. The long and able editorial upon the want of harmony in the relations of the Faculty and students is worthy of attention. We have had occasion to deplore the same lack of concord in our own college. We cannot forbear quoting a part of this editorial: "Faculties as guardians of colleges and of students in them bear peculiar relations to both, but if students intentionally destroy college property it is a civil offense the same as if they destroy any other property, and they are amenable to civil laws the same as any other class of

persons. If an investigation is necessary, let them be brought to trial like any one else, or if their conduct merits it let them be quietly dismissed. But when faculties assume the functions of a civil tribunal the rebellious spirit in the student is at once aroused." Why do you waste a column with reviews of *Scribner*, *Atlantic*, etc., brother editors?

There is no one among our exchanges that we welcome with more real pleasure than the *Oberlin Review*. Its poetry is especially excellent. And that our readers may agree, we quote the following "translation" from the last number:

Two chambers hath the heart,
Wherein
Dwell Joy and Pain, apart.

Joy watches in her own,
While slumbering
Is Pain, silent, alone.

O Joy, no tumult make!
Speak lightly
That Pain do not awake!

The *Williams Athenæum* is greatly taken with the *Orient's* proposition for an "Inter-collegiate Taffy-Pull." The verses headed "Masquerading" are good. The essay is a little too easily written.

The *Kenyon Advance*, from Gambier, Ohio, begins with the very interesting information that "Life is like unto a bark." Indeed! The writer of "King Alfred's Claim to Greatness" concludes that "Caesar is great for time. Alfred is great for eternity."

We have received several new exchanges this month.

We find upon our table Vol. I., No. 1, of *Stoddart's Review*, published at Philadelphia. It contains a very able and interesting essay, entitled "The Body an Argument for the Soul."

The *Occident*, all the way from Colorado Springs, deserves mention among our new visitors, if it were only on account of the distance it has come. At the institution which this paper represents, the school

year is divided into four terms. We think this a very poor arrangement. Lengthen your articles, young one, and make fewer of them!

The idea of the "Marble Maiden" in *Trinity Tablet* is good; it is spoiled in putting it into verse, however. Do you call this poetry, friend *Tablet*?

"Now he makes the bargain *sadly*
And he lives on but a day,
Then he meets that death right *gladly*,
Sacrifice could not delay."

"Leaves from my Diary" promises to be interesting. Its author speaks of "accumulating a very fine library of *Harper's* literal translations." The editorials in this number are good. The *Tablet* as well as others of our exchanges complains of the students setting fire to the grass on the campus. A sure sign that spring is approaching.

In a late *Argus* we find an article upon "War Times at Wesleyan," which really "stirs the blood like the blast of a trumpet." Those were earnest days, in '61, in college as well as out. Isn't that interview of the *Crimson* with the Chinese Professor a little old?

Nearly all our exchanges contain tables of "first" and "second choices" for President.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—W. S. Stockbridge, formerly of Lapham Institute, has recently taken charge of the Grammar School in Woonsocket, R. I.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge is a tutor in Amherst College.

'72.—G. E. Gay is successfully conducting an English and Classical School in Concord, N. H.

'74.—Rev. Thos. Spooner has accepted

a call to the pastorate of the F. B. Church in Whitefield, N. H.

'74.—C. S. Frost is pastor of the F. B. Church at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is principal of Princeton High School.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is pursuing a post-graduate course at Yale.

'76.—R. J. Everett is at present principal of the Oxford Normal Institute at St. Paris.

'76.—G. L. White is preaching at Appalachia, N. Y.

'78.—M. F. Daggett is principal of Chatham, Mass., High School.

'79.—W. E. Ranger has just completed a successful term at Nichols Latin School.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle has taken the Agency for a popular Sewing Machine Company.

'79.—F. N. Kincaid, who is studying medicine in New York has been in this city for the past few days.

OTHER COLLEGES.

At Amherst the Juniors recite in German at 6.30 A.M.

At Harvard, one-third of the class is lost before graduating; at Yale, about two-fifths.

A political canvass has been made of Michigan University with the following result: Blaine, 291 votes; Grant, 85; Sherman, 78; Bayard, 68; Tilden, 30.

Three hundred dollars has been raised at Michigan University, and lawyers engaged, for prosecuting the city authorities for false imprisonment of students at the late disturbance.

At Harvard tutors are paid \$1,000 a year; assistant professors, \$2,000; professors, \$4,000. The salaries of the latter are to be increased to \$4,500 and the sub-professors to \$3,000 a year.

Michigan University will have a course of lectures on journalism next year.

The following is a list of College Colors in the United States: Amherst, White and Purple; Bowdoin, White; Bates, Garnet; California U. of, Pink (see Hamilton); Colby, Gray; Columbia, Blue and White; Cornell, Carnelian; Dartmouth, Green; Hamilton, Pink (see California); Harvard, Crimson; Kenyon, Mauve; Lafayette, Maroon and White; Madison, Blue and Magenta; New York U. of, Violet; Pennsylvania U. of, Blue and Red; Princeton, Orange; Rochester, Blue and Gray; Rutgers, Scarlet; Syracuse U. of, Blue and Pink; Trinity, White and Green; Tufts, Blue and Brown; Union, (Magenta) or Garnet (see Harvard); Virginia V. of, Cardinal and Gray; Wesleyan, Lavender; Williams, Royal Purple; Yale, Blue.—*Columbia Spectator*.

CORNELL CAPERS.—The Madam Rentz Female Minstrels gave an entertainment at Ithaca, and about two hundred students who were in attendance contrived to break it up. The shouting, cat-calls, and the horn-blasts grew so fierce that the manager was compelled to ring down the curtain. The town roughs, who formed a large portion of the audience, became angry at the proceedings and commenced an assault on the students. Chairs and benches were broken, eyes were blackened and heads pummeled, and to add to the confusion the gas was extinguished. A rush was made for the street and fighting continued. The police arrested a Freshman and after a severe struggle got him to the lock-up. Several attempts were made by the students to rescue him, but each time they were prevented by the policemen and young men of the town. The Freshman was fined \$50, and on President Russel becoming surety for the fine, the offender was borne off in triumph by the students. Three or four students

were carried off insensible or bleeding, and a great number of both parties were badly beaten with clubs, although no one was fatally injured.—*Harvard Echo.*

[From the Yale Record.]

DANIEL PRATT, THE G. A. T., TO THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

Criterion of Government.

Solution of the American Republic and its favored and valuable Continent.

All valuable subjects and objects are the points, in harmony, with the fundamental principle of all principles, or self-government, self-preservation, or organic, or natural laws, which govern? regulate? harmonize? the elements and properties of the universe of worlds.

The sun is the grand criterion of time, latitude, electricity, life, light, and resurrecting, harmonizing, saving power of the vegetable and animate world, and iron is also the great criterion of all materialism, all professions of men require laudable requisites for their high and responsible positions, for the safety of the people of the republic, and this rule would become valuable as to the emigration of all nations to avoid ignorance, idleness, pauperism and crime, and prevent the breaking up of our Republic. The perpetuity of our Republic greatly depend on the harmony of the United States Supreme Judges in harmony with the Declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States and check every allied influence of breaking up our far-famed Republic.

DANIEL PRATT,
The Great American Traveler.

CLIPPINGS.

Scene in a Geometry Examination. Stern Tutor—"The gentleman who is cribbing will leave the room." (Eighteen men rise suddenly from their seats with a sheepish expression of countenance.)


The class in German Grammar is on the subject of gender. "Miss E—, why is the 'moon' masculine in German?" "So that she can go out alone nights, I suppose."

A Senior, the other morning, in order to appear in full dress, saturated her handkerchief with glycerine, and thought she had such a cold she could not smell the perfumery.

Daniel Pratt can now exercise anew his powers of invective. The press has stolen his title of Great American Traveler, and bestowed it upon his rival for Presidential honors, Gen. Grant.—*Ex.*

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his expenses, inserted—"To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back—"I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."—*Ex.*

A place for everything, and everything in its place. A man at Yale nails his slippers on the wall four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them and pull out his meerschaum.—*Amherst Student.*

The following, in order to be properly appreciated, should be closely examined: A Courtship Scene. George—"Oh, Angelina! Idol of my being! Star of my soul's existence! Oh! ah!*?! " Angelina—"Oh, dearest!! Ah!* oh! ~~~! How nice! ~~~ just once more! * ~~~." —*Ex.* (Old man enters suddenly)—!!—? 

Did you ever notice, says an exchange, the poor chap that stands in the front picture of an almanac with fish, and scorpions, and bulls, and twins, etc., around him? Did you notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country paper, and take his pay in "I'll pay my subscription next week."

An old lady in Wichita says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*Ex.*

Professor (lectures on the Constitution)—"Statesmen are always narrow men." Junior—"Professor, would you say that David Davis was a narrow man?" Professor (not seeing the point)—"Well, yes, I would say that he was (howls by the class), but, gentlemen, I do not see any reason for this disturbance."—*Athenæum.*

An inexperienced Prep. secured the address of a young lady, and a lively correspondence at once ensued. When vacation drew near, he wrote that he would pass through the city which contained his adorable *dulcina*, and that she should be at the depot with a book in her hand and he would recognize her in that way. His courage failed him when the time came and he went home on another route, but she, poor victim of misplaced confidence, for two weeks was at the depot when the trains arrived, with her Bible in hand awaiting his appearance.—*Ex.*

O Fly

That buzzest on the wall,
Take care thou do not fall,
Thou climbst so high.

O Fly

Thou surely dost not know
The glee and yet the woe
Thou bringst to I.

You see

When'er I hear thy wing,
I always think of Spring
And all that sort of thing—
Of spring suits and straw hats,
Of tender moonlight chats
Of pretty coaxing girls,
Banged hair and flowing curls,
Of woods and vales and rills,
'Tis then my spirit thrills
With glee.

—*Amherst Student.*

There was once a Freshman quite meek,
Who vowed he would not study Greek,
So he scraped up some money and purchased
a pony,
Which he exercised three times a week.—*Ex.*

OBIT ON A MOUSTACHE.

We shall look, but we shall miss it,
There will be no downy hair;
We shall linger to caress it,
Though we know it is not there.—*Ex.*

OWED TO MY WASHERWOMAN.

10 pair of cuffs,—\$1.00;
8 pair of socks and a turn-down collar,
3 white shirts, and a linen duster,
Returned without buttons—oh, how I cursed
her;
14 handkerchiefs—there, she oughter
Call it all square for \$3.25.

MY CIGARETTE.

My cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that, far beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow—
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending,
And, ah! meseems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.
My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm trees made,
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I, at her side, beatified
To hold the guide her fingers willing;
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling!

My cigarette! I see her yet—

The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, and laughter purling!
Ah! dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I, too, would burn, if I might earn
Upon her lips, so sweet a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain-drop on my window plashes;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but their ashes!

—*From the Harvard Crimson.*

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BATES COLLEGE.

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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. No. 4.

❧ APRIL, 1880. ❧

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1880.

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APRIL, 1880.

No. 4.

APRIL.

Little April, still coquetting
With your hoary lover, lie!
Your sweet mission quite forgetting,
Playing still a naughty lie!

His cold arms you must be leaving!
Wipe those sudden tears away,
Smile upon him, and, deceiving,
Beg he will his suit delay.

Tell him that the sweet breeze wooing
Calls you to the woodland fair,
For you love's bliss will be ruing,
If you find the forest bare.

Let him know the blue-birds beckon
With their mellow spring-tide notes;
On the robin's song you reckon,
As he o'er the grim blast glouts!

When he feels your warm young kisses
All his fears will melt afar,
Wrapt in dreams of old-time blisses,
Naught your leave taking shall mar.

Kiss and tell him you'll ne'er tarry,
Save, but for the bridal veil!
All the while you're sure to marry,
Spring, your lover, will not fail.

But, beware, and be not tempted
By the veil of snow-flakes white,
Lest spring find your charms are emptied,
And your joy will vanish quite!

Go, then, April, with the sunshine,
And rare showers upon your face;
Go, and, Maiden, all divine
Is the bridal you shall grace.

KATE HANSON.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

“WELL, Mr. Disraeli, what is your idea in entering Parliament? What is your ambition?”

“To be Prime-Minister of England, my Lord!”

This question was put by Lord Melbourne to a youth just entering the House of Commons. The answer is characteristic of Disraeli, and a key to his success.

Notice for a moment the events of this man's life. Born in 1804, educated by his father, in 1826, the author of “Vivian Grey” a book that makes him famous. Having been four times defeated he gained an entrance into Parliament in 1837. Not three weeks have passed when we see the young aspirant sitting down from his first, half-finished speech, amid the jeers and hisses of the House. He closed with these words: “I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. The time will come when you will hear me.” It came. From 1837 to 1850, he rose in influence, step by step, and from that time to 1876, he was leader in the House of Commons, at first virtually, but finally acknowledged by all. He gained his place partly by his wit and sarcasm. They are present in all of his speeches, and make more attractive his novels. One writer says of “Vivian Grey”: “So consummate was its art, so full was it of thought, and wit, and vivacious conversation, so replete with incident, so charged

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with daring sarcasm, original, sparkling, and coherent, that at one bound the young author rose to fame."

In 1851, Disraeli became a member of the British ministry. He has held the position three times since. In '67, he was made Prime-Minister, held the office one year, was appointed again to the place in '97, and still retains it. In '76, he was made a peer, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield.

He is now the real ruler of England. So much for Disraeli's life. Is it remarkable? Many men have thus raised themselves to eminence. But Disraeli was a Jew, one of a despised and persecuted race. In England that was fatal. It was a thing unheard of that a Jew had become a respected man. Some of them were rich, but they were held in contempt, even for their wealth. From this lower than peasant condition Disraeli rose. By sheer force of persistence and activity he won his battles. He thoroughly understood himself, and his enemies had often to lament that he so well understood them. He has been called an adventurer, and compared to Napoleon III. It is affirmed that inconsistency is his leading trait, and that he will sacrifice every principle for the sake of power. Yet for forty years the ablest of men have opposed him. Gladstone, the great debater, the man of the people, has been his rival. In forty years the wisdom of a policy can be known. Will Englishmen prefer a Jew to a Briton? He is unprincipled you say. Yet in the American war he risked his power by favoring the Union arms, and opposing the great men of his nation.

We study biography for its lessons. What can the life of the present crown-minister of England teach us? Not to remain where fate seems to have appointed us? That is not it. In every heart is planted love of power. Disraeli says, in *Tancred*, "There is no incentive to exer-

tion like the passion for a noble renown."

Here then is the lesson. "Cultivate your love for renown. Be renowned." And yet ambition is at a discount. Let a youth declare that he will be governor, senator, president, and we lift our hands in holy horror. Enter the political field! We cannot endure it. Admitted that Disraeli's ambition was at first selfish, it became an ambition for England, and for her people. So it is with every healthy mind.

Another lesson. The secret of success is in persistence—courageous persistence even against hope. *That is ability. That is genius.* Defeat after defeat did not make this man succumb. He entered upon each new attempt with all the energy and purpose to succeed that with most men comes only from past good fortune.

Complete confidence in one's self, and in ultimate success, is another lesson. Disraeli was thought to be conceited. It was only that he believed in himself. "Be bold," Longfellow says, and "better the excess than the defect." Where is the manhood in always cringing, and never daring to let your ambition be known? Give us the men who say, "I'm going to be Prime-Minister of England, my Lord."

Says one of Disraeli's biographers, "If a man will but earnestly enough believe in his own ultimate success, it would need less than a title of Disraeli's ability to bring that success about sooner or later."

J. F. P., '80.

DOUBT.

O Life! Thou labyrinth to me!
My heart is filled with doubt and fear—
Within, without, all dark and drear—
The thread of faith I cannot see.

I call—the echo mocks my call.
Alone, alone—what loneliness!
While doubts and fears around me press,
I wait the common fate of all!

Oh, that my life had never been
 Upon this earth, so great, unjust,
 A mass of blinding, choking dust,
 Or that my heart were free from sin!
 C. A. S., '81.

GREAT MEN.

WHAT is a great man? A great man is one of nature's noblemen. He has within his breast a power which commands the attention of all those with whom he comes in contact. He feels that the world has need of him. He is conscious that God has given him a mission to perform and that it is his duty to perform it. Circumstances may have hidden him in his earlier years, but circumstances can no more hold in check the truly great man, than bands of straw can bind the wild winds of the mountains. He cannot long remain hid for time will surely reveal his true character, and the world will claim him as her own.

There is something in the very presence of a great man which claims the attention and admiration of those around him. You may call this subtle power, magnetism, if you please, or you may dignify it by some higher name, yet whatever it is you cannot escape its influence. You feel that you are made of coarser material than he who is able to command the attention of three-fourths of the thinking population of the world. We look upon such a man with awe and reverence as if he were one of the gods of the universe. His personal appearance may not be prepossessing, and yet in spite of this we soon discover, beneath the homely covering which nature has given to his soul, the elements of true nobility. He moves upon a higher plane of existence than most men, and breathes a more refined atmosphere. His thoughts seem the special gift of a supreme power. Impressed with a sense of our own inferiority, we stand in the valley be-

low and bare our heads to the monarch mind.

Genius has always received the worship of man. The primitive nations of the East had their Homer, Buddah, and Prophets; while those of the North in later years bowed in reverence to Odin, Caedmon, and Alfred. They were so blinded by the mental greatness of these men that they prostrated themselves in the dust before them. This spirit of worship has not disappeared with the advance of civilization; it has simply changed in form. We no longer kneel in the dust before our hero, for our education and natural instincts prevent us from doing that; but we express our reverence in a more dignified manner. We greet him with roar of cannon and bursts of martial music. We throw triumphal arches across the thoroughfares of our great cities, and drape our public buildings with the flags of all nations that we may give him a fitting welcome. We give costly banquets in his honor, to which are invited the *elite* of the nation. We greet him in the great public halls with songs and speeches, and do all in our power to express our appreciation of his genius. And when his life is spent, when the heart has ceased to beat with love or passion,—we bear him away to the marble city of the dead and bury him beneath a mound of flowers. A nation mourns his loss, and treasures his words and deeds with all the sanctity of religious devotion.

Whence come these heroes of thought and deed? Are they the children of fortune? Have they been educated within the walls of a university to which only a few are admitted? No; destiny summons her subjects from all stations in life. She needs kings, emperors, generals, and men of science. Stamping her foot upon the ground, a young man of obscure birth steps forth from the ranks of a royal army and mounts the throne of France. His

name, Napoleon; his ambition, to conquer Europe and make her subject to France. In a few years he fills the world with the glory of his conquests, but at last dies a lonely exile upon St. Helena. A dark cloud of ignorance and superstition settles down over the religious world of the middle ages. Who shall burst the clouds and let in the light of truth and righteousness? Summoning an obscure monk from his cell, she bids him forth to the conflict. Ere long Luther has cut away the bonds of a dissolute priesthood, and a million people shake off the cloak of religious fanaticism and rush forth ready to accept and spread the truth of a divine teacher.

Hundreds of years pass away. A western continent is discovered, and thousands of emigrants flock to the new El Dorado. Little trading posts stretch out and become cities; feeble colonies grow strong; new settlements are made; new States are incorporated. A revolution sweeps over the land, and the States once dependent upon England proclaim their power to make treaties and transact business as a nation. The feeble twelve become thirty-six strong States. But danger now threatens the young republic. Slavery, the curse of any civilized people, has obtained a powerful hold on the South. Its champions are earnest in its support. They shake their fists defiantly in the face of the North. It is a time when peace and freedom are uncertain. Destiny, looking down upon the scene, calls Abraham Lincoln to the presidential chair. The fiends of hell are aroused, for they will not allow their power to be wrested from them without a struggle. For five years the United States is the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts in the history of the world. But, amid all the confusion and bloodshed, the strong hand at the helm still steers the Ship of State; and when the flag of the stars and stripes waved over the cities and plantations of the South, when the great armies

melted away and become a part of law-abiding society, then the people of this country realized that God had placed a man at the head of the nation's affairs to rescue three millions of men from a fate worse than death.

From these truths of history we perceive that when a great man is wanted he may be summoned from the barracks, the monastery, or a country law office, to stand in places of danger and control the vital interests of many people. Destiny, or if you please, a Supreme power, brings the great man to the front at the right moment. Sometimes it seems as if Nature had him hidden away in her workshop moulding and fashioning him for the position which she designed him to fill.

Carlyle says, "The history of the world is the biography of great men." This never seems so pregnant with meaning to us as after we have been engaged in the study of the past. Then we can see no history but that which is interwoven with the lives of great men. If we thoroughly understand the biography of any distinguished person we are able to determine, to a great degree, the influence and character of the age in which he lives. What would Rome be without her Caesar, Cicero, or Augustus? Who would recognize Athens if the names of such men as Demosthenes, Plato, or Socrates were struck from her history? Around their names are grouped the vital facts of the centuries in which they lived. Time instead of dimming the luster of their deeds, will give to them a more brilliant setting.

Superiority of intellect is the most desirable of all the capabilities of man. Without it we are bound to travel forever within the narrow circle of circumstances. With it we can unlock the closed doors of select society and claim the fellowship of the noblest. We are not all born to sway the masses with our eloquence, or astonish the world with our inventive genius. Still

there is no reason why we should not strive to develop to the fullest extent whatever faculties we have. We owe considerable to the inspiration which the study of the lives of great men gives us. We cannot commune with a mind which is stronger than our own without gaining in mental power. Hence, to gain mental strength we ought to study the best biographies history affords.

F. L. B., '82.

DROWNED IN THE MUD.

Drowned in the mud!
 With eager feet
 She skipped across the treacherous street,
 And as she skipped
 She tripped,
 And slipped,
 And fell, with a dismal, pitiful moan,
 And a groan,
 And a hollow, sickening, ghastly thud,
 Into the mud, the mud, the mud.

Drowned in the mud!
 The thrilling cry
 Rang in the ears of the passers-by;
 They saw her stop,
 And drop,
 And flop
 Into the reeling, surging rush
 Of slush;
 They saw her mingle her crimson blood
 With the baleful brown of the mud, the mud.

Drowned in the mud!
 O, maiden gay,
 Tripping across the street to-day,
 Beware your grip—
 You'll trip,
 And slip,
 And sink like a leaden plummet down,
 To drown,
 Deep in the depths of the murky flood,
 The hapless prey of the mud, the mud.

NOMEN STAT UMBRA.

"INDEX RERUM."

An Index Rerum is one of the most useful or one of the most useless of things. It may be either. If conducted rightly, it enables the student to preserve the results of a great deal of reading which would otherwise be lost; on the other hand, if conducted poorly, it is a hindrance in study and the result is a mere heap of rubbish which it is impossible to use.

The best plan for an Index Rerum we have heard is this, which we christen the envelope plan: purchase a quantity of bristol-board and blank, glazed paper at any printing office. Have your bristol-board cut into cards, three by five inches is a convenient size; and your paper cut into sheets which will exactly fit into some envelopes which you must procure. The envelopes should be large, manuscript size. Having procured these, you are fully equipped for an Index Rerum. You can obtain a small stock at first and add to it as it is required.

Now when reading, keep your blank sheets of paper lying near, and when you find anything which you wish to preserve, copy it, placing the written sheet in a numbered envelope. Your cards are for reference, and on one of them write the subject upon which you have just been copying and the number of the envelope which contains it. If the note which you wish to make is short, you can write both subject and note upon the card. These cards should be arranged alphabetically, and in this way whatever you have upon any subject may be found at once. The envelopes may be further used for clip-pings, original ideas, etc.

An Index Rerum conducted in this manner is little or no trouble, and after a time, may be of great service.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

IT appears to us that there is great need of some sort of a historical course in our curriculum. We believe there is a little history *catalogued* for the Sophomore Year, but we have never heard of any class taking it as a study. We are aware that our Professors have all they can do, but we think history in place of some of the studies we now have would be an improvement upon the course.

Why cannot we be allowed a certain number of cuts from prayers and church? At almost all the principal colleges where attendance is compulsory, the students are allowed a limited number of unexcused absences. Five or ten cuts from prayers and two or three from church would be enough to cover the average amount of indisposition and laziness and save the bother of an excuse, as well as the wear and tear that the consciences of some must experience in accounting for all their absences.

Nothing would add so much to the appearance of our college as proper care and attention paid to the campus. We have now quite a flourishing growth of young trees that bid fair, if the successive generations of Sophomores do not entirely destroy them by burning the campus, to afford an agreeable shade to future toilers in the path of knowledge. Generally quite a number of trees are injured by these yearly fires. As the trees are about the only point of beauty which our surroundings possess, it is to be hoped that the students will take enough interest in the appearance of the college to see that this practice is discontinued. There are some defects that might easily be removed. As we have water from the aqueduct, the old chain-pump, which is neither orna-

mental nor useful, might be dispensed with. We cannot quite see the use of the fenced-in mud-puddle which graces the campus. If hazing were not obsolete at Bates, we might think it was a Freshman bath-tub. If there was not a hydrant near the Hall, we should say it was for use in case of fire. But as neither of these suppositions are true, we shall be compelled to give up the problem. The stumps, cradle-knolls, and swamps will of course require time for their removal.

At the end of last term the Faculty found considerable difficulty in deciding satisfactorily to themselves and the students who should take calculus and who, French. Some who were assigned to the mathematics, as is usual, expressed considerable dissatisfaction, and were finally allowed to have their choice. If we are allowed to have optionals why are we not allowed to make our own decisions? The only criterion by which the Faculty can judge of a student's taste and ability in a study is the rank which he obtains in that department. A judgment of this kind is liable to be very erroneous. One student, actuated by a sense of duty, may spend a vast amount of time and labor upon his mathematics, while in reality they are very difficult and distasteful to him, and thus secure high rank. Another of far greater mathematical ability may, on account of laziness, neglect his work and hence receive a low rank. We are confident that many students neglect the mathematics of the Sophomore year for the express purpose of escaping calculus. The mathematical Professor's markings are higher than those of the French Professor. This to some might seem to be a vital point and it certainly is a consolation to not a few unwilling votaries of calculus.

On the whole, it seems to us that no one is more capable of understanding his own tastes and inclinations than the student himself. He may sometimes be mistaken; but who else can decide for him with greater certainty? If calculus is a better agent in mental culture than French, why are not all compelled to take it? But if it is advisable to have a refuge for the unwilling victims of mathematics, why can not any who will enjoy its benefit?

On account of the difficulty which the Manager of the *STUDENT* for last year has experienced in collecting the subscription from some of the students, we feel it our duty to courteously show those students the stand that they are taking. Some excuse themselves by saying that they have not received all the numbers; others say that they have never been asked to subscribe, but when offered the opportunity do not seem to accept with the alacrity that might be expected. Now we wish to treat all courteously and to give offense to none, but it seems to us that such excuses as these are absurd and unworthy of sensible men. If a student fails to receive any number of the *STUDENT*, he needs only to speak to the Manager and it will be supplied. As to subscription, it seems to us that it is unnecessary for a member of the institution to subscribe. It is to be hoped and expected that all who are connected with the college will lend their aid to sustain the college paper, and one dollar per year for the *STUDENT* should be deemed just as much a part of the college expense as the same amount for catalogues. The two upper classes as a general thing are prompt in paying their subscriptions, for they either have, or have had the care and perplexity of managing it themselves. To the two lower classes we would say that *you* will shortly have the pleasure and responsibility of editing and managing the *STUDENT*. You will

expect the support of the Alumni and the then underclassmen; and we ask you to follow the Golden Rule and lend us your aid in the shape of one dollar per year. If you do not receive the *STUDENT*, inform the Manager, and it shall be forthcoming. Do not think that it is the duty of the Junior class alone to bear the expense; it is the duty of every man in the college.

We are glad to see that a movement is being made among the students towards introducing Field Day here at Bates. For a number of years we have hoped to see some of these popular college customs instituted. An effort was made last year to establish Sophomore Exit and the Burial of Analytics, but they did not meet the approval we thought they deserved at the hands of the Faculty. We hope this year that the efforts for a Field Day will meet with better success.

The letter that appeared in our correspondents' column of last month exactly expressed our sentiments in regard to such customs and we heartily endorse the ideas of the writer. Although we do not quite understand how the opposite views can reasonably be entertained, we are aware that they are, and we should be glad to publish in the correspondents' column the ideas of any one upon the other side of the question. Further, in regard to Field Day, we trust the Faculty will see the advisability of instituting this as one of our college annuals. We think it would be of advantage to us in every respect; it certainly would not be an expensive custom and would be a healthy, vigorous recreation. In base-ball we have long held a prominent place in the State, and our record for the past four or five years is one of which we may well be proud, and since base-ball has done so much to bring us into notice as a college, and has served considerably to increase the number of students, why may not

Field Day be of the same advantage to us? We certainly have good facilities for it and canvass of the students to find those who will take an active part in the sports and contests of the day, shows that we may expect to make a success of it.

We are just entering upon that season of the year which is especially conducive to laziness, when it is easier to doze away an afternoon under a tree, or stroll in the fields than to apply ourselves to books. Here, then, is an opportunity of showing which is master of the situation, we or our inclinations.

Laziness is a disease, if we may so call it, that is strangely prevalent among students everywhere and we sometimes think especially so here. It is by no means confined to the summer term, although it is apt to assume a severer form then than at any other season. Neither is it confined to any one of the four classes. But what may seem strange at first thought is that the lower classes are generally the least afflicted with it. One reason for this, probably is that they haven't had so long experience in it. And another is that they don't have quite so good an opportunity for indulging in it. As the student advances in his course more time is given him from his regular studies and recitations to be devoted to rhetorical work, and by this means the upperclassman has *apparently* less to do than during his first years. This, however, is not so intended, and if the truth be known the work of the student *ought* to increase as he advances: for to do faithfully the work of the last two years requires much closer application and more thoughtful study than is necessary during the earlier part of the course. But here is just where the difficulty lies, the great tendency is *not* to do the work faithfully. While the rhetorical is perhaps the most important part of the course, they are of such a nature that they can be

slighted more than almost any other branch; and the natural tendency is for students to take advantage of this fact, and as a result many a valuable afternoon or hour is idly whiled away which ought to be devoted to necessary reading and writing. Hence it is not strange that the lower classes should get the impression that the "Juniors and Seniors have a soft time of it."

Now every student knows that these things ought not so to be; and, judging from our own experience, students in general resolve within themselves not to yield to this habit of neglect and indulgence. But alas for good resolutions! It is certainly well worth a strong effort, not only for present but also for future good, to withstand these inclinations; for as they rule or are ruled now, so will they be likely to rule or be ruled in after life. *Non scholae sed vitae.*

A few days ago we heard a member of the Faculty remarking upon the unexpected proficiency, in a certain difficult study, which his class had exhibited at the recent examinations. "Why," said the Prof., "while I judged from their daily recitations I was entirely deceived in the class. Men who had made a complete failure in the class-room during the term passed a severe examination without difficulty. Not one of them failed out of a large class. The examination papers were nearly all perfect."

Now this Professor must be an exceedingly guileless man. Indeed, our whole Faculty might well be taken as a model of unsophisticated, unsuspecting innocence. It is well known among the students that at the close of the late winter term there was not a single examination at which there was not an incredible amount of cheating. And the way those perfect examination papers were obtained was by carrying books and written "cribs" into

the class. We say there was cheating in every class; and we believe that one-half of the students obtained the required per cent. by fraud. We presume some of those who did not could have obtained the per cent. honestly, but it was so easy, and our professors were so willing to be deceived, that many cheated out of mere laziness. The late test was not an exception, but every examination since a per cent. was required, has been passed in the same way. It is a proven thing that a young man with plenty of "cheek" can go through the college without looking into a text-book, except to crib it. There are men in college now who are taking their course in this manner.

In some classes at the late examination, books were freely used; in others, papers upon which the answers were written, were used instead. In all of them, if the answer to a question was known to one in a row of seats, it was conveyed to all. There were some men who copied, as has always been their practice, the papers of their neighbors.

Of course there are students who do not join in this common fraud, but they are almost lost sight of when compared with the mass; and many of them are ashamed to own that they do not cheat, in the presence of their classmates, who do.

Upon whom does the responsibility for this general demoralization rest? It rests upon you, gentlemen of the Faculty. It rests upon you, as the responsibility for the fall of the victim rests upon the tempter. Your attempts to prevent fraud at the examinations have been confined to telling the students that you "would know it, if there should be cheating." A perfectly idle boast, and as foolish as it was idle. In some cases you have manifested a disposition to wink at, if not to aid in this deception.

"The Faculty know it," say many students; "it is for their interest that we

should get good rank. Why should we hesitate to do what we desire and they tacitly encourage?"

We heard a young man say a few days ago: "During the first two years of my course in college, I did not cheat at examinations. I had a room mate whose influence kept me from doing it. At the end of the summer term in the Sophomore year, I did not get the required per cent. and was compelled to take the examinations over. Most of my class passed the tests without trouble. Most of them had not studied so hard during the term as I. I was compelled to "grind" through all the summer vacation and try it again in the fall. I made up my mind that thereafter I would get my per cent. as others did, and have no examinations to take over."

We believe the characters of many young men are being undermined by the temptations to cheat during their college course. We believe many young men have been ruined hitherto, on this account. We believe, further, that our whole ranking system at Bates is an imposition. It tempts young men to dishonor themselves both in the recitation room and in the test. It excites dissatisfaction among the students. It excites men to act from unworthy motives.

Perhaps we have said enough upon this subject for the present, though there is much more we wish to say. This article has been written for the purpose of doing good and we do not mean it shall fail for lack of plainness. We believe all our statements can be proved, but if there are any mistakes, we hope they will be corrected. Let us briefly review the charges we have made:

First, we charge the students with general cheating in examinations and recitations.

Second, we charge the Faculty with the main responsibility for this fraud.

They furnish the temptations for doing it; they permit it; they wink at, if they do not encourage it.

LOCALS.

O—oh Moon!

Drake has returned.

Baker, '82, has left.

"Cully" never groans.

"Any mail for the editors?"

Who would not be a Senior?

Why can't we have the *Garnet*?

Josiah came back late—as usual.

"How did you spend vacation?"

The Seniors recite only twice a day.

Are you going to wear your slippers?

The campus has been partially burned.

A Junior says' an ox is an Aquatic animal.

French and Calculus are *optional* this year.

Merrill, '80, is teaching in Oxford this term.

The Juniors have elected their Ivy Day officers.

Thompson, '82, has left to enter Williams College.

Some of the Seniors are writing poetry for amusement.

The Faculty have forbidden '80 to publish the *Garnet*.

There was quite a general cut the first day of the term.

The Senior Class now boasts of a couple of embryonic Ole Bulls.

"Twitch" says he believes in the Protection of Home Commodities.

"Mac" says that the simplest way of taking liquid food is to drink it.

Tarbox "invites the boys up" to see his "stuffed furniture and statuary."

Harlow, '83, has left Bates with the intention of entering Harvard next year.

Elias Gove recently made us a call. He says he is looking better than he was.

This is the time of year in which the Sophomore trusts in Providence for his wood.

A Junior recently left a portion of his pants on the picket fence at No. 1, Andros-coggin.

One of the "small fowles that maken melodie," has recently found its way into Parker Hall.

The posts placed at the corner of the campus do not seem to keep the teams off the sidewalk.

David's Mountain is commencing to regain its popularity as a Sunday resort. Look out boys.

Emerson has gone into the cabinet business, and is engaged in making easy chairs for lazy Juniors.

The chapel bell, during vacation, was heard but once in the land, and that was for a Faculty meeting.

Somebody ought to be presented with a slop-pail. The Hall floor was not designed to serve that purpose.

Prof.—"Turn right round Mr. Libbey, your—your—your head wasn't put on that way." Mr. Libbey turns around.

Goding, '81, made the jump of the season. His standing jump on one foot measured eight feet eleven inches.

The campus begins to exhibit some signs of life. Now and then may be seen a Freshman and a Senior passing ball.

The Music Room has been provided with chairs. Hereafter visitors to the Reading Room may rest their weary limbs.

How nice it is for a class to have one member at least, of sufficient artistic skill to draw enough geometry landscapes to go around!

Prof.—"Mr. ———, perhaps you don't say what you mean." Fresh. (who appears to be badly off)—"Perhaps I mean what I say."

"Why is Doug., 2d, like an interrogation point?" "Because the Sophs use him to ask questions."

We all regret the illness of Prof. Stanton, which prevents his attending to college duties at present.

Several Juniors attended the recent Infantry Ball at City Hall, and, we understand, enjoyed themselves very highly.

The Freshman, who has charge of the Senior recitation room in Parker Hall, declares that none of the Seniors use the weed.

Emerson, the college carpenter, recently erected a fence upon the base-ball grounds as a *backer* for a catcher. Well done, Emerson!

Prepdom is much more populous this term than last. Many of its inhabitants find themselves able to dispense with a winter term.

The Shakespearian Club of '81 gave an excellent entertainment a few evenings since. The rendering of "As You Like It" was first-class.

Prof.—"Mr. H—, what chiefly distinguishes the higher from the lower animals?" Mr. H.—"Their greater efficiency in disposing of food."

An incident of co-education: Mr. (translating immediately after a fair classmate)—"I cannot become your husband." It is well to be resigned, friend W.

Prof.—"Mr. B., what is the difference between Empiricism and Materialism?" Mr. B. (profoundly)—"One is just like the other, only a little more so."

On the evening of the Senior Exhibition one of the Seniors, after escorting his lady to the chapel and showing her to a seat, left her while he went to take part in the exercises of the evening. Imagine his astonishment on returning, to find himself "cut out" and his place by the side of the lady occupied by one of the Profs.

The lecture on Evolution delivered by Prof. Stanley to the Junior Class, is considered by the class as one of the most able and interesting lectures of their course.

The Faculty are full of courage this spring. Memorial Day comes Sunday, and as the exercises will come off the day previous, no holiday can be demanded by the students.

Among the new Professors added to the college Faculty are Messrs. E. Remick, B. W. Murch, and Miss E. S. Bickford. These three are required to fill (?) Prof. Stanton's place.

Two Juniors made a hasty entrance into a house on College Street, the other evening. They could not stop to open the door and so went through a five dollar pane of glass.

Junior (translating *Louison Johanna umarmend*)—"Louise, Johanna embracing her." Prof.—"How do you know which embraced the other?" Junior—"By their position."

Scene in the Zoölogy recitation: Prof.—"Mr. —, you may illustrate this principle by means of the horse." Junior (surprised)—"I—I didn't know there was a horse in Zoölogy."

It takes a Freshman and a Senior to help a loaded team out of the mud,—one to push at the wheel and the other on the reins; while the driver stands back and sees how it is done.

It is strange how many of the Seniors were anxious to rehearse in Prof. Hayes' recitation room the day before examinations. No less than sixteen are said to have applied for the key.

The Senior class have secured Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, as Commencement Orator. This well-known author has never been heard by the people of Lewiston, and will doubtless be an acceptable choice to all concerned.

Recitation in Zoölogy. Junior—"I recently heard a lecturer say that he thought it did not hurt a grasshopper to pull out his legs." Prof.—"Well, I presume the grasshopper thought differently."

Senior class room: Prof.—"Mr. M., you have three weeks to make up. Were you out teaching?" Mr. M.—"No, sir; I was earning money for the church." Prof. learns the particulars after recitation.

The Professor in Geology gave the Seniors some very interesting remarks on the relation of that and other scientific studies to religion. Adam and Eve's little domestic history was referred to as an "experiment."

At the first recitation in Geology all the naughty boys got into the same seat. Fortunately their names did not all begin with the same letter; and the Professor ingeniously found a way of escape from impending evils.

A Senior had been reading a dry criticism for about fifteen minutes. The class were growing more and more uneasy, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I have left one sheet in my room." The effect was magical.

The Latin School *Echo* will soon be issued by the students of that institution. The editors have already been chosen, and are engaged in the preparation of "copy." The "scissorings" are of avail upon such annual publications.

"Have you Mrs. T——'s negatives?" asked a bland Junior, T—— by name, of a Lewiston photographer. "Was it taken before or after marriage?" returned the artist. The Junior explained that it was his *mother's* picture he was after.

Let that timid student be reassured, we won't "blow" on him. We met him a few evenings since escorting a young lady about the streets. He, on perceiving us, at once lowered his voice to almost a whis-

per and spoke only when obliged to. At length the young lady, not seeing the point, and becoming impatient, spoke out pettishly: "Why don't you speak so any one can understand what you say?"

The '80 Class Committee have succeeded in securing the services of Reeve's American Band of Providence, R. I., for the Commencement Concert. This band, according to reliable authority, is unexcelled in the country, and rivalled only by Gilmore's.

The Junior class have already made preparations for their Ivy Day Exercises. The Committee to prepare a list of awards have introduced several new ones, which are a novelty in their way. Where a good time has been enjoyed in past years, a better one may be expected this year than ever before.

The mania for breaking glass from the Gymnasium windows has broken out. The students will probably appreciate this movement when the term bills are presented. It was only about a year ago that a bill of \$75, for the same purpose, was divided up among the students of the four classes.

During an afternoon recitation the sound of a horn was heard in the region of Parker Hall. One of the Profs who has a singular aversion to this kind of music went to the window, looked eagerly for the miscreant and remarked, "It's—it's some tormented fool—don't know who." O ye grave and reverend Seniors!

On Friday evening, March 26, took place at the College Chapel, the annual Senior Exhibition. The parts were generally very well written, but if a little more enthusiasm had been put into the delivery it would have added somewhat to the interest of the occasion. Music was furnished by Johnson's Orchestra.

Prize Declamations by the second and third divisions of the Sophomore class occurred at the chapel, on the evenings of March 19th, and 25th, respectively. The exercises were, on the whole, very creditable to the class. From the second division were selected to take part in the final contest, Messrs. Tracy, Harlow, Nutting, and Merrill. In the third division, which was composed of four from each of the other two divisions, together with the remainder of the class, there was considerable interest felt, as this was to decide who should finally be the successful competitor for the prize. Among the speakers of the third evening the parts of Tracy, Lowell, Blanchard, and Merrill were especially fine. The Committee awarded the prize to Cogswell. Music was furnished on both occasions by the Glee Club.

The following is the programme of the evening:

	MUSIC.
	PRAYER.
Sir Philip Sidney.	J. H. Heald, Lovell.
Affection.	W. H. Judkins, Monmouth.
Influence of Curiosity.	C. H. Deshon, South Limington.
	MUSIC.
Julius Cæsar.	A. L. Woods, West Troy.
Universal Suffrage not a Failure.	J. F. Parsons, Eustis.
The Church Question in America.	O. C. Tarbox, Lewiston.
	MUSIC.
The Art of Conversation.	Miss E. H. Sawyer, West Minot.
Higher Education and the State.	F. L. Hayes, Lewiston.
Macaulay as Seen in his Writings.	I. L. Frisbee, Kittery.
	MUSIC.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

An undergraduate often stops to get the "bearings" of his college course and to determine its limits. I have thought that

a presentation of college studies, properly classified, might assist such an inquirer. To accomplish this and to give the college officers a few hints is the purpose of this article.

The curriculum of a college proper should comprise only seven departments, as follows:

1. Mental Science.
2. Natural Science.
3. Mathematics.
4. The English Language and Literature.
5. Ancient Languages.
6. Modern Languages.
7. Civil Polity.

Bates has all of these except the last.

1. *Mental Science.* This department should include only mental philosophy, moral philosophy, and logic; but as Butler's Analogy is a part of the Bates course, that would have to be classed under this head.

2. *Natural Science.* This embraces physiology, physical geography, natural philosophy, zoölogy, botany, geology, chemistry, and astronomy. The first two are wanting in the Bates curriculum. A term could easily and profitably be given to each of them, and it ought to be done. The names of these eight sciences stand for all their sub-divisions; for instance, zoölogy includes ornithology, Prof. Stanton's favorite recreation, and mineralogy belongs to geology. Mechanics, mentioned as a distinct branch in the Bates course, is a part of natural philosophy.

3. *Mathematics.* As parts of a college course, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, and calculus, with their various applications, come under this head.

4. *The English Language and Literature.* This is by far the most important department in school or college studies, and, I am proud to say, Bates stands in the front rank of American colleges in the

cultivation of a love for pure diction and of a healthy literary taste. Declamation, composition, rhetoric, philology, and the writings of eminent English and American authors constitute this department.

5. *Ancient Languages.* This term is very comprehensive, but, in its college use, is limited to the Greek and Latin languages.

6. *Modern Languages.* Like the last, this expression is very broad in its application, but in most colleges only French and German are reckoned under it.

7. *Civil Polity.* In this department belong the science of government, constitutional law, international law, political economy, and general history. Of these only one (political economy) is now a part of the Bates curriculum. The omission of the others makes very serious defects in the course. If American colleges are designed to make American citizens, what can be more important than a knowledge of the principles of civil government, of the organic law of the republic, and of the general principles that govern the relations of nations? By general history I mean not so much the mere historical facts as the philosophy of history—the tracing of great epochs and enlightened civilization to their causes. But a knowledge of the history of the five nations, Greece, Rome, France, Great Britain, and the United States should be acquired under the guidance of a learned professor; and the philosophy of their history, especially of our own country, ought to be made the subject of special and scientific study. I am well aware that a knowledge of history must be acquired mainly by reading; and yet who cannot see the necessity of plan even in that, and of grasping the great truths that history teaches? Until a Professorship of Civil Polity can be established at Bates, why cannot the name of the department appear though the name of the professor

be left blank? Each of the studies could be assigned to professors that hold other chairs. They could do something, in fact a good deal, toward enabling students to pursue the study of governmental science. I think more benefit would result from the study of the United States Constitution than from following the speculations of Butler's Analogy. In connection with this department I may speak of parliamentary law, a very useful branch; but that is best learned in the literary societies, where moot assemblies can be formed for parliamentary practice.

I hold that the seven names of college departments of learning ought to appear in the catalogue of Bates, and ought always to remain there. When professorships of special branches are hereafter established (astronomy, for example), they should also appear, but let the general heads, like natural science, for instance, always have a place in the catalogue. The course of study will show the branches that constitute these departments at Bates.

Again, the names of the Professors in the Theological School should be classed by themselves. Professors Fullonton, Howe, and Rich have nothing whatever to do with the college. Then why should their names be classed with the college professors? Those of the latter that hear recitations in the Theological School might be mentioned in both Faculties. One reason for urging the necessity of having the Faculties separated in the catalogue, is the oft-repeated taunt that "Bates College is nothing but a factory for turning out Freewill Baptist ministers." If the Nichols Latin School could have the Theological Hall what a great help it would be in persuading boys to enter the preparatory school.

As a sort of supplement, it may not be inappropriate to mention here such studies of a school course as are commonly pur-

sued in American schools. This list, with the college studies, seems to cover the whole ground: Elocution (including Reading and Declamation), Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping (common business forms), Geography, English Grammar and Composition, United States History, Government of State and Nation, Political Economy, General History, English Literature, Rhetoric, Algebra, Geometry, Latin, French, Physiology, Physical Geography, Zoölogy, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Mental Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy.

From this it will be readily seen that a school course embraces parts of the seven departments mentioned above.

I want to offer a bit of advice to students in regard to text-books: Use the most elementary works in connection with your college text-books. Unless you do, the foundation of your knowledge of any branch will be in the air.

AUGUSTINE SIMMONS.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'71.—At the recent election in Keene, N. H., John T. Abbott, was re-elected City Solicitor.

'74.—D. R. P. Parlsler, who left college at the end of his Sophomore year, is practicing law at Hermon, N. Y. The law firm is White & Parlsler.

'76.—F. E. Emrich has been elected Supervisor of Schools in Minot.

'76.—H. W. Ring has resigned his position as teacher of the Wiscasset High School and has commenced the study of law.

'77.—P. R. Clason is Principal of the Auburn Grammar School the present term.

'77.—O. B. Clason has been elected Supervisor of Schools in Gardiner.

'78.—E. B. Vining has recently been elected Principal of the Houghton High School at Bolton, Mass.

'78.—At the recent election in Auburn, A. M. Flagg was elected Ward Clerk.

'79.—F. P. Otis, who was recently admitted to the Piscataquis Bar, has formed a partnership with Henry Upton of Norway, Me.

'79.—E. M. Briggs has been elected Ward Clerk in Auburn.

'81.—Miss M. K. Pike, formerly of '81, is teaching in Francestown Academy, N. H.

EXCHANGES.

With the spring vacation many of the old editorial boards, with which we have become somewhat acquainted, go out and new ones take their places. Upon most of the more important college publications the annual change of editors takes place at this time. We are sorry to part with old friends but always glad to welcome new ones.

In the very front rank of our exchanges, and perhaps a pace in advance of any of them, stands the *Acta Columbiana*. In material and mechanical execution it is a striking specimen of college publications; it is, indeed, almost perfect. However, the *Acta* even has its weaknesses in two or three hobbies which it rides to excess. We never take up a number of this excellent paper without being perfectly sure we shall find in its pages a thrust at co-education and its representatives, and an ill-natured fling at Yale. Now, in regard to the first of these subjects, you know, friend *Acta*, we are pledged to a different opinion, and therefore should be, perhaps, a not unbiased critic; but in the second matter isn't your conduct becoming a trifle

boyish for so dignified a person as yourself? Certainly the energy you display in both directions is commendable, very commendable. But for you, in your fine clothes, to be out continually shaking your fist over towards Connecticut seems to us a little, just a very little bit ridiculous.

The *Chronicle* from Ann Arbor looks somewhat newspaperly. It has a bluff, straight-forward tone about it that we like. We were surprised to learn in a late number that the University of Michigan yet lacks a gymnasium. Perhaps this is the reason the students have felt compelled to exercise themselves in so many town rows. The editorials in this paper are always excellent.

The *Colby Echo* is always ahead of time. It is one of our best exchanges. In the present number it seems to us that one or two of the essays are a little weak, but as a whole, the paper is well made up, and interesting.

Our *sentinel* from Illinois, the *Vidette*, makes an early appearance. It comes from a school with the very sounding title of Northwestern University. It is a very trim little soldier indeed, and contains some very good editorials. One upon the "prevalence of colds among the students" greatly arouses our compassion. The essay upon "Wordsworth" is full of appreciation of that great poet. Don't forget to inform us, *Vidette*, how "those colds" come on!

The most striking feature as we take up *Lasell Leaves* is that out of a tea-kettle in the upper right-hand corner. That is a very good picture, indeed. We like it; it looks cozy and attractive. Appropriate, too, for a girls' paper. The arrangement of contents in the *Leaves* is decidedly original, and the articles indicate a great deal of youth and enthusiasm in the writers. The essays upon "The Lighthouse" and upon "Scolding" are,

perhaps, as noticeable as any. Since the present editors go out with this number, we may express the hope that the bump of order will be better developed in the in-coming board.

The *Hobart Herald* comes to us from Geneva, N. Y. It contains articles upon "Athletics," "A Reverie," and an excellent account of the "Carnival at Nice." We notice that at Hobart, as well as at Bates, students are annoyed by the unauthorized removal of papers and magazines from the Reading Room.

We have received three numbers of "The Standard Series" containing Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" and the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis. This series is published by I. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12, Dey St., New York. It is a good opportunity to obtain some standard publications very cheap.

OTHER COLLEGES.

An addition is to be made to Wellesley College to cost \$37,000 and will require two years for completing.

The Amherst students are quite indignant over the proposed union of the State Agricultural College with Amherst.

The Amherst students are opposed to having the reports of scholarship and deportment sent home to their parents.

The Columbia School of Law failed to agree upon a pin, a cap, or an ulster, and finally decided to adopt a war-whoop.

One student of Chinese has appeared at Harvard, and he is a German. The celestial professor at Yale has not had a student for two years.

President Chamberlain says that one-half the members of the Supreme Court which settled the difficulty in Maine are graduates of Bowdoin.

Blaine graduated at Washington and Jefferson College, and it is said that during his four years there he never missed a recitation.

Columbia has an endowment of \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins University, \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000; Wabash, \$900,000; Yale, only \$350,000.

At Rutgers, recently, the Freshmen tried to break up a Sophomore Exhibition by flinging fire-crackers and torpedos on the stage and chickens into the audience. They were promptly set down upon and more is to come.

The following is a letter from Dio Lewis: "Within half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard College, though five out of six of the students have used it. The chances, you see, were five in six that a smoker or chewer would graduate at the head of his class, if tobacco does no harm. But during half a century not one victim of tobacco was able to come out ahead."

Very few of the colleges are sectarian in practice, but the classification is here given according to the church influence under which they were established, or by which they are generally fostered: Methodist—Boston University, Northwestern University, Cornell College (Iowa), Syracuse University, Wesleyan University. Southern Methodist—Vanderbilt University; Congregationalist—Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Middlebury, Oberlin, Yale; Baptist—Brown, Colby, Chicago University, Madison University, Rochester University, Vassar; Presbyterian—Hamilton, Lafayette, Princeton; Episcopalian—Columbia, Trinity, Hobart; Universalist—Tufts; Non-Sectarian—Cornell University, N. Y.; Union, Smith, Harvard, Johns Hopkins University, Wellesley, William and Mary.—*Tutor*.

Bowdoin has graduated one president, one secretary of the treasury, eight senators, eight governors, twenty-five congressmen, sixteen college presidents, thirteen judges of supreme and circuit courts, and over eighty college professors. On the presidential vote Blaine leads with more than half the whole number cast.

CLIPPINGS.

A Western organist played "What Will the Harvest Be?" as a bridal couple marched out of the church.

Didactic Parent—"Do you know why I am going to whip you?" Impertinent urchin—"I suppose because you are bigger than I am."

Freshman—"Where shall I find Darwin's Works?" Librarian—"What do you want with Darwin?" Freshman—"I want his 'Origin of the Species,' so as to find out something about this financial question."—*Ex*.

Not long ago a Junior was out riding with one of Amherst's beauties by his side, when looking up pensively into his face, she said, with tears in her eyes, "O! no one loves me Mr. R." "Some one does," he replied. "Yes?" said the lady, pressing his arm ever so lightly. "Yes, Miss Lizzie," continued the wretch, "God does."—*Ex*.

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler anxious to go abroad came to the unperturbed manager and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river." "But you can see the stars over-head." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

Prof.—“Which is the most delicate of the senses?” Senior—“The sense of touch.” Professor—“Give an example.” Senior—“My chum can feel his moustache, but no one else can see it.”—*Echo*.

The story is told at Williamsport, Pa., of a young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: “I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat.”—*Ex*.

An Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with having drank. “’Twas me absentmindedness,” says Pat, “an’ a habit I have of talking wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, ‘Pat coom in an’ have a dhrink.’ ‘No, zer,’ sez I, ‘I’ve sworn off.’ ‘Thin I’ll dhrink alone,’ sez I to meself. ‘An’ I’ll wait for yez outside,’ sez I. An’ whin meself cum out, faith an’ he was drunk.”—*Derrick*.

A whoop-bang sort of a boy, with feet as broad and fat as a pie-tin, trotted through the Central market till he reached a stall kept by a single woman about thirty years old. Halting there, he yelled out: “Say! say! Your little boy has been run over and killed up by the city hall!” “Oh! oh! heavens—Oh!” she screamed, and she made a dive under the counter, came up on the other side, and started to follow the boy. After going ten feet she halted, looked very foolish, and all of a sudden remarked: “What a goose I am! Why, I ain’t even married!”

“’Twas a rock unto which he was clinging,
And he up and heaved that rock
At another chap who was singing
About my grandfather’s clock.

“And he killed that chap, and was glad, too,
And grone a mostly ghastly grin;
But the devil was mad that he had to
Take such a nuisance in.”—*Ex*.

It was a young lady named Maude,
Suspected of being a fraud;
Not a bit was she able
To eat at the table,
But in the back pantry,
Oh! Laud.—*Ex*.

He strode along
Full wise and stroug,
A flat-topped hat he wore—
And near him there,
A maiden fair—
That gallant Sophomore.

“What eyes!” thinks he;
And joys to see
Deep reverence in them gleam.
The dear lips part;—
“Pray tell me what
Does this word Sophomore mean?”

“Soph’s Greek, for wise,
More is easy to devise—
More-wise, of course—but why accost?”
She glanced below her—
To sweetly murmur,
“I thought that it must mean More-Soft.”
—*Ex*.

NURSERY RHYMES.

There’s a New Haven maid, young and pretty,
In repartee brilliantly witty,
But a terrible hoax,
For she cribs all her jokes,
From the old almanacs of the city.

A fellow named Dunlop, in London,
Said his name could never be punned on;
But his ma said, “My son,
Lop off half and it’s Dun,”
And poor Dunlop was thoroughly undone.

John Jones, while out walking with Hannah,
Slipped and fell on a frozen banana,
And she came down kerslap
Right square in his lap,
In an awkward, embarrassing manner.

But yet, though she ruined her pannier,
Hannah seemed rather pleased with the manner,

For after a while
She said with a smile,
“John, let’s find another banana.”

—*Yale Record*.

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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. No. 5.

→‡ MAY, 1880. ‡←

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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W. P. FOSTER, O. H. DRAKE, C. A. STROUT, W. J. BROWN, H. E. COOLIDGE.

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MARCHA.

To-morrow wilt thou come ?
The soft rain grieves
In the budding leaves
This fragrant night. Sad songs and slow
The weird wind weaves.

So long as thou hast lain
Beside the sea
Asleep! and we
In this dark town, so sadly we
Have waited thee!

The spring-time saw thee come
And saw thee go.
At length the slow,
Long months have brought again the time
When blossoms blow;

And now that ruddy June
Comes on apace,
O rare sweet face,
We cannot bear the Sleep that holds thee
In close embrace.

What weariness divine
Was on thee laid,
That thou hast staid
These years beside the bitter waves
And no sign made?

Thou didst so love the sea!
Long have I said
Thou art not dead,
To-morrow and to-morrow we shall start
To hear thy tread.

"To-morrow and to-morrow!"
Alas, what sleep
Is this? too deep,
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CESAR AND NAPOLEON.

BRILLIANT men were Cesar and Napoleon. Their deeds were commensurate with their genius. We propose to compare briefly their lives, and show that Cesar was the greater of the two.

For convenience, we will treat the subject under four topics.

First, their military ability.

Napoleon was pre-eminently a military genius. In 1796 he took command of the Italian army, numbering fifty thousand men, and in one year broke through the barriers of the Alps; subdued Piedmont and Lombardy; humbled all the Italian States, and defeated and almost destroyed four Austrian armies superior to his own. Four years later he crossed the Great Saint Bernard, then believed impassable, and defeated the Austrians at Marengo. Till thirteen years later, he triumphed over the united armies of Europe, and dictated terms of peace to the conquered.

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What the secret of so great success? We answer a comprehensive and vigorous mind united with indomitable courage. To rapidity of conception, and inexhaustible invention, he added an energy of will

and decision, "that suffered not a moment's pause between the purpose and its execution." These qualities gave unity and success to a great variety of operations, and overthrew his enemies slow to move, and wanting concert of action. Thus it was at Jena and Austerlitz.

There are other reasons, however, for his success. Under him served the greatest marshals France ever produced. At Marengo, Desaix, and Kellermann turned defeat into victory, and placed the crown of France upon his head. Others served him equally well.

Some say Napoleon's plan of battle was entirely new. This is not true. Carnot originated, Dumouriez first practiced that improvement in military art; viz., the rapid concentration of superior forces upon a given point.

But Napoleon was not always successful. He is the father of the greatest blunders in war, history affords. Of many we mention one, the Russian campaign, against which his wisest counselors remonstrated. To march an army of five hundred thousand men from sunny France to the benumbing cold of Central Russia in the face of approaching winter, is the saddest blunder history records. It is not the work of a great general, but of a madman. The fact is more evident still when we consider that he drove, by his outrages, Sweden, the ally of France, into the arms of Russia at the moment he was about to undertake this enterprise.

Cæsar, who in eight years subdued the warlike tribes from the Pyrenees to the Rhine; twice invaded Britain; and, when compelled, turned his legions against his country, and in a year and a half subdued Italy; three powerful armies in Spain; Pompey with a formidable army at Pharsalia, and Egypt at Thapsus, we consider a worthy rival of Napoleon. The fact that Cæsar always accomplished his purpose, and turned defeat into victory, con-

firms this opinion. Napoleon in his early career *seemed* invincible; Cæsar *proved* himself such till the last.

All must admit he had greater difficulties to overcome. Napoleon spoke, and France yielded her best sons to recruit his army; Cæsar organized and recruited his in the enemy's country. Napoleon's marshals had seen long service; Cæsar created his. In short, when we call to mind that Napoleon spent five years in the best military schools of France, and devoted his best years exclusively to war, while Cæsar gave no attention to warlike pursuits till forty years of age, must we not say his military genius was equal to that of Napoleon?

Let us now consider our second topic, their statesmanship.

The greatness of the statesman far exceeds that of the general, since it unites moral with intellectual greatness. To comprehend the rights of all classes of a great people, and devise laws that shall secure to each class these rights, belong to the great statesman. More, he must understand those broad principles of justice, on which alone one nation can hold business relations with another. Here we maintain Napoleon signally failed. The modification of the Roman law, known as the Code of Napoleon, is a great work, the glory of which, however, belongs not to Napoleon, but to the wiser lawgivers of France. It is true he was present at the discussions and proposed changes; but it is equally true some of those changes violated the first principles of justice, and proved him wholly incapable of giving wise laws.

It is said that business revived under Napoleon. His system of Continental Commerce stimulated the industries of France for a moment, but at a frightful cost. It failed to raise English Commerce, and produced universal poverty and misery throughout France.

Compare with this the reforms of Cæsar during his consulship. Among his first acts was the restoration of the Agrarian Law, which he wisely modified to suit the existing state of things. This law consisted in giving to the poor, on certain conditions, unoccupied land and the means for working it, and secured three important results; viz., reduced public expenditures, increased the value of the land, and lessened crime. Moreover he attacked corruption in all its forms, and the law went so far as to watch over the honesty of business transactions. Cicero, the political enemy of Cæsar, boasts of the wisdom of his laws.

Again, Napoleon, having gained imperial power, was filled with insane egotism, and desired universal conquest more than the regeneration of France. Cæsar, when monarch, was democratic still, and gave his whole soul to the redemption of his country. His reforms were many and great. His financial system, which to-day is the basis of the monetary system of all civilized nations, is sufficient of itself to place him among the greatest statesmen of the world. Mommsen says: "The general result of the financial system of Cæsar is expressed in the fact, that while by sagacious and energetic reforms he fully met all equitable claims, yet in March, 46 B.C., there lay in the public treasury £8,000,000, a sum ten times greater than was ever in the treasury in the most flourishing times of the Republic."

We are obliged to pass over the sanitary reforms and public improvements that he planned, but did not live to execute, in order that we may consider their foreign policy. We quote Thiers, the French historian: "Napoleon, who was both a despot and a revolutionist, could not be a diplomatist. His attempts against England, undertaken soon after the breaking of the peace of Amiens, his prospect of universal mon-

archy after Austerlitz, the war in Spain, which he endeavored to terminate in Moscow, and his refusal of peace at Prague, proved him worse than a bad politician, for it gave the world the sad spectacle of genius degenerated into folly." Cæsar, on the other hand, as a wise statesman produced such changes for the good of those he conquered, that the tribes of Gaul vied with each other in substituting the Roman language and civilization for Gallic barbarity.

"Napoleon in his administration neither gave France liberty nor the political form in which French society was to repose; but robbed her of a million lives and left her with no hope of regeneration, save in the few seeds of modern civilization deposited in her bosom," while Cæsar gave to Rome that form of government which not only raised her to the zenith of her glory, but also lasted as long as Rome lasted, and proved himself not only a greater statesman than Napoleon, but the greatest the world has ever seen.

Our third consideration is their literary ability.

Every candid man will admit that as a scholar and literary character Cæsar far surpassed Napoleon. As a rapid accountant Napoleon may have equaled Cæsar; but in the higher branches of mathematical science he bears no comparison. Napoleon could speak forcibly, but cannot be called an orator. His manner was strained and bombastic; his speeches were exaggerated and failed to convince. He lacked that calm deliberation and close analysis which characterize the true orator. His own historian doubts whether he could ever have become an orator.

Cæsar, on the other hand, at twenty-two years of age, by his impeachment of Dolabella for extortion, had won great renown as an orator. Cicero says, "Had he devoted himself to public speaking, he would have become the greatest orator

at Rome;" and Niebuhr adds, "His speeches must have been of the most perfect kind." Napoleon's bulletins and memoirs are the works of only a third-class writer, while Caesar's Commentaries are the finest prose writings in all Roman literature. Cicero says, "Caesar in his Commentaries has precluded the possibility of any wise historian attempting to change them."

But Caesar was more than an historian. In that highest realm of thought, Philosophy, which Napoleon could not attain, he distinguished himself, and in addition to his other writings during his Gallic wars, wrote valuable works on Philosophy. Caesar's scholarly attainments and literary works, of themselves, outweigh all the genius Napoleon ever displayed.

Our fourth and last topic is their moral character.

I would that here our task were less painful, that we had no crimes to consider, but only that same integrity and purity that leaves Washington a unit in history. But it is far otherwise. Their lives are stained by crimes that we can neither deny nor wish to soften.

Napoleon seems devoid of all moral principle. At Joppa he murdered twelve hundred prisoners of war in cold blood, in spite of the protest of his generals. He delights in the murder of Duke D'Enghien. He railed at the idea of a more sacred friendship than is promoted by selfishness. His divorce of Josephine, one of the noblest, purest, most devoted of wives; his cruel injustice to his generals; his cold-hearted tyranny over his brothers, prove that in *this* statement he was sincere. He scrupled at nothing. On his road to Empire he imprisoned the Pope. Empire attained, he demanded the solemn sanction of the Pope to establish that which his genius could not, and said, "If the Pope had never existed, I would have created one." Farther, in his profane egotism he dared

insult God by claiming divine inspiration.

Caesar's treatment of the Helvetii and other tribes of Gaul we condemn as cruel; but there are mitigating points. Caesar was not naturally cruel. His kindness of heart, his mildness toward his enemies and his love of friends are praised by ancient and modern writers. How generous, how magnanimous Caesar's conduct after the battle of Pharsalia, and his assumption of regal power compared to the cruel jealousy of Napoleon as Emperor! Caesar burned all his enemies' papers lest he should find cause to punish. Napoleon perfected his secret police that he might find subjects to punish.

We must remember, too, that Caesar was a heathen, surrounded by the grossest immorality, while Napoleon perpetrated his outrages against society, against humanity, against God, in the light of the civilization of the nineteenth century, the outgrowth of divine revelation.

Here our comparison must close. We have sought for truth, and have expressed candidly our convictions of their respective merits; and while we gladly call Napoleon, the general, great, we confidently affirm that Caesar, the general, the statesman, the profound scholar and philosopher, was greater; and may we not with Napoleon's own historian say: "Regarded under every aspect, Caesar was the most highly endowed being that ever appeared on earth."

G. E. L., '81.

A SONNET.

Once were we friends, this same sweet Peace
and I,

Till Love, the coy deceiver, stole along,
And filled my heart with joy at his glad song.
Thenceforth, forsook I Peace when Love was
by,
Thus thinking Love's most potent charm to
try;
With soul intent on Love, it seemed no
wrong
That his fair minions should my palace throng;
Thereat I let Peace go without one sigh.

At first I marked no change, Love was complete,
 But all too soon satiety gave place;
 Restless my soul for calmer times grew meek,
 And Love had lost somewhat his tender grace,
 Till odious grown, at length did I entreat,
 Return my Peace, I die to see thy face!

KATE HANSON.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

IT is 1584 at the Court of Elizabeth. Around the haughty monarch are the statesmen and scholars who make her reign glorious. But who is he noblest in demeanor of them all, on whom all eyes are turned, on whose words all ears intent? He is the pride and hope of England, Sir Philip Sidney.

At this time Sidney was thirty years of age. His life had been one of untiring industry. As a youth he had found pleasure in all manly sports and exercises, but had delighted far more in the acquisition of knowledge. And he did not forget the moral part of his nature. Nay, he declared the end of all earthly learning to be virtuous action. At the close of his university career he had spent three years on the continent, in travel, and study of art, literature, philosophy, and of man himself. He had passed several years at the Court of Elizabeth, where, by his noble bearing, extensive learning, and brilliant genius, he won the esteem of all. He became the favorite of the Queen herself, and was called by her "the Jewel of the times." While other men may have had to meet the curses of enemies, he had to fight against the flattery of friends. To no more trying ordeal can a young and aspiring mind be subjected. Despite all this flattery Philip Sidney retained the same lofty, unstooping manhood. Yea, he dared oppose the proud and willful Queen, and by so doing saved his country from imminent danger. "The truly valiant," he said, "dare all things but to do others an injury."

But Philip Sidney had passed through a more trying ordeal, that of the tenderest passion. He had loved with that purity and intensity of which only the noblest and deepest natures are capable. His affection was unrequited; its object proved unworthy of his high ideal of woman. The disappointment was bitter, but he bore it; the lesson was severe, but he learned it, learned to say:

"Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
 Then farewell world, thy uttermost I see,
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me."

Let us return to the Court of Elizabeth and ask again who is he, noblest of her courtiers, first of her scholars? He is one who, by his services, has gained the esteem of his countrymen, who has won the laurels of an author, who is the pride and hope of England. More; he is one who by struggling and trial has learned what life means; who by subjecting all his powers to that which is highest in him has become a finished man.

Still Philip Sidney is not content. Neither the insipidity of court life, nor the disappointment of love can tame his spirit, nor abate his zeal for a struggling cause. He had been in Paris on that terrible night of St. Bartholomew, when the streets ran with Protestant blood, and the air rang with the fiendish yells of pursuers, and the last despairing cries of the pursued. He had not forgotten the horrors of that night; memory ever spurred his zeal. And now he longed to be across the water, where the Netherlands, deprived of their champion by the death of William of Orange, were again writhing in the grasp of the tyrant of Spain.

His time is coming at last. The Netherlands apply to Elizabeth for aid; and she responds. Philip Sidney is appointed Governor of Flushing. Eagerly he hastens to the scene of action. He is made General of the English cavalry. He devotes all

his energies and resources to the cause he loves. He wins the esteem of native citizens and English allies, both as a soldier and a man. But Providence is preparing for him a severer test.

The allied troops of England and the Netherlands are encamped before the city of Zutphen. It is a September morning; slowly the dense white fog rolls back from the banks of the river, and lo! three thousand cavalry, sent by the wary Duke of Parma to the relief of the beleaguered city! There is mounting in hot haste; and five hundred English horsemen, with Philip Sidney at their head, fall fiercely upon the Spanish invaders. Terrible is the battle that ensues. Mighty those English arms and brave those English hearts in a "cause that is pure and true!" And wherever the storm is fiercest, there may be seen the gallant form of Sidney. Two horses are shot beneath him and he mounts a third. For two hours the conflict rages. But the impetuous courage of the English triumphs; the Spanish falter,—they yield, and—but hold! yonder is an English Lord surrounded. Sidney sees; he dashes to the rescue. He saves his friend,—but *not* himself. A musket ball strikes his thigh, terribly shattering the bone and rending the muscles. Is this the price of victory? But what a change upon that battle-field! A moment ago all was action,—rally and charge and rout; now all is still; and those brave, strong men, who have faced the foe undaunted, weep as they gather about their wounded champion. Faint with loss of blood he calls for a cup of water. With difficulty it is procured. But as he raises the cooling draught to his lips, he sees by his side a dying soldier, and hears his moan; with that nobleness that characterized his whole life, he gives the soldier the untouched draught. "Thy need," he says, "is greater than mine."

Philip Sidney has but one more battle to fight. Sixteen days of physical anguish

are passed without a complaint. His face is worn with suffering, but his eye is bright and his mind clear. In patience and hope he waits for death. With the clear vision of those last hours, he sees the petty affairs of life in all their littleness; and he cries, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world!" Faith, hope, and love are triumphant. The greatest lesson of his life is the last. He has fought a good fight; he has finished his course.

The Netherlands wept for him whose arm had been mighty, whose blood had been poured out in their cause. England sorrowed for him as a mother for her dearest son. And why? What had he done? Many of his contemporaries could boast more startling deeds; Sidney's life had been made great by little things. Others had conquered more of the world; Philip Sidney had conquered himself.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

DURING the years before Cromwell taught Europe that the peasant was as good as his lord, England had been tyrannically ruled. The way he took to teach them this lesson was a violent one. In the process the king and many of the nobility perished. The people, however, were not prepared for the new opinions; therefore, when Cromwell ceased to direct affairs and the tumult had subsided, the tyranny was renewed, and for many years it seemed as if freedom had left the land. But not so. Forces, to which the times of Cromwell had given life, were quietly but no less surely at work among the people. By these, years afterward, English kings were compelled to grant their subjects those reforms demanded by Cromwell. And on account of this England is to-day, with one exception, the most democratic government in Europe.

In 1789 the French Revolution began, and during its continuance many of that party which had for ages so cruelly oppressed the French people, were killed or banished. Here the passions of the people overcame their reason, and, therefore, the measures adopted were too violent, and the tyranny of Napoleon ensued. France seemed to have forgotten that such a thing as liberty existed. But it did exist, though in secret; and from its hiding places it has extended its influence until France is, in name, a Republic.

The influence of that Revolution has disturbed every government in Europe. In Germany and Russia we now hear the mutterings of a storm which threatens to sweep away their governments, as the hurricane of the Revolution did that of France. The violent and impracticable measures of the Nihilists and Socialists are direct outgrowths of the tyranny of countries in which they appear. The history of Republicanism in Europe shows that the first attempt to establish the principles of free government has always been by violence, a violence proportionate to the previous despotism.

Although the principles of free government have thus been spread in Europe, yet many institutions and ideas must cease to exist before the governments can become true Republics. History teaches us that no Republic can exist unless the people are interested in it and understand its benefits. For this condition to be met, education must be general. France claims to be a Republic, but it is so only in name. The great majority of her people know nothing of government. That this is true is proved by their conduct. One month they cry "Vive l'Empereur," and the next they destroy the buildings and statues he has erected. With scarce an exception this ignorance of government is common to all the nations of Europe. In many countries one reason for the ignorance is

the policy of the dominant church. Free schools are almost unknown in the Catholic countries of Europe. A contest is now in progress in France and Belgium between the liberal party and the Catholic church, as to whether there shall be free schools.

The absence of any considerable middle class in Europe renders the progress of Republicanism slow. The upper classes think themselves well enough as they are; the lower know not how to better their condition. History shows that nearly all the great reforms of the past were the work of men in the middle walks of life.

Perhaps as a result of this lack of a middle class and the consequent dependence of the lower orders upon the nobility, there is, as a further hindrance to free government, the reverence for monarchical institutions. The people have been so long governed that they cannot realize that they themselves are the rulers. They seem to think disaster awaits them if they depart from the customs of their fathers. So little thinking have the people done for themselves, that when they have overthrown one tyrant they see no way but to put another in his place. When France was rid of Napoleon III., it proclaimed a Republic. But did the principle of government change? Was there more freedom than before? It was a crime to utter anything against Napoleon, it is no less so to criticise the Republic. Now, as before, France is governed from Paris.

The attempts at free government in the past in France and England have failed, and the present attempts in Russia and other European countries will fail on account of the same great lack—that of education among the masses. When the nations of Europe are so educated to understand their governments and to think for themselves, then, and not till then, will Republicanism have a firm foothold.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WE understand that radical changes are to be made at the end of the present term in the manner of conducting examinations, although we are not at liberty to state in what these changes will consist. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that they will be such as will *compel* honesty in the students during the tests.

There have been many complaints made in regard to the "cheek" with which outsiders appropriate the Gymnasium to their own use. One can scarcely go into the Gymnasium at any time of the day without finding the ground preoccupied by preps. The bowling alley seems to be their favorite *rendezvous*. They swarm around it thicker than flies around a molasses jug. If any of the college students wish to bowl, it is necessary to wait until they have finished several strings. Now, the preparatory students have a perfect right to enjoy the benefits of the Gymnasium when it is unoccupied; but, we hold, they have no right to interfere with the Gymnasium practice of the students of the college. Further, it is no part of courtesy for them to do so. The Gymnasium was erected and furnished for the exclusive use of the members of the college. If the students were not gentlemanly to an unusual degree they would, on several occasions, have used more forcible arguments than mere patient waiting. We hope that this nuisance will be abated.

The favor with which the Glee Club has been greeted at their first few appearances before the public has exceeded the expectations of the majority of the students. The most artistic music that we could procure has failed to elicit so much applause. We think there is no music that affords greater pleasure to the average audience

at our public exercises than rollicking college songs by a goodly number of students. The careless freedom of the college life is mirrored in them, and when sung with spirit and zest they have a peculiar attraction. The Glee Club should not rest contented with this good beginning. The music room has not been used enough of late. No doubt this has been somewhat on account of the abundance of extra work this term. We are anxious to see greater interest taken in the Glee Club.

On the 19th inst. the Bates and Colby nines played a match game at Waterville, resulting in a victory for the Bates boys by a score of 16 to 2. On the 21st another game was played at Brunswick with the Bowdoins, when our nine was defeated by a score of 16 to 3. At the end of the sixth inning the score stood 3 to 3, but after that time it seemed as if the genius of ill luck followed our nine. Another game will be played on the college grounds the 26th.

How about the Champion Prize Debates by the Junior and Sophomore classes that were to come off this term? We have heard nothing of them for some time, but trust they are in preparation. There is nothing in our whole college course more beneficial and practical than our debates. And, judging from observation, the advantages offered at Bates in this particular are superior to those in most of our colleges. Prof. Stanton has taken great interest in them, and every year offers prizes for public debates. These, together with the original declamations and debates under the efficient management of Prof. Chase, furnish for the students an excellent drill in composition and public speaking. It is well worth while to take advantage of every opportunity offered for this kind of work; and we hope that the

debates for this term for which Prof. Stanton has so generously offered prizes will not be neglected, but occur as appointed.

In college, lessons are learned too much in the style of the primary schools. They are learned to be recited and not to be remembered and thoroughly understood. To be sure we would not have every lesson learned to be repeated parrot fashion years afterward, but so that the principles may be remembered through life. How few, when a question is asked not found in the book but related to the subject, are able to give a decent answer! They have thought nothing of it except to recite. The lessons should be short enough so that every one can thoroughly master the principles.

The expression, "I haven't studied my lesson more than a half-hour," instead of being a boast as now ought to be regarded the opposite. No thorough comprehension of a lesson can be gained in that time. If a lesson is once learned the right way it can never be forgotten, and when it is wanted in after life it can be used. If lessons are learned for life and not for the class-room, habits of application are formed which will be useful in every part of life, while if they are learned the other way the capacity for hard study is greatly impaired.

As we were sitting in our room one evening, vainly wrestling with disorderly ideas, or rather the disorderly lack of them, a thought struck us in regard to the order and arrangement of a study. If you happen into some students' rooms at any time of day you will find everything topsyturvy. Books, clothes, papers, hats, everything thrown into a chaotic mass. It may be mere fancy, but it seemed to us that this chronic disorder must extend to the mental as well as the material; that such a student might make a good recitation,

but could not keep an orderly room; that he might collect a vast amount of heterogeneous knowledge, but would be unable to systematize it.

Another room reminds you of an old-fashioned church, with its straight-backed pews and its box pulpit. Everything is placed against the wall with the utmost regularity. The entire room impresses one with its solemn and funeral air. Its occupant, too, partakes of the hue of his surroundings, as with grave mien he plods away at his lesson.

Once in a while we find the model room, the cheery, cozy, comfortable, yet orderly room. When you enter the occupant gives you a greeting full of cordiality. His room is clean, healthy, and artistic. We can scarcely imagine him as possessing other than a clean, healthy, and artistic mind. We human beings are a sort of chameleons after all. Not only do our surroundings exhibit to some degree our taste and character, but these latter can not help being influenced by our surroundings. The hue of our circumstances is apt to be transmitted to our mental condition. If we would cultivate orderly and systematic habits of thinking, we must also cultivate orderly and systematic habits in all other things as well.

We do not expect to bring about any great reform, but seriously is not much of the feeling of jealousy, which we often see exhibited between different classes, without any foundation? Why should we condemn a man merely because he happens to recite in a different class? Other classes are likely to contain just as good members as our own. By no means would we wish to say anything against class feeling of the right kind and in a proper degree. We believe no true-hearted student can fail to feel a peculiar regard for his own classmates. It is altogether proper that he should do so. We

believe that class honor should be defended whenever it needs defending. But is it not a little strange that feelings of dislike, between immediately succeeding classes, should have become almost inevitable? Why should one class despise another simply because only one year of study separates them? It is not on account of the difference in their attainments, for then would there be still greater reason why classes two years apart should dislike each other. But Freshmen and Juniors are proverbially friends. Where then shall we find the reason? It is difficult to tell. This feeling seems to be a relic of an old prejudice which formerly manifested itself in the practice known as hazing. How this prejudice originated it is hard to say. Time will probably effect its removal. Hazing, if not entirely a thing of the past, is fast becoming so. In time we may hope the feeling which prompted it will entirely disappear. It is from this foolish prejudice that difficulties between classes usually arise. Under its influence classes, or more especially certain members of classes, are continually taking offense where none is intended. They fancy they have been ill-treated or slighted in some way by another class, and straightway they set about finding some way of revenge. Thus very often arises a permanent ill-feeling which a little common sense might have saved. Independence is a good thing,—but too much of it is as bad as too little. No class can afford to isolate itself entirely from others. Classes often feel very independent. They think they can get along just as well without the good will of others. But this is always a mistake. The class that acts on this principle is sure to lose thereby.

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An article entitled "Spring Epidemic," in a recent exchange, reminds us of a disorder that is occasionally quite prevalent *here*; and it is evident that the

writer did not think it confined to his own college. His ideas on the subject, we think, may well be applied to our own and many other colleges. The gist of what he says, is that there is a tendency on the part of the students, especially those of the lower classes, to think disparagingly of their own college, and to talk wisely of the merits and advantages of other institutions. They take every opportunity to inform their classmates and friends that they "shan't go here after this year; that they wouldn't think of staying here any longer, or at any rate, of *graduating* from such a *one-horse institution*."

It is somewhat interesting to see how easily the sufferers from such a disease recover; they rarely ever need medicine of any kind to restore them to their normal condition. When the "next year" comes they are generally all back, and if you inquire how they happen to be here after speaking so decidedly of going elsewhere, they either don't remember anything about such plans, or else they have some indefinite excuse for changing their minds. Now if we thought this was any more characteristic at Bates than any other, we might think it was owing to some defect in our college, but inasmuch as we find the same state of affairs in other institutions we are led to believe it is due to nothing but the nature of the boys themselves. One of the evils of this kind of fault finding, if we may call it an evil, is that it gives a wrong impression to outside friends and to those who know nothing of the college except through us. It is often the case that students will go to a particular college through the influence of some friend who has entered before them. But if they had heard this friend constantly talking in a disparaging manner of it, and planning to leave and go somewhere else, the tendency would be to drive them also to some other. We believe

the best way for a student, after carefully deciding what college he can, on the whole, attend to the best advantage, is to enter with the purpose of working for her interest, and seeking in every way to increase her prosperity. And a man who has thus interested himself in his college throughout his course has not only been a benefit to the institution, but he has received much more good himself and will leave her walls with a feeling of greater respect for himself and the college, and will always look back with much greater pride on his *Alma Mater* than if he had gone through his course with a constantly expressed feeling of dissatisfaction.

LOCALS.

The trees on the campus are all leaved out.

What has become of our Musical Association?

Ike has returned "with triumphant eagles."

Why are not the Faculty required to attend prayers?

The ball ground is again lively with the base-ballists.

Dresser, '82, has recently joined the Polymnian Society.

Four Sophomores are planning a trip to Mt. Katahdin for next summer.

Fourteen Sophomores sat in a group for a picture at Stanley's last week.

Robinson, '81, has been very sick with the measles, but has now returned.

The Juniors are now taking excursions with Prof. Hayes after botanical specimens.

The college carpenter has favored us with a new flight of steps in front of Hathorn Hall.

A large number of the students have applied for enumeratorships in their respective towns.

The Juniors now recite in Botany at two o'clock P.M. This is to accommodate the base-ball men.

Four members of the present Sophomore class are making preparations to go to Bowdoin next fall.

Mr. G. Weeks, of the Sophomore class, is to deliver the memorial address at Fairfield on Decoration Day.

Some Seniors who were desirous of a good night's rest, recently made a raid on their amateur violinists.

The Juniors have decided that a corkscrew is too suggestive to be inserted in the list of Ivy Day presents.

Prof. (to Freshman in Geometry)—"Mr. R——, how can you find half of that line?" Freshman—"Divide it by two!"

Prof. (in Rhetoric)—"Mr. H——, what does circumlocution lead to?" Mr. H.—"It leads to an inflated verbosity!"

Score one for the co-educationists: Some of the college ladies occasionally make use of the gymnasium and bowling alley.

"Isn't there a better seat than this?" asked one Junior of another at the theater. "Yes," said the other sadly, "in Heaven."

Prof.—"The word *monstrum* naturally suggests the idea of a woman!" Great sensation in the co-education department!

The Theologues are turning their attention to agriculture. They have turned certain portions of the campus into potato-fields.

Two little yellow-haired waifs were noticed wandering upon the campus, musically crying and sobbing in concert. The last that was seen of them, they were traveling down College Street on either side of the philanthropic and fatherly "Pete."

H. F. Shaw of Minot, a former member of Bates College, has procured about twenty schools for as many students.

A Freshman says his chum "always sits in the *cascade*" when he attends the theater. What won't the Freshmen do next?

There is a certain Junior who thinks of traveling in Ireland after he completes his course. Bob says he should prefer Holland.

Frank L. Blanchard, of the Sophomore class, has delivered his lecture, "How Alcohol Kills," six times during the past four months.

Prof.—"Mr. R——, do you cheat at examinations?" Mr. R.—"Well—well—ahem—I—I sometimes borrow a little information."

There are two subjects upon which we may touch without offending some one—base-ball and the campus—if we touch them lightly.

It is reported that quite a number of Sophomores have formed an attachment for certain young ladies who "watch the flying shuttle."

We are sorry, but the new fence on the base-ball ground will throw a large number of interested preps and yaggers out of employment.

A certain Junior says "*del(l)i(que)scent*" is the best adjective in the English language. We should judge so by his frequent repetition of it.

Some one has discovered that the college mud-puddle is full of horn-pouts. Here is a good chance for the Preps to use the line and bent pins.

At the public meeting of the Polymnian Society, the Freshmen all appeared with canes. It was interesting to notice the fixed and far-off look of some of the valiant ones. They were unmolested by the dignified Sophs.

The Latin School Nine played the Bowdoin Nine, May 8, upon the grounds of the latter. The game resulted in a score of 42 to 6 in favor of the Bowdoins.

One of the Juniors called another a mollusk. The other, to satisfy his curiosity, looked up the meaning of the word and found that a mollusk is a very *soft* animal.

"Eternity; where shall I spend it, in Heaven or in Hell?" Such is the startling question that appears before the eyes of every one who enters a certain Junior's room.

A well-known Junior, the champion of "unprotected females," drew a dozen silver spoons at Lovering's Grand Lottery Book Sale. This is very suggestive, to say the least.

Junior (to an inquisitive urchin seen on the campus)—"Do you chew?" Urchin (indignantly)—"Not much!" Junior—"Oh, only a little. That's the way we all chew up here!"

Some one is evidently trying to play David on a small scale. Several times the Junior class has been startled by the striking of large pebbles against the windows of their recitation room.

Certain interested ladies wish to know the name of that Senior who was seen hurrying down Main St. toward Riverside, with a light blue shawl over his head. Information will be thankfully received.

A Freshman refused to cut with his class, and, being asked the reason, said he wished "to do right before God and men." It does not seem quite obvious why an honest cut is wrong "before God and men."

A Freshman was recently arrested by an officious member of the Lewiston police for not "moving on." Judge Cornish decided that a person had a right to stand upon the sidewalk, providing he did not obstruct the passage. The Freshman then

entered a complaint against the policeman, who made the matter all right by apologizing.

The two men who were employed to clear up the campus confidently affirm that Bates College is haunted by evil spirits. In no other way can they account for the ignition of their grass heaps and the disappearance of their wheel-barrow right before their eyes.

On May 3, the Senior class took an excursion, accompanied by Prof. Stanley, to the limestone ledge below the Androscoggin Mill. The Prof. furnished an excellent treat, well appreciated by the class. Specimens of limestone, trap, and blue feldspar were obtained.

During the absence of the Mathematical Professor the Freshmen made great progress (?) under Professors Atwater and Barber. Although the class did so finely, yet the Professor ceased to think it was the best class he ever had—probably to transfer the epithet to the next class that enters.

The Senior class, Latin School, presented Mr. Frisbee, of the graduating class in college, who has for some time taught Mathematics in the Preparatory Department, with a complete set of Macaulay's works. The class expressed their highest appreciation of Mr. Frisbee as a gentlemanly teacher.

The Professor was discussing means to prevent cheating at examinations. One student suggested that the examinations be held on the campus; whereupon the Junior "cheeky" man showed his experience and ingenuity by saying "That wouldn't do any good for we could run strings through the grass."

The bell-ringer has received the following instructions: In the morning before prayers, the bell shall be rung at twenty-five minutes of eight. At fifteen minutes before eight it shall commence to toll and

continue tolling for four minutes, when a warning will be rung one minute. This enables those who live out of the building to reach the chapel before the exercises have begun.

The Junior botany class at their first recitation thought that the Professor employed rather more "dictionary" words than were necessary to make himself clear. The next afternoon the students all appeared with their "Webster's Unabridged," to which they referred whenever the Professor uttered one of his technical terms.

A few days since a Freshman received a call from a classmate who seemed to be in difficulty. "What is the matter?" inquired Freshman No. 2. "I—I—sh—should like to have you show me how to carry my cane," responded No. 1, grasping the aforesaid article tightly with both hands, "I don't believe I have got the hang on't."

The Junior Original Prize Declamation occurs the first Monday of Commencement Week. Twelve parts are to be selected by a committee to form the programme. The prizes will be awarded as follows: To the best oration written and delivered, a prize of \$20; to the best written part of those not selected for public delivery, a prize of \$10.

The Juniors have just completed their Zoölogy, and have taken the examination. The Professor introduced a *pleasing* and *harmonious* feature in detaining half the class two hours and excusing the other half at the end of the first hour. The effects were tremendous. Brown is said to have turned white, red, and black, and to have sworn a terrible oath that sounded like "Marsipobranchii."

The Polymnian Society held their second public meeting of the season at the College Chapel, April 28. Music was furnished by the Polymnian Glee Club, assisted by L. B. Hobbs of Kent's Hill, cornetist, and Harvey Murray, pianist. Several new

features were introduced, which added much to the interest of the exercises. The debates and oration were quite interesting, and seemed to have been carefully prepared. The dialogue showed considerable study, and the simultaneous discussion kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The performances of Messrs. Hobbs and Murray were of a high order and evidently well appreciated. The following is the programme of the evening:

MUSIC.
Song: One Hundred Years Ago—Hays. GLEE CLUB.
PRAYER.

Dialogue: Brutus and Cassius. W. S. HOYT and O. H. TRACY.
Simultaneous Discussion: Is the Darwinian Theory True?
F. L. BLANCHARD, Aff. E. F. HOLDEN, Neg.

MUSIC.
Cornet Solo: Guillaume Tell—Rossini. L. B. HOBBS.
Debate: Are Democratic Institutions more favorable to
Scholarship than are Monarchical?
F. A. TWITCHELL, Aff. C. S. HASKELL, Neg.

MUSIC.
Song: Palm Branches—Faure. F. L. BLANCHARD.
Biography of Roberts. C. S. COOK.
Biography of Cook. H. S. ROBERTS.
Oration. J. H. HEALD.

MUSIC.
Song: Juvallera—Carmen Colligensium. GLEE CLUB.
Paper. A. A. DEANE and Miss E. J. CLARK.

MUSIC.
Cornet Solo: Norma—Clodimir. L. B. HOBBS.

"MAYING."

He stole a kiss; the little miss
Pretended it did grieve her.
" 'Twas theft," she said, and tossed her head
Like every such deceiver.

" 'Twas theft," I know, he whispered low,
" A greater you have done;
With winning art, you've stole my heart,
A kiss is all I've won."

With crimson blushes her fair cheek flushes,
As glancing down she said,
" Return my kiss,—for 'twas amiss—
And take my heart instead."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

The recent changes in chapel exercises are such as commend themselves to every candid student. Many times has notice been called, through the columns of the STUDENT, to the occasional unseemly dis-

turbances, during devotional exercises. But no changes have before been made, or apparent notice been taken of the fact, and many students have unconsciously been led to disregard the sacred character of the exercises. The present change, however, is not enough to accomplish the full result aimed at. Let a change be made in the monitorial system, so that a Professor shall sit with each class, and act himself as monitor for his class, and the end will be attained. When a student knows that any disturbance on his part will come directly under the notice of his monitor, and this monitor is one having authority to take cognizance of such things, he will endeavor to restrain himself, and assume, at least, an outward reverence. This change in the monitorial system is one that has been adopted at other colleges with good results.

There is no hostility between the Faculty and students that should promote any disturbances in the chapel, and if the change commenced be thorough, the Faculty will find more students than those who attend prayer-meetings will be ready to stay up their hands. STUDENT.

Editors of the Student:

The monthly visit of the STUDENT is a welcome one, for it not only brings us something new and entertaining concerning Bates, but serves to recall many pleasant memories of the four years spent there, and though the names of the students we read therein are unfamiliar to us, still we seem to have an interest in common with them, for we know that they are occupying the same places, treading the same paths, pursuing the same studies, and filled with the same ambitious hopes as those who were fellow-students with us. It is natural, aye well, to cherish a deep interest in our *Alma Mater*, and in those things of vital importance to her.

Though it is little more than twelve

years since the first graduates left Bates, and their numbers are few compared with those of older colleges, yet her sons are found scattered, here and there, all the way from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific slope; from the cold borders of the North to fair Florida in the South. Many of them have already attained a good degree of success, and some of them have very flattering prospects for the future.

Thinking, perhaps, that the Alumni and friends of Bates might like to know how some of the "boys" in the State are "getting along in the world," we have made a few jottings concerning the whereabouts and doings of those of whom we have present knowledge.

Rev. A. H. Heath, class '67, is pastor of the North Congregational church, New Bedford. We clip the following from a recent number of *Williams' Lecture Bureau Magazine*, Boston: "Rev. Mr. Heath is one of the most successful clergymen of New England, has had all the education which the best institutions of the country could give, is a man of fine presence, and is an excellent platform speaker." Rev. G. S. Ricker, of '67, is one of Lowell's most successful pastors. O. C. Wendell, '68, is Professor in Cambridge Observatory. C. G. Emery, '68, and W. E. C. Rich, '70, are teachers in South Boston Grammar School and rank high as teachers. W. H. Bolster, '68, is pastor of the Congregational church at Everett. C. A. Mooers, M.D., '69, has a large and lucrative practice in Lawrence. Maria W. Mitchell, '69, recently Professor in Vassar College, has opened a school in Boston, for young ladies. It is highly spoken of by those who give it their patronage. A. L. Houghton, '70, continues very successful in his pastorate at Lawrence. His health, which has been rather poor, has been much improved by a trip to Europe. J. N. Ham, '71, is Principal of Peabody High School, and is eminently suc-

cessful. George E. Smith, '73, succeeded to the business of the late Horace R. Cheney, Boston, and is very favorably known at the Suffolk Bar. F. Hutchinson, of the same class, is attorney for Farnsworth & Conant, Boston, and is having marked success. A. J. Eastman, '74, is an earnest and faithful pastor of a church at Farnumville. F. T. Crommett, of '74, graduated at the Boston University Law School, last year, and has been recently admitted to the Suffolk Bar. Mr. Crommett is thoroughly fitted for his profession, and has excellent prospects ahead. His office is at 194 Washington St., Boston. Frank L. Washburn and George Oak, '75, are with Fox & McDavitt, General Butler's office, Pemberton Square, Boston, and are very prosperous in their practice. L. F. Evans, of the same class, was admitted to the bar last June, and is in the office of the City Solicitor, Salem. L. M. Palmer, also of '74, and recently Principal of Hopkinton Academy, is attending the Medical School at Harvard College. Four of '76 are in this State; E. C. Adams is Principal of Beverly High School, and is a very successful and popular teacher. This is his second year there. Edward Whitney, recently Principal of Merrimacport Grammar School, is now in the office of the *Haverhill Daily Gazette*; and B. H. Young graduated from the Boston University Medical School last month, and while attending the lectures there, practiced in Rowley, not far from Boston. He now thinks of locating either at Rochester or Great Falls, N. H. O. B. Clason, '77, has charge of the Hopkinton Academy, and his worthy efforts in behalf of the students of that institution are appreciated by scholars and people of that place. It is likely there are other Bates "boys" in the State of whom we have no knowledge.

It may not be out of place to state here that H. W. Chandler, '74, one of the pioneer editors of the *STUDENT*, is now editor

of the *Oscala Republican*, Oscala, Fla., and that he is mentioned as a probable candidate for State Senator, from Marion County.

The STUDENT, always good, is better than ever. Typographically, *par excellence*, bright and sparkling with vigorous thoughts, it deserves, if it has not already gained it, the hearty support of every son and daughter of Bates. L. H. H.

Haverhill, Mass, April 10, 1880.

Editors of the Student:

The editorial in the last STUDENT upon Examinations, should be the commencement of a thorough reform at Bates. A full and fair discussion of this subject by the Faculty and students would be the surest way of awakening a healthy sentiment in regard to the present situation.

Examinations are, perhaps, a necessary evil, but too much stress should not be laid upon them by the Faculty. The ticket advancing a student from class to class had better not depend upon the number of test questions answered in an examination, but upon the rank obtained from the daily recitations,—the Professor at the same time assuring himself that the student makes an honest recitation. This would guarantee good work on the part of the student, and would not give those possessing good memories, or the ability to cram or cheat, an undue advantage over those less gifted. The number of students at Bates is not so large but that the Professors can readily inform themselves in regard to the effort put forth by each. This effort and the difference in mental ability should receive some consideration.

Right here the advantage of elective studies might be mentioned. By a judicious selection, many a student who now feels that he is doing poor work, could so correct this that he would obtain a far more satisfactory result from the time devoted to a study.

Take mathematics as an example. To many students the study is distasteful, but they are still compelled to take a certain amount, and then the Faculty (not the student) elect who shall continue the study and who shall not. As all the honors are awarded according to the rank obtained, many who either dislike the study or who prefer to give their attention to other pursuits, are compelled either to throw aside all hope of obtaining any honors, or to devote an impropportionate amount of time to the study, or to resort to dishonorable means, to obtain the requisite rank. Too often the last course is pursued, as the Professor seldom endeavors to find out whether the recitation is an honest one, or aided by careful "cribs," and the moral standing of the student is injured that the Professor may conform to the rule adopted. Under such circumstances, if rank is the one thing needful, would it not be better to consider somewhat the natural ability and inclinations of the student, than to indirectly aid in lowering his moral standing? The years spent in college are the formative years of a person's life, and it would be far better to graduate with a high moral standing, than a high mental one obtained by dishonorable means. Less regard for rank, according to the present system, and more attention as to whether the student is doing his level best will accomplish this.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'70.—Rev. A. L. Houghton, pastor of the F. B. Church in Lawrence, Mass., who has been spending a few weeks in Connecticut and New York, returned to his pulpit the first Sabbath in May, but not for continued labor. Last Sunday he read his resignation, to take effect June 1st.

'73.—A. C. Libby, of '73, and C. S. Libby, of '76, are in business in Leadville.

'74.—A. O. Moulton has charge of the farm at his old homestead in Parsonsfield, Me.

'74.—F. B. Stanford has been in town. His health is greatly improved.

'76.—A. L. Morey has recently settled over the Free Baptist Church of Gray.

'76.—F. E. Emrich preached at Lisbon, Sunday, May 16th. In the afternoon he preached to the Germans of that place, in their native language.

'78.—F. D. George is to supply one of our neighboring pulpits for six months.

'78.—M. F. Daggett is Principal of a school on Cape Cod Peninsular, Mass.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett is studying law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage of this city.

'79.—C. M. Sargent is Principal of a Grammar School at Concord, N. H.

EXCHANGES.

The postal which the *Dartmouth* makes the subject of its only editorial in the last issue was written by a member of the STUDENT Editorial Board, and by the writer of this column. For the reason of writing the card, we refer the *Dartmouth* to an editorial in our April number. We felt that one of our questions might be considered objectionable, addressed to members of other colleges, but in sending them to many of our exchanges, as we did, we trusted to the fraternal feeling and gentlemanly spirit of their editors, and in no case were we mistaken except in the case of the *Dartmouth*. By all others to whom they were addressed the questions were answered with frankness and courtesy. We do not object to the *Dartmouth's* publishing the card, if it liked, although the making public a communication intended by the writer to be private is cer-

tainly a very mean and contemptible thing; but we do object to the spirit in which the answer is written. These are the reasons which are given for publishing the card: First, "on account of the depravity which it shows in the heart of the writer;" second, "in order that we may indicate to the world that we are heartily in sympathy with his wish." They need no comment. We acknowledge the vagueness in our second question, friend D—, which was owing to the limited area of a postal, but we submit that you have surpassed it in a dozen instances in your answer. A very high opinion of the wisdom of the *Dartmouth* man must have gone abroad, we think, that he is so persecuted with questions "grave or gay, sublime or ridiculous." But, *Dartmouth*, weren't you rather encouraging those senders of cards, about which you complain, in this, "*The Dartmouth* is always happy to furnish information on any subject with which it is acquainted." That is certainly cheering to those who are familiar with the limit of your acquaintance, but not so to us, who, in our first experiment, have hit upon precisely that matter upon which you are "not well posted." Why, friend *Dartmouth*, do you regard this innocent bit of pasteboard with such an air of superhuman suspicion? Is that a trait inherited from your "Indian predecessors?" In conclusion we recommend you to take a few lessons in common courtesy, together with an easy course in Bain's Rhetoric.

We acknowledge the receipt of No. 5, Vol. I., of the "Humboldt Library," published by J. Fitzgerald & Co., Broadway, New York. This number contains Herbert Spencer's "Education; Intellectual, Moral, and Physical." It is intended to issue two numbers of this Library per month. It will comprise expositions of science by the foremost writers of the time.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Columbia College has abolished the marking system.

The Ithaca magistrates have fined a Cornell man \$15 for blowing a horn.

Voting returns from 41 colleges, giving 7855, votes show for Blaine 2274, Grant 1477, Sherman 1080, Edmunds 302, and Tilden 318.

The Yale catalogue for 1879-80 shows that the students number 1,003. The list of Faculty and instructors includes one hundred names.

Hamilton Seniors are allowed voluntary attendance at prayers this year, as an experiment, and the result is an average attendance of three.

Wellesley is in a ferment of indignation. Two girls have been suspended six weeks for *whispering* in chapel while President Chadbourne was preaching.

The various libraries of Harvard contain 247,420 bound volumes, in addition to 186,800 unbound volumes of pamphlets. Of this number 50,000 were in actual use during last year.

CLIPPINGS.

One of the Seniors of the Columbia Law School has been named "Necessity." They say he "knows no law."

Professor (to student in natural history)—"Mention six animals of the frigid zone." Student (eagerly)—"Three polar bears and three seals."—*Ex.*

First Junior—"I say, Bill, where is the Latin lesson?" Second Junior—"On page 304 of the horse; don't know where it is in the other book."—*Ex.*

Miss H. (who has chosen medicine as a profession) to Professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect—"Oh! Professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"—*Vassar Miscellany.*

"How shall we stop the strikes?" asks a New England paper. Well, with your right generally, and keep your left well up in front of you. When you can't stop a heavy one it is allowable to dodge it. But if you really don't know how to stop them, keep out of the ring.—*Hawkeye.*

Prof. (in veterinary science)—"Mr. S., to what class of animals does the horse belong?" Mr. S.—"I think, Professor, it belongs to the Sophomore class."—*Era.*

Prof. (in M. P.)—"Mr. —, what end does a mother have in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. — turns red and with a look of defiance sits down.

Why is a lame dog like a sheet of blotting paper? Because a lame dog is a slow pup, and a slope up is an inclined plane, and an ink-lined plane is a sheet of blotting paper.—*Yale Courant.*

RE-MARKABLE TALK FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Now I wish it re-marked,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
Our Mater's marking is peculiar,
Which same I would rise to explain.

It was near June the third,
And great were our sighs,
Since it must be inferred
That the Faculty wise,
Always play, at that time, upon students
A game which we students despise.

When we had final ex.,
Then Ah Sin took a hand—
He knew nothing; e'en the test
He did not understand;
But he smiled, as he sat alongside me,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet no cribs had he stocked,
Which the tutors might seize,
But my feelings were shocked
At Ah Sin's seeming ease;
For he said, "I will copy, *verbatim*,
Your paper, friend James, if you please."

Now, the points that were played
By Ah Sin, secretly,
And the stops that he made
Were quite painful to see,
While he cribbed his paper entirely,
As the same he had first asked of me.

When the marks were displayed
And exposed to our view,
At the issues there made
Great amazement we knew,
For my mark was much lower than Ah
Sin's;

Which same was, by right, quite untrue.

Now, I wish it re-marked,
And my language is strong,
For its ways they are dark,
And results they are wrong;
That our Mater's marking is fictitious—
To which fact abolition belongs.
—*Acta Columbia.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JULY 1, 1880.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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BATES STUDENT.

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COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

JUNE, 1880.

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1880.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

ERE man with his cunning and curious skill had reared stately temples to Jehovah, there were abundant spirit homes where the souls of men could worship in the blessed presence of their Father. Though the strife for gain finds voices in the sharp clip of the woodman's ax, and in the eager whirl of the factory wheel along the aisles of Nature's sanctuary, yet even now, exist many retreats where feverish hearts may receive dew-like bathings from the loving God, whispering in the myriad voices of Nature.

The chants of priests and the prayers of clergy are often made: the harmonies of Nature's psalms and the silence of her prayers are created. No art falsifies their truth, but, ever new as on the primal morn of being, their sweetness is never less.

From the chalice of the silent lily that adorns the decorated pulpit comes such a grace of melting pathos that, in comparison, the tuneful eloquence of the preacher sounds hollow and hard. In the stainless folds of that delicate form the worshiper beholds the watchful care of Him whose being is love, and his heart hears the benevolent Nazarene telling his disciples to behold "the lilies of the field."

The showy chandeliers of the cathedral, as they flash their light across its frescoed ceiling, are darkness when we contemplate the quenchless lamps of night that, flickering before the breath of the

Almighty, are hung in love across the arched expanse of heaven's dome.

Numberless are the lessons that Nature teaches: From the tiny coral, building upon the skeleton of its dead self till it reaches its heaven of sunlight, we learn patience in rising above the failures of the dead past; from the innocent lambkin, frolicking on the green, we get the lesson that play is good because it is play, and that cheerfulness is the normal condition of animal life, while dyspeptic piety and long-drawn melancholy are mental diseases; the falling leaf, as it slowly and reluctantly finds its grave where was once its cradle, tremblingly speaks of a resurrection in the cheer of returning spring, when the joyous trees wave their vigorous arms in triumph over death. It tells us that there is no life without decay, and upon the very bosom of death are nursed the varied forms of life; that force is eternal, and the law of compensation constantly operates; that what is subtracted there is added here, and above us all there is an affectionate adjuster.

The symphonies of earth and sky join in a never-ending hymn to the Deity: The joyful patter of the raindrops; the hillside rills sounding their silvery chimes; the child-like glee of the prattling brooks hurrying to catch their older sisters; the rivers, that sing with low voice of gladness, as they calmly glide to the embrace of their ocean-mother; the innumerable carols of the gladsome birds along the

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No. 6.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

ERE man with his cunning and curious skill had reared stately temples to Jehovah, there were abundant spirit homes where the souls of men could worship in the blessed presence of their Father. Though the strife for gain finds voices in the sharp clip of the woodman's ax, and in the eager whirl of the factory wheel along the aisles of Nature's sanctuary, yet even now, exist many retreats where feverish hearts may receive dew-like bathings from the loving God, whispering in the myriad voices of Nature.

The chants of priests and the prayers of clergy are often made: the harmonies of Nature's psalms and the silence of her prayers are created. No art falsifies their truth, but, ever new as on the primal morn of being, their sweetness is never less.

From the chalice of the silent lily that adorns the decorated pulpit comes such a grace of melting pathos that, in comparison, the tuneful eloquence of the preacher sounds hollow and hard. In the stainless folds of that delicate form the worshiper beholds the watchful care of Him whose being is love, and his heart hears the benevolent Nazarene telling his disciples to behold "the lilies of the field."

The showy chandeliers of the cathedral, as they flash their light across its frescoed ceiling, are darkness when we contemplate the quenchless lamps of night that, flickering before the breath of the

Almighty, are hung in love across the arched expanse of heaven's dome.

Numberless are the lessons that Nature teaches: From the tiny coral, building upon the skeleton of its dead self till it reaches its heaven of sunlight, we learn patience in rising above the failures of the dead past; from the innocent lambkin, frolicking on the green, we get the lesson that play is good because it is play, and that cheerfulness is the normal condition of animal life, while dyspeptic piety and long-drawn melancholy are mental diseases; the falling leaf, as it slowly and reluctantly finds its grave where was once its cradle, tremblingly speaks of a resurrection in the cheer of returning spring, when the joyous trees wave their vigorous arms in triumph over death. It tells us that there is no life without decay, and upon the very bosom of death are nursed the varied forms of life; that force is eternal, and the law of compensation constantly operates; that what is subtracted there is added here, and above us all there is an affectionate adjuster.

The symphonies of earth and sky join in a never-ending hymn to the Deity: The joyful patter of the raindrops; the hillside rills sounding their silvery chimes; the child-like glee of the prattling brooks hurrying to catch their older sisters; the rivers, that sing with low voice of gladness, as they calmly glide to the embrace of their ocean-mother; the innumerable carols of the gladsome birds along the

willow-fringed banks; the spirit-like voice of the sad pines, singing their plaintive alto, floats over the soul like the memory of dear ones departed. These, and all others, blend in one grand, inspiring anthem.

From the time when these sunshiny days of spring warm the cold heart of dormant Nature and send the life-blood pulsing through her numberless arteries, to the days when stern winter puts his icy fingers on the wavelet lips of the merry brooks, and the solemn hush of chilling gloom rests on the rigid features of the pale earth, there come the purest praises to Him who clothes the violet with modest beauty, and, for her nest, shows the young sparrow spots of grassy shade. These wordless hymns speak to the soul of man more potently than all the rhythmic measures of the poet's skill.

From the smile of waking spring, opening its myriad eyes in maple buds and May-flowers, and breathing its perfumed breath over the slumbering earth; from the dewy stillness of summer's twilight, when the hiding stars creep out to greet us with their laughing twinkle; from the sobbing autumnal wind, grieving over the loss of beauty; from the melancholy howl of winter, which, like the snowy-sheeted ghost of the departed year, moans over its own desolation; from the majestic silence of the mountains—silent because no utterance can tell of their grandeur; from the uneasy sea, struggling to tell us of God,—come voices of lifting to the Infinite!

I LOVE THEE, OCEAN.

I love thee, love thee, ocean;
Thy never-ceasing motion,—
The strange unrest
Of thy sad breast,—
Meseems to be revealing
A human feeling,
A human heart's emotion.

Thou'rt ever sadly moaning,
Some hidden woe bemoaning;
Or sin indulged
And undivulged,
Thy surging bosom haunting,
No respite granting,
Thou art with grief atoning.

Thy bosom, heaving, swelling,
Strange sympathy is telling
Unto my own;
And ev'ry moan,
As on the sand thou'rt sobbing,
Repeats the throbbing
Of my heart, passion's dwelling.

I could wish no softer pillow
Than the bosom of thy billow,
When fall'n asleep
In slumber deep,
From which there is no waking,
No daylight breaking—
E'en in death I'd love thy billow.

GLADSTONE.

THE late elections in England have summoned to the leadership of the English ministry a most wonderful man in the person of the Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone. The significance of the contest in which he has been engaged and the completeness of his triumph have drawn upon him the eyes of the civilized world. From every quarter come encomiums on his character and congratulations on his success. The gratitude of his countrymen vies with the admiration of foreigners in giving him praise. Not even the acrimony of his powerful enemies has been able to hush the applause or discredit the spontaneity with which it has been given.

It is not my purpose to repeat his plaudits. There is a higher honor than eulogy to be paid to the truly great. To study their lives and characters; to search out the aims of their thought and the secrets of their power; to reflect on their habits and methods of action; to discover the

laws of their intellects and the motives of their hearts; and, finally, to assimilate into one's own life the truths they have lived to teach,—this is a task far more honorable both to him who performs it and to him who is its object.

With such a purpose I wish to take advantage of Gladstone's present popularity to express a few cursory thoughts on his career, believing it to be worthy of the study of all, and especially of all students.

The following are some of the facts of Gladstone's life: He was the son of a wealthy merchant and baronet of Liverpool, and was born December 29, 1809. He was educated at Eton and at Christ's Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1831 as "double first class," the highest honor and one rarely attained." After a brief interval of travel he began, in the succeeding year, his public and political life, and entered Parliament from Newark. With but short intermissions he has been a member of the House of Commons ever since, representing in turn the constituencies of Newark, University of Oxford, South Lancashire, Greenwich, and Midlothian. His scholastic and forensic qualities soon gave him higher office than simple membership in the Commons. Under Sir Robert Peel's ministry he was a lord of the treasury, and, subsequently, under-secretary for colonial affairs. When Peel, after losing power, regained it in 1841, Gladstone became successively a member of the privy council, vice president of the Board of Trade, and master of the mint. In 1843 he was president of the Board of Trade; and in 1845, secretary for the colonies. In December, 1852, he became chancellor of the exchequer under the Earl of Aberdeen. December 9, 1868, he attained the highest office in the gift of the English people, the Premiership. His various reform measures, notably his bill for the disestablishment of the Irish church, diminished his majority,

and on January 24, 1874, he appealed to the country. He was not sustained at this election, and Disraeli became Premier. For the past six years he has steadily and vigorously opposed Disraeli, especially in his management of foreign affairs. With this question as the prime issue he entered the late canvass, and presented himself to the electors of Midlothian County, Scotland, heretofore a very strong Tory district, for a seat in the House of Commons. His vigorous and manly campaign aroused the drooping spirits of his party. He was triumphantly elected, and is now again Premier with a strong Cabinet and a fair majority in his support.

Without detailing at greater length the mere annals of his life, I will attempt a brief analysis of his character.

The intellect of Gladstone is marked by power and versatility. In defense he is a rock; in attack, red-hot shot. His effectiveness, however, is due not to any Napoleonic method or brilliancy of action, but to his great resources and to the orderly arrangement of his mind. His memory is a vast treasury of facts, gathered with studious industry from almost every department of human knowledge, and so arranged and classified as to be serviceable at the instant of requisition. The greatness of Gladstone is probably due to his learning and scholarship. He is eminently a scholar. In this he has redeemed the promise of his collegiate life. But he is not a specialist. His field of study has been wide, and the fruits of his industry, proportionately large. He is now, undoubtedly, one of the most versatile men in the world. He takes high rank as an essayist, author, scholar, financier, orator, and practical statesman.

As an essayist he has been a prominent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and an occasional one to other reviews. His subjects have been of a literary, ecclesiastical, and political character.

His claims to authorship are based on the following works: *Church and State*, *Church Principles Considered*, *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, *Juventus Mundi*, the *Gods and Men of the Heroic Age*. The first of these was the subject of the severe, though not malicious, criticism of Macaulay. In view of Gladstone's subsequent career it is quite interesting to read some of Macaulay's statements. He says: "We dissent from his opinions, but we admire his talents; we respect his integrity and benevolence." Elsewhere: "It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England." He calls him "a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents," "the rising hope of stern and unbending Tories," "a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons."

In proof of his scholarship may be mentioned the last two of the above works. His essays and public utterances are further testimony.

He won a reputation as a financier in 1853, when he introduced his famous budget "in those remarkable series of addresses, which were pronounced by Lord John Russell 'to contain the ablest expositions of the true principles of finance ever delivered by an English statesman.'" His administration from 1868 to 1874 illustrated, in marked contrast to the late administration of Beaconsfield, his extraordinary ability as a financial minister.

No one will dispute his claims to oratory and statesmanship. Twenty years ago it was said of him: "As a debater he is acknowledged to hold the first place in the House of Commons, and his reputation as an administrator is almost equally great." But his fame as a statesman deserves a more than passing recognition. What is it to be a statesman? Statesman-

ship, either as a theoretical or practical science, sweeps in a vast field. It involves a knowledge of history, of law, of morals. It embraces the multiform advantage of the whole social body, and the personal rights of the humblest citizen. It demands a range of powers, able to comprehend the interests of agriculture, of commerce, of manufactures, of art, of science, of literature, of education, indeed, of everything that relates or pertains to government. It is sufficient to add that no one disputes his title to statesmanship.

While the intellect of Gladstone commands so high admiration, it is not there, but in his moral nature, that we discover the beauty of his character and the secret of his power. It is also his moral excellence that has won for him the success of his party and the applause of Christendom. Probably not one of his colleagues could have gained an election from Midlothian. All agree in attributing his success in that election to his own sterling merit.

Perhaps the noblest trait of his character is his moral consistency. By this I mean that firm adherence to his inward convictions which has made his outward life somewhat inconsistent. Gladstone appears to have been subjected to some unfortunate influences. They are to be referred, doubtless, to his education and associates. These influences led him to cherish and express some very absurd opinions. They are most marked in his early ecclesiastical writings, and, subsequently, in his utterances on the international questions growing out of our civil war. But he has manfully thrown off these trammels. His present ecclesiastical views are broad and liberal, and his disposition toward our own country has become most friendly. In verification of the latter statement, it should be added that under his administration the Alabama trouble was settled. Further, his late celebrated essay on "Kin beyond Sea," is in

thorough harmony with the same liberal spirit. It is through his moral consistency that he is one of the most progressive, as well as conservative, men of his times. He has always been able and willing to see the light, when the light was visible. Through his life he has been a learner, willing to sit at the feet of the humblest teacher. To such humility of mind is due the largest measure of his success.

Gladstone's life teaches a few lessons which ought to be remembered by every student in our land, who hopes and expects at no distant day to enter public service.

The first lesson is that success demands industry and labor. It is not the indefinable phantom, called "genius," that has made Gladstone great. It has been hard work, untiring industry, devoted to self-improvement and culture.

The second lesson is reliance on the right, and not on the politic, for success. Gladstone is not a diplomatist in the popular sense of that word. He is not, like Beaconsfield, a connoisseur in the art of concealing truth by means of language. He has been always straightforward. His question to the electors of Midlothian, in the late canvass, is significant of the man: "Do you want to be ruled as you have been for the last six years?" Plain question, plainly answered!

The third and last lesson that I will specify is, that true greatness demands moral consistency. How many men there are who think it is unmanly to change their views, and who are spending all their energies in defending some old and foolish dogma, just to be consistent! Gladstone's life has shown it to be more manly to be consistent with one's convictions, than to be consistent with carping critics.

I did not expect to write anything elaborate or deep when I chose this subject, and I am aware that I have poorly performed that which I undertook. It is suf-

ficient, however, if thereby any be led to make a personal study of Gladstone's character and career. Rarely do we find one so eminent in virtue and talents, filling the highest political office in his country, and wielding an influence so commanding over the destinies of the human race. The lives of such men are the more valuable because rare. Would that they might be studied! Would that the ambitious young men of America might ponder the lessons they teach, and seek to emulate, not the grandeur of their achievements, nor the magnificence of their execution, but those stern, uncompromising virtues, on which is securely built their fame and immortality.

W. H. J., '80.

PASSION.

In childhood, Nature's smile was sweet,
And balmy breezes wafted peace.
O God! Why should they ever cease?
Oh! Why depart, my joy complete?

She smiles as sweetly as of yore;
Her sunshine beams as bright, as warm.
Alas! Her smile has lost its charm;
Her sunshine pleases me no more.

Have I deserted my young love?
My childhood's sweetheart now forgot?
Would it had never been my lot
That other love my heart should move!

Oh! Would that Nature's smile alone
Had power to thrill my joyful breast!
That seeds of passion and unrest
Within my heart had ne'er been sown!

* * * * *

Vain wish of yesterday, return;
I would not be a child again,
Nor lose the joy, t' escape the pain
The human heart must bravely learn.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE first editor of the STUDENT has been removed from the Board, and suspended from college on account of the editorial on examinations in the April number. The Faculty proposed the following as the condition of his remaining: "Whatever discourtesy was used and whatever mistatements and exaggerations were made in the April No. we regret." Mr. Foster was willing and did apologize for the discourtesy used, but could not accept the remainder of the condition as he thought it would give a wrong impression. He was willing however, to correct some mistakes in the article. This condition was sent to Mr. Foster while he was out of town, and in our opinion, had he been present so that explanations could have taken place the difficulty would have been amicably settled. We hope some conclusion may yet be reached, satisfactory to all, and that soon we shall be privileged to welcome Mr. Foster back to the class, and to his position on the STUDENT.

There seems to be a little misunderstanding in regard to the notice calling for payment of back subscriptions, which was inserted in our last number. The notice was placed in all the copies alike, but of course was intended to apply to no one who had already paid his subscription. The last year's manager wishes us to say that he will notify by mail those who are still indebted to him.

We are informed that the design of the STUDENT is a literary journal. Such being the case it is absolutely necessary that the Alumni should assist. We have used all honorable means possible, to get them to help. We have written twenty letters asking aid, to every article that we have received. Many have not taken the

trouble to answer. If the STUDENT is to be really a literary production, some one besides the editors must do something. Articles of great literary merit require older heads than ours. If the Alumni take any interest in the STUDENT we should like to have them show it. We thank all who have helped us.

There seems to be an opinion among college boys that mathematics are not designed for such brilliant intellects as theirs; but only for the slow, plodding ones. Such is the tenor of the remarks one hears on the subject. Those who don't like mathematics very frequently quote great men, who did not like them while in college, as if that was conclusive evidence of their little worth. The great men, who shirked mathematics in their college days, afterward did all in their power to remedy the mistake. Because mathematics are hard is no excuse for thinking them impossible to be understood. The harder a study is, the greater effort required to master it, and the greater the advantage resulting. When a person gives up such a study he practically acknowledges himself incapable of continued effort. Because some great men have been unfortunate is no reason for our taking them as examples. Because Prescott never liked mathematics is a poor argument that others by shirking them can be historians. If as much hard work was put on mathematics as on baseball there would be more who would find even Calculus profitable.

In the May number of the STUDENT appeared an editorial on "Class Feeling," referring to that feeling of antagonism existing between different classes in college, especially between the Freshman and

Sophomore classes. There is another kind of class feeling (an excess of which may sometime give rise to the former) which adds much to the attractiveness and value of a college course and furnishes many pleasant memories in the future. It is the feeling of firm friendship between classmates. However much we may like a college friend, he has not quite so firm a hold upon our friendship as if he were a classmate.

It is a good idea for a class to procure class hats, class canes, or class any thing, so long as it is a class affair. Such things, though foolish, it may be, in themselves, exert a great deal of influence upon a class. Supposing we never carry our class cane, we can put it carefully away until some future day when, as a magic wand, it will conjure up the friendly faces of our classmates and the free and happy hours of our college life. Some college men think that to have individuality they must pull against everything that savors of social and good-humored class-ship. They want nothing in common with others, yet they blunder into the very position they wish to avoid, and identify themselves with a very large class—asses.

It must be apparent to every one that these tokens of class union and good-fellowship are invaluable. It would be well for those who always oppose them, to pocket their pseudo individuality, and keep it out of sight until it can be appreciated.

Believing that brief sketches of the members of the graduating class will be of interest to our readers, we have taken pains to prepare the same. We thank the members of the class for their kindness in furnishing us the materials. We have collected the following facts:

Albert Abner Beane was born in Lyndon, Vt., May 12, 1857. His height is 5 ft. 10½

inches; his weight 160 pounds; the size of his hat 7½. He fitted for college at Lyndon Literary Institute. He spent one year at Dartmouth, coming to Bates at the beginning of his Sophomore year. He has been in college 96 weeks. His expenses have been \$1300. During his course he has taught 45 weeks and earned \$750. In politics he is Republican; in religious preference, Unitarian. He will take Law as his profession.

Charles Hill Deshon was born in Limington, Sept. 19, 1856. He is 5 ft. 7 inches in height; weighs 145 pounds; and wears a 7½ hat. He fitted at the Nichols Latin School. He has been in college a total of 97 weeks; expenses \$1100. He has taught 51 weeks, earning \$540. He is a Republican and a Universalist. Law is to be his profession.

Ernest Herbert Farrar was born in Lewiston, Jan. 20, 1859. In height he is 5 ft. 10½ inches; his weight is 157 pounds; the size of his hat 7½. He fitted for college at the Lewiston High School and the Nichols Latin School. He has not been absent from college at all during his course. Politically he is a Republican; in religious preference, Congregationalist. He is undecided in regard to his future occupation.

Ivory Franklin Frisbee was born at Kittery, March 30, 1852. He stands 5 ft. 11½ inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. The size of his hat is 7½. He fitted at New Hampton, N. H., and has been in college 127 weeks. Expenses, \$950. During his course he has taught for three years in the Latin School and 14 weeks elsewhere. His earnings have amounted to \$1050. He is a Republican, and his religious preference is Freewill Baptist. He intends to make law his profession.

Francis Little Hayes was born at New Hampton, N. H., Jan. 5, 1858. His height is 5 ft. 8½ inches; weight 150 pounds; and size of hat 7½. He fitted at the Latin

School. He has been in college 134 weeks, and his expenses have been \$850. He has taught in the Latin School for two years, besides 28 weeks in other places. He has earned \$900. He is a Republican and a Freewill Baptist. His future occupation is undecided.

Josiah H. Heald was born in Lovell, Apr. 15, 1859. He is 5 ft. 7 inches in height; weighs 135 pounds; and wears a No. 7 hat. He took his preparatory course at Fryeburg Academy. He has been in college 130 weeks. His expenses have been \$1280. He has taught one year in the Latin School and 32 weeks elsewhere. He has earned during his course \$425. He is a Republican and a Congregationalist. He intends to take the ministry as his profession.

Will Adams Hoyt was born in Winthrop, July 18, 1856. His height is 5 ft. 7 inches; weight 135 pounds; and size of hat 7½. He fitted for college at the Latin School; has been in college 118 weeks, and taught 33. His expenses have been \$1000, his earnings \$600. In politics he is Independent, and has no religious preference. He chooses farming as his occupation.

Wilbur Henry Judkins was born in Monmouth, May 19, 1858. He stands 5 ft. 11½ inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds. The size of his hat is 7½. He fitted at the Waterville Classical Institute. He has been in college 131 weeks. His expenses have been \$1100. He has taught 33 weeks and earned \$300. He is a Republican and a Baptist, and will take law as his profession.

Harry Leonard Merrill was born in Auburn, Oct. 27, 1857. His height is 5 ft. 9 inches; his weight 150 pounds; the size of his hat 7½. He fitted for college at Auburn High School and the Latin School. He has been in college 117 weeks. Expenses, \$1100. He has taught 60 weeks. During his course he has earned \$550. He is a Republican and a Universalist.

He is undecided in regard to his future occupation.

William Pierce Martin was born in Lewiston, July 30, 1858. He is 5 ft. 6 inches in height; weighs 137 pounds; and wears a 7½ hat. He fitted for college at Medford High School, Medford, Mass. He passed the first two years of his course in Bowdoin College, coming to Bates in his Junior year. He has been in college 142 weeks. His expenses have been about \$2500. He is a Republican and has no religious preference. He intends to study law.

Mark Trafton Newton was born in Andover, May 26, 1855. He is 5 ft. 10 inches in height, and weighs 160 pounds. Size of hat, 7½. He fitted at the Andover High School and at Oxford Normal Institute, South Paris. He has been in college 112 weeks, and has taught 60 weeks. His expenses have been \$1000, and his earnings \$700. In politics he is a Republican, and in religious preference a Congregationalist. He intends to make law his profession.

James Franklin Parsons was born in Eustis, March 14, 1854. His height is 5 ft. 8 inches; his weight 150 pounds; and the size of his hat 7½. He prepared for college at the Latin School. He has been in college 146 weeks. His expenses have been \$1050. During his course he has taught for ten terms in the Latin School, and has earned \$550. He is a Republican and a Freewill Baptist. He will make teaching his occupation.

Clark Barker Rankin was born in Hiram, Sept. 7, 1859. He is 5 ft. 10 inches in height; weighs 147 pounds; and wears a 7½ hat. He fitted for college at the Latin School; has spent 120 weeks in college, and taught 12 weeks. He has earned \$200 during his course. In politics he is Independent; in religious preference a Free Thinker. He chooses medicine as his profession.

Elmer Ellsworth Richards was born in Strong, Aug. 24, 1860. In height he is 5 ft. 10½ inches; his weight 150 pounds; and the size of his hat 7½. He fitted at Farmington, and has been in college 120 weeks. His expenses have been \$1100. He is a Republican and has no religious preference. He will take law as his profession.

Oren Cheney Tarbox was born in Bangor, Nov. 25, 1860. He stands 6 ft. in height; his weight is 147 pounds; and the size of his hat is 7½. He fitted in the Latin School, has been in college 131 weeks, and taught 12 weeks. His expenses have been \$800. In politics he is a Republican, and in religious preference a Freewill Baptist. He intends to make teaching his profession.

Almond LeRoy Woods was born at West Troy, June 21, 1856. He is 5 ft. 9 inches in height, and tips the beam at 190. Size of hat 7½. He fitted for college at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. He has spent 95 weeks in college, and taught 69 weeks. His expenses have been \$1300, and he has earned \$900. He is a Republican, and has no religious preference. The law will be his profession.

The average height of the class is 5 ft. 9¼ inches; average weight 151 pounds; and average age 23 years. Their expenses have averaged about \$1175; their earnings about \$525. The class contains 14 Republicans and 2 Independents. In religious preference 4 are Freewill Baptists, 3 Congregationalists, 2 Universalists, 1 Baptist, 1 Unitarian, 1 Free Thinker, and 4 have no preference. 8 intend to study law, 1 medicine, 1 will enter the ministry, 2 choose teaching, 1 farming, and 2 are undecided in regard to their future occupation.

On the evening of the 17th, the Juniors and their ladies were very hospitably entertained by Prof. Angell and wife at their house. Excellent music was furnished by Miss Nash and the class quartette.

LOCALS.

Who ducked the Senior?

Bates vs. Shoemakers—17 to 1.

The weather is extremely lazy.

A cut for the Juniors in Botany.

Skill "combs" them at catching.

Let all "ante" for Commencement Concert.

Commencement Exercises this year will be at the Free Baptist Church.

The game between the Bates and Lisbon Streets resulted in a score of 21 to 7 for Bates.

The Ball Nine are indebted to Twitchell and Davis, of '81, for two handsomely embroidered foul flags.

The prize of \$10 for the best written Junior part not to be publicly delivered, was awarded to Curtis.

Cook and Haskell, of '81, and Blanchard and Pease, of '82, are taking the census in their respective districts.

A practice game of ball between the Bates and Lewiston High School nine recently, resulted in a score of 29 to 2 for the Bates.

In the lecture room a few days since a couple of Juniors inhaled laughing gas to such an extent as to render them wild. *In yer mind.*

The Senior preps and yaggers cheered for Bowdoin at our match games. We hope the yaggers won't think we intend any odious comparison.

The custom has been instituted this summer of giving the nine a supper whenever it is victorious. This is very good. But wouldn't it be better for us to show our appreciation of its efforts by giving a supper after every game whether it is victorious or not?

When recently a portion of the Sophomores stole an excursion to Sabattus, the remainder of the class cut recitation for the benefit of the excursionists.

At the close of the second game of ball between the Bates and Bowdoin, Mr. Wilson of Auburn, formerly a member of the Androscoggin Club, presented the Bates nine with six regulation balls.

The Eurosophian Society has appointed the following committee to prepare a programme for a public meeting to be held at the beginning of next term: W. B. Perkins, '81; W. G. Clark, '82; J. L. Reade, '83.

A Prof. announced to the Juniors that it would probably take him a day or two to get over the effects of Memorial Day, and so would excuse them from recitation, but he hoped that it wouldn't take them so long to recover.

A very attractive programme has been prepared by the Senior class for their Commencement Concert. The celebrated Mrs. J. Houston West, of Boston, and the well-known Reeves' American Band, of Providence, certainly deserve the patronage of the public.

The Senior Preps are very precocious. At the declamations of the Middle Class they succeeded in making things very disagreeable for the audience and participants. The lamps which had been filled with water, began to go out one by one, just as a declaimer passionately exclaimed "Give us more light." The bowling-alley balls which were stolen from the gymnasium, were thrown down the stairs. It was, in fact, a very brilliant (?) performance.

The Sophomore recitation room was very cold, and the Professor remarked that he should have to request the janitor (a Freshman) to be more faithful in the performance of his duties. "Will you

give us leave to haze him, Professor?" asked a cheeky Soph. "I will give you permission to do to him as you would wish him to do to you under similar circumstances," said the Professor, good-naturedly. "Then we'll warm him," replied the wicked Soph with a grin.

The *Portland Argus* in a local gave its readers the impression that it was the fault of our nine that it did not meet the Bowdoin Memorial Day. These are the facts of the case: In the morning it was stormy, and about ten o'clock our manager telegraphed to the Bowdoin manager that it would be too wet to play. Soon after the train had started for Portland, a telegram was received from the Bowdoin manager stating that it was all clear, and asking if we could go. Our manager replied that we could not go. Hence the *Argus* local.

At a meeting of the students held June 22d, the Bates Athletic Association was permanently organized. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and the following officers were elected: President, O. H. Drake, '81; Vice President, S. A. Lowell, '82; Secretary, J. H. Goding, '81; Field Marshal, E. D. Rowell, '81; Treasurer, I. L. Harlow, '82; 1st Timer, J. F. Merrill, '82; 2d Timer, Everett Remick, '83; 1st Director, H. E. Foss, '81; 2d Director, W. S. Hoyt, '82; 3d Director, L. B. Hunt, '83; 1st Collector, H. B. Nevens, '81; 2d Collector, J. C. Perkins, '82; 3d Collector, J. L. Reade, '83.

BASE-BALL.

Our base-ball campaign opened May 12th, by a game at Waterville with the Colbys. The nine, though not so strong or so well-practiced as in some previous seasons, has done itself much credit, and in the games played through the season has maintained its former good record.

The following are the scores of the college games thus far played, in the order in which they took place:

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Sanborn, lb.....	6	3	1	2	5	0	1
Parsons, p.....	6	2	2	2	3	11	0
Wilbur, c.....	6	2	0	0	15	1	3
Norcross, 3b.....	6	1	0	0	0	0	2
Rowell, cf.....	5	1	2	2	0	0	0
Hatch, rf.....	5	1	3	3	0	0	0
Nevens, 2b.....	5	2	1	1	2	2	2
Richards, lf.....	5	2	0	0	2	0	0
Goding, ss.....	5	2	2	3	0	1	1
Total.....	49	16	11	13	27	15	9

COLBYS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Ryder, ss.....	5	0	0	0	3	1	1
Lord, 3b.....	5	1	0	0	0	2	1
Worcester, lb.....	5	1	1	2	13	0	1
Collins, cf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Owen, lf.....	5	0	2	2	0	0	0
Marshall, p.....	5	0	1	1	0	8	5
Judkins, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wadsworth, c.....	4	0	1	1	10	5	10
Chaplin, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	1	4	1
Total.....	42	2	5	6	27	20	19

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	4	2	3	0	4	2	0	—12
Colbys.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—6

Umpire, Herbert Dennison, Colby, '82.

Saturday, May 16th, the nine went to Brunswick to play the first of a series of five games with the Bowdoins. They found a strong and well-practiced team to contend against, and they came home badly beaten. This is the first time the Bowdoins have beaten us for four years, and they were consequently highly elated at their victory.

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Sanborn, 2b.....	4	1	0	0	3	0	3
Parsons, p.....	4	1	1	1	1	7	3
Wilbur, c.....	4	1	2	2	14	0	7
Norcross, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	3	2	5
Rowell, cf.....	4	0	2	2	0	1	0
Hatch, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nevens, lb.....	4	0	1	1	6	1	3
Richards, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Goding, ss.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	5
Total.....	36	3	6	6	27	13	28

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p.....	6	3	2	2	1	10	0
Smith, lf.....	6	2	1	3	0	0	1
Snow, rf.....	6	3	1	1	1	0	0
Knapp, c.....	6	2	1	1	10	1	3
Haggerty, cf.....	6	1	1	1	1	0	0
Maxcy, 2b.....	5	0	0	0	4	2	1
Winter, lb.....	5	1	0	0	7	0	2
Rogers, ss.....	4	2	1	1	1	0	1
Gardner, 3b.....	4	2	2	2	2	0	2
Total.....	48	15	9	10	27	13	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—3
Bowdoins.....	0	0	0	1	2	0	7	2	4—16

Umpire, G. W. Phillips, Bowdoin, '78.

The second game of the series was played May 19th, on our grounds.

The Bowdoins found our boys in better trim for playing this time, and the result was nearly the reverse of the former game. Our nine played only eight innings as the Bowdoins were obliged to leave to catch the train, and, as the score shows, this gave them the advantage of one inning.

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Sanborn, lb.....	6	3	2	2	11	0	3
Foss, ss.....	6	4	4	4	0	6	2
Parsons, p.....	6	3	3	4	3	5	0
Wilbur, c.....	6	2	2	3	7	2	4
Norcross, 3b.....	6	1	4	5	2	1	1
Rowell, cf.....	6	0	2	2	1	0	1
Hatch, rf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nevens, 2b.....	5	0	1	1	3	2	2
Richards, lf.....	5	3	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	51	16	19	22	27	16	13

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p.....	5	0	1	1	0	3	0
Smith, lf.....	5	0	1	1	2	0	2
Snow, rf.....	5	0	1	2	2	0	1
Knapp, c.....	5	0	0	0	4	1	3
Haggerty, cf.....	5	2	1	1	1	1	1
Maxcy, 2b.....	4	2	1	1	3	5	1
Winter, lb.....	4	0	1	1	9	1	1
Rogers, ss.....	4	1	1	1	1	1	4
Gardner, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	1
Total.....	40	6	7	7	24	12	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	3	5	2	0	0	0	4	2	—16
Bowdoins.....	0	2	0	4	0	0	0	0	—6

Umpire, W. E. Ranger, Bates, '79.

The next game, Saturday, May 29th, played on the Bates grounds, resulted in favor of the Brunswick nine.

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Sanborn, lb.....	5	0	0	0	8	1	2
Foss, ss.....	5	1	2	2	1	1	3
Parsons, p.....	5	0	2	2	4	6	3
Wilbur, c.....	5	0	1	1	6	3	2
Norcross, 3b.....	5	2	2	2	2	3	3
Rowell, cf.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hatch, rf.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Nevens, 2b.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	2
Richards, lf.....	4	0	1	1	4	0	1
Total.....	44	4	9	9	27	14	16

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p.....	5	1	1	1	3	3	2
Smith, lf.....	5	2	1	3	2	0	2
Snow, c.....	5	1	1	1	1	1	5
Knapp, rf.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	1
Haggerty, cf.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Maxcy, ss.....	5	1	1	1	1	3	3
Staples, lb.....	4	0	1	1	13	0	1
Rogers, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	1	4	0
Gardner, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	5	1	2
Total.....	42	7	7	9	27	12	16

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0-4
Bowdoins.....	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0-7

Umpire, Frank Holmes of Auburn.

The fourth game was played at Brunswick, Saturday, June 5th. Considerable interest was felt in this game, for if the Bowdoins won it would give them three out of the five games of the series. The contest was a close one and at the end of the ninth inning the scores stood even. The tenth inning, however, gave us one score, and the day was ours.

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Foss, ss.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	1
Parsons, p.....	5	1	2	2	1	11	1
Wilbur, c.....	5	0	0	0	5	2	5
Sanborn, lb.....	5	2	2	3	12	0	4
Dresser, rf.....	5	0	2	2	2	0	1
Rowell, cf.....	5	1	1	1	2	2	1
Tinkham, 2b.....	5	0	0	0	2	1	2
Roberts, 3b.....	5	0	0	0	1	3	1
Richards, lf.....	4	1	0	0	4	0	0
Total.....	44	6	8	9	30	19	16

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p.....	6	2	2	2	1	4	1
Smith, lf.....	5	1	1	1	0	1	1
Snow, rf.....	5	0	1	1	2	0	2
Knapp, c.....	5	0	0	0	6	1	4
Haggerty, cf.....	5	0	1	2	2	0	0
Maxcy, ss.....	5	1	1	1	1	6	3
Staples, lb.....	5	1	1	1	11	0	1
Rogers, 2b.....	5	0	0	0	6	2	2
Gardner, 3b.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	46	5	7	8	30	14	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	1	-6
Bowdoins.....	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0-5

Umpire, H. W. Ring, Bowdoin, '79, of Portland.

The victory of the Bates nine, June 5th, upon the Bowdoin grounds, redoubled the interest in the issue of the next game.

Each nine had won two games, and the final game, to be played in Portland, was to decide the championship of the State. Public opinion seemed to favor the Bowdoins, but the Bates boys were determined to do or die. This game was played, June 12th, on the Presumpscot Park, and resulted in a victory for the Bates. Parsons never pitched a better game, the Bowdoins getting only four base hits. The Bates nine have reason to be proud of this victory, for they had one of the best nines in the State to contend with. We think we will be pardoned for whatever ring of boastfulness the remark may seem to have, if we say that we have the best pitcher and catcher in the State.

The following is the score:

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Foss, cf.....	6	0	2	2	0	0	0
Parsons, p.....	6	2	2	2	1	12	1
Wilbur, c.....	6	0	2	2	10	2	3
Sanborn, lb.....	6	2	1	1	10	1	1
Xorosa, 3b.....	5	1	1	1	3	1	2
Dresser, rf.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	1
Rowell, ss.....	5	2	2	2	0	3	2
Tinkham, 2b.....	5	2	3	3	1	1	1
Richards, lf.....	5	0	1	1	2	0	0
Total.....	49	10	15	15	27	20	11

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p.....	5	0	1	1	0	5	1
Smith, lf.....	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Snow, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Knapp, c.....	4	0	1	1	3	1	3
Haggerty, cf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Maxcy, ss.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Staples, lb.....	4	0	1	1	11	0	0
Rogers, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	4	5
Gardner, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	4	0	2
Total.....	37	2	4	4	27	12	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	3	1	2	2	2-10
Bowdoins.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0-2

Umpire, Leighton of Portland.

Saturday, June 19th, after the Field Day exercises, a game was played on the Androscoggin grounds by the Bates and Colbys, resulting, as will be seen from the score below, in a victory for the Colbys. A third game between them will probably soon be played.

BATES.

	AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Foss, C. F.	5	2	1	1	0	0	1
Persons, P.	5	1	0	0	0	8	1
Wilbur, C.	5	1	1	1	10	0	8
Sanborn, Ib.	5	2	1	2	10	0	0
Norcross, 3b.	5	0	1	2	1	0	0
Dresser, R.	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Rowell, ss.	5	1	0	0	1	2	6
Tinkham, 2b.	5	2	0	0	1	2	2
Richards, lf.	4	0	2	2	1	0	2
Total	44	16	7	9	24	12	14

COLBYS.

	AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Ryder, ss.	5	2	2	3	3	2	3
Lord, 1 f.	5	1	2	2	0	0	3
Worcester, C.	5	0	3	4	4	1	8
Woodcock, 3b.	5	0	1	1	3	1	1
Andrews, C. F.	5	2	1	1	1	1	0
Marshall, p.	5	0	0	0	1	2	9
Judkins, rf.	5	2	0	0	3	0	1
Wadsworth, 1b	4	2	1	1	7	0	0
Chaplin, 2b.	4	2	1	1	5	2	1
Total	43	11	11	13	27	9	26

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	0	5	1	0	0	4	0	0	0-10
Colbys	0	6	0	0	0	1	4	0	0-11

Umpire, W. E. Ranger, Bates, '79.

IVY DAY.

Friday afternoon, June 11th, the Juniors celebrated Ivy Day. At two o'clock the procession composed of the four classes and headed by Glover's Band was formed, and with Davis of '81 for Marshal, marched through the principal streets and then returned to Hathorn Hall, where they found a large audience awaiting them. The following is the programme :

Prayer,	MUSIC.	G. E. Lowden.
Oration,	OPENING ODE.	D. McGillicuddy.
Poem,	MUSIC.	Miss E. J. Clark.
	CLASS ODE.	
	Planting the Ivy.	
	IVY ODE.	

The Opening Ode, written by C. A. Strout, was sung by the class.

McGillicuddy chose for the subject of his Oration "Backbone." He gave us both in point of composition and delivery

a very interesting and entertaining oration.

The Poem by Miss Clark was a production of considerable merit, and exhibited a fine poetic taste. Her graceful delivery added much to its interest and beauty.

After the singing of Class Ode by the quartette, the class withdrew to plant the ivy; after which the tablet was unveiled and the Ivy Ode, by F. A. Twitchell, was sung by the quartette. The class then returned to the hall where the presentations were made by E. D. Rowell, as follows :

Handsome Man—Looking Glass.	W. P. Curtis.
Homely Man—Halter.	H. E. Foss.
Instrumentalist—Horn.	C. A. Strout.
Base-Ballist—Ball.	C. P. Sanborn.
Popular Man—Cane.	Miss Clark.
Cheekiest Man—Mask.	W. T. Perkins.
Vocalist—Gospel Hymns.	W. C. Hobbs.
Bore—Gimlet.	J. H. Parsons.
Lazy Man—Chair.	Oscar Davis.
Ladies' Man—Eyeglass.	C. S. Haskell.
Ponyist—Horse.	F. A. Twitchell.
Smoker—Pipe and Plug.	O. H. Drake.
Fop—Red Necktie.	W. B. Perkins.
Class Defender—Shot Gun.	G. L. Record.

The replies were spicy and full of sharp hits and amusing references, which were well appreciated and enjoyed by the audience.

The Ivy Tablet, which is placed upon the northern wing of Hathorn Hall, is a marble slab 8x10 inches, in the form of a shield, upon which is carved an anchor twined about with an ivy branch; and over this is cut "'81."

We publish below the Class Ode by W. P. Foster; the music for which was composed expressly for the occasion by Prof. E. H. Bailey of Boston :

Mother Earth, dark-faced and worn
 Old Mother, sad with nations borne,
 We bring this day a gift to thee.
 This vine upon thy breast we lay,
 While death and age seem far away
 And hope lights all the years to be.

Dark Mother, rich in leaves and flowers,
 Look kindly on this gift of ours,
 To which each year new strength shall bring.
 The loud winds blow us from the shore
 Of youth,—we shall return no more;
 For us there waits no other spring.

Dark-browed Mother, Mother Earth,
 Neither in grief come we nor mirth,
 But strong in heart and steady-souled,
 With quelling eyes we face the years,
 For God whose hand upholds the spheres
 Will bring each soul at last to fold.

FIELD DAY.

The dearth of college customs at Bates has been becoming for some time past more and more a source of dissatisfaction to the students. This encouraging indication of growth and advancement has been followed first by the establishment of Ivy Day by '79, and now by the institution of Field Day. Our first Field Day exercises occurred Saturday, June 19, on the Androscoggin Base-Ball Grounds. At one o'clock, in spite of the heat, and the admission fee of twenty-five cents, quite a respectable audience was collected. As this was our first adventure of the kind, the exercises were probably much less interesting than they will be in the future. Some difficulty was found in keeping the yaggers quiet, who had stolen their entrance through cracks, chinks, and knot-holes.

The day was ended by a game of ball, in which we were defeated by the Colby boys. The following is the order of exercises, with the names of the winners. Nos. 16, 17, 18, and 21 were omitted for lack of time. Martin, '80, carried off four of the prizes.

1. FIVE-MILE WALK.—Hayes, '80; Heald, '80; Drake, '81; Eaton, '82. Winner, Hayes, '80. Record, 53 min. 44 sec.

2. HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP.—Martin, '80; Goding, '81; Parsons, '81; Hoyt, '82; Bartlett, '83. Winner, Martin, '80. Record, 37 ft. 3½ in.

3. THREE STANDING BROAD JUMPS (WITH-OUT WEIGHTS).—Farrar, '80; Goding, '81; Emerson, '81; Rideout, '81; Nevens, '81. Winner, Nevens, '81. Record, 27 ft. 1 in.

4. STANDING HIGH JUMP.—Rankin, '80; Dresser, '82; Carpenter, '82; Cogswell, '82. Winner, Carpenter, '82. Record, 4 ft. 1 in.

5. PUTTING SHOT—25 LBS.—Woods, '80; Davis, '81; Dresser, '82; Skillings, '82; Spaulding, '83. Winner, Woods, '80. Record, 22 ft. 8 in.

6. RUNNING BROAD JUMP.—Martin, '80; Rankin, '80; Goding, '81; Sanborn, '81; Carpenter, '82; Hoyt, '82; Libby, '82; Perham, '83. Winner, Martin, '80. Record, 16 ft. 5 in.

7. HUNDRED YARDS DASH—3 HEATS.—Deshon, '80; Martin, '80; Parsons, '81; Gile, '83. Winner, Deshon, '80. Record, 10½ sec.

8. ONE-MILE WALK.—Judkins, '80; McKenney, '82; Libby, '82. Winner, Judkins, '80. Record, 9 min. 15 sec.

9. RUNNING HIGH JUMP.—Rankin, '80; Dresser, '82; Carpenter, '82; Norcross, '82; Cogswell, '82. Winner, Norcross, '82. Record, 4 ft. 8½ in.

10. STANDING BROAD JUMP.—Farrar, '80; Rankin, '80; Emerson, '81; Johnson, '83; Barber, '83. Winner, Rankin, '80. Record, 9 ft. 10 in.

11. THROWING HAMMER—20 LBS.—Woods, '80; Davis, '81; Sanborn, '81; Dresser, '82; Douglass, '82; Skillings, '82. Winner, Woods, '80. Record, 54 ft. 1 in.

12. HALF-MILE RUN.—Richards, '80; Martin, '80. Winner, Martin, '80. Record, 2 min. 13½ sec.

13. ONE-MILE RUN.—Rankin, '80; Emerson, '81; McKenney, '82; Libby, '82; Bartlett, '83. Winner, McKenney, '82. Record, 4 min. 31 sec.

14. POTATO RACE.—Tarbox, '80; McKenney, '82; Bullen, '82; Hunt, '83; Grice, '83; Barber, '83; Spaulding, '83. Winner, Tarbox, '80. Record, 4 min. 3 sec.

15. 220 YARDS DASH.—Martin, '80; Emerson, '81; Barber, '83. Winner, Martin, '80. Time not taken.

16. HALF-MILE WALK.—Judkins, '80; Mason, '82; Atwater, '83; Spaulding, '83.

17. THREE-LEGGED RACE.—Martin, '80 and Richards, '80; Roberts, '81 and Goding, '81; Murch, '82 and Mason, '82; Hunt, '83 and Jordan, '83.

18. HURDLE RACE.—Martin, '80; Rankin, '80; Parsons, '81; Libby, '82.

19. THROWING BASE-BALL.—Tarbox, '80; Richards, '80; Sanborn, '81; Skillings, '82; Spaulding, '83. Winner, Sanborn, '81. Record, 326 ft. 6 in.

20. SACK RACE.—Rideout, '81; Douglass, '82; Murch, '82; Hunt, '83. Winner, Rideout, '81. Record, 14½ sec.

21. TUG-OF-WAR.—Six men from each class.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

In a recent number of the *STUDENT* appeared an article on the action of the college authorities in regard to class suppers, the burial of Analytics, the publication of the *Garnet*, etc., written by a subscriber, and treating the subject from his point of view. Very likely many of the students sympathize with his opinions as expressed in that article, yet it is none the less true that there is another side to this matter. I believe that any fair-minded person, after carefully considering the subject, will admit that the Faculty have strong grounds for the position which they have taken in regard to these things. Our college was founded for the express purpose of aiding young men who were endeavoring, by their own exertions to obtain an education. As one of its friends has said: "If the college has a right to exist at all it is that it may bring a liberal education within the reach of those who would otherwise be deprived of it." With this end in view the expenses have been placed much lower than those of any other New England college, and besides this, additional aid has never been refused to those who have needed and merited it. Now, just as surely as class exits, suppers, and things of this kind, which are all good enough in themselves,

and entirely proper in many colleges, are introduced here, so surely will they defeat this object of the college. Customs of this kind once established must be followed. If a class is to have a supper or a celebration of any kind, no one of its members likes to refuse to join with the others. Few have the courage even to own that they cannot afford the expense. Now it is the absence of this class of expenses more than anything else, that has made the cost of a course at Bates so much less than at other colleges. If this is to be changed, if the expenses are to be raised to a level with those of the older institutions, surely students will do better to avail themselves of the superior advantages which some of the latter possess. I am aware that this is not the popular view of the subject, but I think it is but fair that both sides should have a hearing, and that there are two sides to this question ought to be evident to all.

STUDENT.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge has been appointed Assistant Professor in John Hopkins University. His work will be in two departments, Latin and German.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, has been nominated for State Senator from Marion County, Fla., by the Republicans of that County.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, who contributed perhaps more than any one else to the founding of the *STUDENT* is now in town. We regret to learn that he is in very poor health.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins is having excellent success as Principal of Northwood Seminary, at Northwood, N. H.

'76.—A. L. Morey has been offered the

position of Principal of Green Mountain Seminary, at Waterbury Centre, Vt.

77.—H. W. Oakes was admitted to the Androscoggin Bar, May 15th.

77.—J. A. Chase occupied the pulpit at the Universalist Church in this city on Sunday, June 6th.

EXCHANGES.

As we glance over our pile of exchanges, we can perceive the near approach of Commencement in the increased interest and sparkle of the local departments. The editorials, also, seem to be invigorated by the nearness of the summer vacation. The literary departments are naturally somewhat slighted, and inflict upon us a rather dry and uninteresting mass of matter, but partially atone for it by decreasing the amount. In a few of our exchanges the literary articles are excellent.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* is always on time. The article, "Dream Land," is full of dash and spirit, but it is also a little florid. "Oral *versus* Written Examinations" is well written and, better, it is true. "Ye new local editors" put in a timely plea for all "to pass their imperfections by." The *Monthly* devotes considerable space to Alumni Personals—rather too much, we think. On the whole the June number is very good.

The *University Press* contains two good articles, "Milton's Master Piece," and "The Quiet Man." The locals are rather dry, too long and editorial like. The Exchange Editor is anxious to know if the Yale man ever studies. He says: "Perhaps out West, here, in the midst of our primeval forests, where the landscape is diversified only by the bounding antelope and frisky cow, we don't appreciate the noble athletics of the Olympian Yale man."

"Only half of the students of Bates College, Me., are claimed as Christians." What are the other half—Chinese? *Index*. No. Guess again, friend *Index*.

Our Nova Scotia friend, the *College Record*, from Kings College, Windsor, appears before us with grave and sombre mien, and says: "There is nothing we have such a horror of as American wit. It always seems to resolve itself into two classes, coarse freedom and bad spelling. The latter is certainly the least objectionable of the two, but it was always incomprehensible to us how a man could write 'cow' in this form, 'kow,' and then laugh at it." If this is the idea the Exchange Editor really has of American wit, we cannot blame him for his abhorrence of it. Kings College must be a sober old place; the terms "hazing" and "rushing" are not even understood there. Yet we cannot help liking the dignified countenance of our friend, the *Record*.

In the *Collegian*, from a Western college, we find a lengthy poem headed "Bob Ingersoll's Reception in Hell, Presupposed." There are really traces of genius in this poem (if written by a college student), though we think the writer might better have exercised himself upon another theme. It is our opinion that Mr. Robert Ingersoll has done and is doing a good work in attacking the Orthodox idea of hell. There are other things in the same number of this paper well worthy of notice.

Several of our exchanges have taken it upon themselves to review the new poem "Light of Asia." A very good specimen of these reviews we find in the *College Index*, from Kalamazoo. The same paper quotes its poem, a sonnet, from Sir Philip Sidney. The editorial department is very good, though short.

We have received No. 1, Vol. I., of the *William Jewell Student* from Missouri. Like most new papers, it devotes altogether

er too much space to literary articles. Its articles are well-written, however, and it is a very good specimen for a first number.

It is now less than ten weeks since the first number of Funk & Co.'s cheap "Standard Series" was issued. In this brief time, to supply the demand, they have printed *eight hundred miles of paper*. This would make a path, three feet wide, of healthful reading matter, from New York to Chicago, or a strip an inch wide around the earth, with 4,000 miles to spare. Were the pages equally distributed, every family in America would have been supplied already with *three pages* of the "Standard Series" books. This looks as if the "Dime Novel" was being crowded out. We are glad to see these cheap editions of popular English works. We wish them all success. The more of them we have the sooner we shall have an International Copyright Law.

We acknowledge the receipt of "The Little-Tin-God-on-Wheels or Society in our Modern Athens," by Robert Grant; published by Charles W. Sever, Cambridge, Mass. Price fifty cents. This most pleasing satire on Boston society, first published in the *Harvard Lampoon*, is now issued in a neat pamphlet form. The author has shown much talent in this satire. It is humorous, pointed, and not overdrawn. In addition to this, the pamphlet contains another, "Oxygen, a Mount Desert Pastoral," which is also very good.

OTHER COLLEGES.

The library at Yale is open on Sunday.

The Juniors of Michigan University wear a class "plug."

Seven professors have recently been turned out of the Minnesota State University, on account of alleged incompetency.

The Alleghany College, Pa., authorities have suspended five students for hazing.

The circulation of the daily *Harvard Echo* is 3,200 a week and is rapidly increasing.

The Faculty and professional staff of Yale is composed of just one hundred persons.

The annual register shows the number of students in Columbia College to be 1494.

Jeff. Davis has been invited by an Indiana University to address their Alumni in June.

Mt. Holyoke Seminary has supplied one hundred and fifteen missionaries with wives.

The great Mohammedan University in Egypt has 10,000 students and 300 professors.

The number of graduates at Oxford is 2815. In the inter-university athletic sports, Cambridge scored 6, Oxford 3.

Yale has been having a dispute about the use of Herbert Spencer's text-books on sociology. The more conservative members of the Faculty say that it is too liberal in religious matters.

The students in Botany at Ann Harbor are required to analyze 100 plants, mount 25, and draw diagrams of 10. The Commencement exercises are postponed to July 1st, one week later than ever before.

At Princeton there has been much opposition to class day. President McCosh, in his mania for fighting against every college custom not absolutely necessary, objected to having the usual class exercises, but the students are this time victorious.

German students know how to drink beer to say the least. Witness the following: "The University of Leipsig has

about 3,500 students, each consuming about three gallons of beer per day. Students always smoke in class room till the Prof. enters.—*Ex.*

The highest salaries paid by any college are those to the Professors of Columbia, who receive amounts varying from \$7,500 to \$3,385; Harvard pays from \$4000 to \$3,000; Yale and Princeton about \$3,500; University of California, \$3,600; Brown, from \$3,000 to \$2,500; Williams, 2,500; Cornell, from \$2,250 to \$1,000; Wesleyan, \$2,500. The salaries paid to Oxford professors vary from £900 to £400.

CLIPPINGS.

Is it the office of the Faculty to serve as suspenders for college breeches?—*Ex.*

A Boston artist painted an orange peel upon the sidewalk so naturally that six fat old gentlemen slipped upon it and fell down.—*Ex.*

Force of habit. Greek recitation. Student—"Professor, how do you take τῶδες?" Professor (abstractedly)—"With considerable sugar, thank you"—*Yale Record.*

One of the handsomest Sophomores has propounded the following conundrum: Why are Madison girls like boiled potatoes? Answer. Because they are easily mashed.—*Madisonensis.*

Juliana (as they are going home from Pinafore)—"I think Sir Joseph looks just swell in his white pants." Absent-minded Junior—"And so did his sis—H'm. Yes, very."—*Madisonensis.*

They were at the concert. She—enthusiastic. He—bored. She (nudging him)—"O, Chawles, do listen to those sweet strains." He—"Eh? strains? Yes, awful strains. Should think she'd bust."—*Tripod.*

Prof.—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Soph.—"The touch." Prof.—"Prove it." Soph.—"When you sit on a pin—you can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but *it's there!*"

Prof. of Chemistry (in the midst of an interesting lecture)—"Just think, gentlemen, if the revolution of the earth were to cease for one instant, everything would be that minute burned up. The force of motion being changed to—" Cheeky Soph.—"Professor, may I ask a question?" Prof. (impatient of delay)—"Certainly, provided you are quick with it." Soph.—"Aint you glad it don't stop?" "Class excused."—*Concordiensis.*

In the spring a louder necktie comes
Upon the Freshman's breast,
In the spring the wanton Sophomore gets
Himself a beaver crest.
In the spring the Junior prattles like
The cooing of the dove;
In the spring the Senior's fancy lightly
Turns to thoughts of love.

CAUGHT.

Softly falls the summer moonlight,
On the tranquil ocean tides,
Where a boat with youth and maiden
O'er the water lightly rides.

Hushed by nature's solemn silence,
Whispers he in accents low,
"Let us float through life together,
Though the tide be ebb or flow."

And she answers, breathing music
Like a low breeze through the pines,
"Yes, dear, if you'll only let me
Hold, as now, the rudder lines."

—*Crimson.*

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—*The Beacon.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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Rates of advertising, 75 cents per inch for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

MISSING NUMBERS.—If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the Magazine when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.

Literary communications should be addressed to the "Editors of the Bates Student." All subscriptions and business letters to

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BATES STUDENT.

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SEPTEMBER, 1880.

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1880.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.

M. T. N., '80.

IT is estimated that during the present year the Chinese population of this country will increase 60,000. People may scout the idea, but the Chinese question is one that must be met, and that, too, within the present century. This is not a mere moral question. No feelings of benevolence must override our highest interest. No temporary gain must outweigh our permanent future good. The Chinese question is eminently a sociological one. Considered in this light, what dangers do they threaten us as a nation?

1st.—They may overrun us.

China is vastly overpopulated. Production has been reduced to an exact science. Individual wants have been reduced to the minimum, yet she cannot support her increasing population. Let her surplus population flow unrestricted into the United States, and how long will it be before Chinese are more numerous than Americans?

Let us learn from history. In 1846 Ireland had a population of 7,000,000. During two years of famine, 2,000,000, more than one-quarter of her population, emigrated. China has a population of 450,000,000. Suppose there be a famine in China. Let one-quarter of her population, or 120,000,000, land in the United States, and they are three, to us one. Where, then, shall we be?

2d.—They will degenerate us.

If immigration continues to increase at its present rate, you must admit one of two things: either the two races *will* intermarry, or they *will not*.

If they intermarry, what will be the result? Look at the turbulent, vicious South Americans! Look at the enervate creoles of Mexico! Look at the lawless half-breeds of our Western frontier! and you will get the answer. It is an established fact that an intermixture of races produces a people inferior to both the original races. When the American stock becomes much inferior to the Chinese, what will become of our free institutions?

But suppose there is no intermarriage. If the Caucasian and Mongolian races meet on this continent, which will become master? How far will the law of the "survival of the fittest" control the issue? Which is the fittest to survive? The Caucasian, exulting in his pride of race, tells you there is only one answer. But history can give a more correct answer than prejudice. Malthus sums up the matter thus: "When two races come in contact, that one which by greater skill produces more, or by reason of greater frugality consumes less, will increase the faster, and other things being equal, will in time displace the other."

We find a complete exemplification of this law, in the extermination of the American Indian. The Indian, from his

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1st.—They may overrun us.

China is vastly overpopulated. Production has been reduced to an exact science. Individual wants have been reduced to the minimum, yet she cannot support her increasing population. Let her surplus population flow unrestricted into the United States, and how long will it be before Chinese are more numerous than Americans?

Let us learn from history. In 1846 Ireland had a population of 7,000,000. During two years of famine, 2,000,000, more than one-quarter of her population, emigrated. China has a population of 450,000,000. Suppose there be a famine in China. Let one-quarter of her population, or 120,000,000, land in the United States, and they are three, to us one. Where, then, shall we be?

2d.—They will degenerate us.

If immigration continues to increase at its present rate, you must admit one of two things: either the two races *will* intermarry, or they *will not*.

If they intermarry, what will be the result? Look at the turbulent, vicious South Americans! Look at the enervate creoles of Mexico! Look at the lawless half-breeds of our Western frontier! and you will get the answer. It is an established fact that an intermixture of races produces a people inferior to both the original races. When the American stock becomes much inferior to the Chinese, what will become of our free institutions?

But suppose there is no intermarriage. If the Caucasian and Mongolian races meet on this continent, which will become master? How far will the law of the "survival of the fittest" control the issue? Which is the fittest to survive? The Caucasian, exulting in his pride of race, tells you there is only one answer. But history can give a more correct answer than prejudice. Malthus sums up the matter thus: "When two races come in contact, that one which by greater skill produces more, or by reason of greater frugality consumes less, will increase the faster, and other things being equal, will in time displace the other."

We find a complete exemplification of this law, in the extermination of the American Indian. The Indian, from his

manner of life, requires ten square miles to afford himself sustenance; while the Englishman, on account of his greater skill in utilizing the forces of nature, can support 200 persons on the same area. Hence it was only a question of time as to when the 200 English would displace the one Indian.

We may find another example in English history at the time of the Norman Conquest. The Normans were both intellectually and physically superior to the Saxons. The Normans could conquer by force of arms, but the Saxons, through their skillful industry and simple habits, kept their own numbers ever on the increase until the luxurious Normans were entirely absorbed.

For a fresh example of this law we need only look at this city to-day. Every candid man will admit that our foreign population are multiplying at about four times the rate of our natives. Why is this? The simple reason is: while foreigners are not greatly inferior to us in ability to produce food, four of them can thrive on an income that would barely support one native American.

Let us apply this law to the Chinese. They are a gregarious people. They can pack more of their kind in a given number of cubic feet than any other known nation. They have gone to the extreme in utilizing food. There is neither plant, bird, beast, fish, nor reptile but enters into their bill of fare. For this reason they surpass us as food producers. On account of their small size and great frugality they consume much less. It is a fair estimate, that, other things being equal, they, as compared with Americans, can subsist on a given area in the ratio of twelve to one. Judging from the history of six thousand years, will it be difficult to foretell the result when these two races come in contact on equal terms?

The real truth is this: it is not always

the best that survives. But that survives which is the best prepared to survive. The flowers and vegetables in your garden are better, more useful than the weeds but if left to struggle unassisted, which will finally possess the soil? The question is not one of mere present utility, but of future prosperity. It matters not whether the Chinaman's labor is dear or cheap; whether he is a Christian or a heathen; whether he is a model of virtue or a monster of vice; but the question is, whether the two races are sufficiently homogeneous to thrive side by side.

Self-preservation is the great law of nature. No existing treaty can bind us to our own destruction. No obligations of benevolence or hospitality require a man to admit a stranger into his house at the peril of his own possession. If the Chinaman is such a stranger, then prudence demands that he should not be admitted.

TO-MORROW.

E. F. N., '72.

Where dost thou linger, while we wait for thee
 'Mid the vague silences that hold the air,
 The deep'ning hush that spreadeth every-
 where

And wraps all nature in its mystery?

Let stars grow pale and evening swiftly flee,

Let darkness hide within his gloomy lair,

While thy rich banners, tinged with colors
 rare,

Fill all the sky with throbbing ecstasy.

Long have we looked for thee with anxious
 eyes,

That bore no hopefulness in their unrest;
 For night is irksome, none may hear our cries,

With thee and thee alone can we be blest:
 Draw nigh to us while darkness hastes away,
 That we may greet in thee the better day.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

J. H. P., '81.

IT is 1552. Civilization is just awakening from a long sleep. The art of printing, discovered a hundred years previous, has begun to revolutionize thought. Sixty years have rolled away since Columbus, with his little fleet, sailed back from a new world.

In this year, marked by strife of parties and of religion, was born at South Devon a youth christened Walter. Among his earliest recollections is the death of Mary Tudor, and the joyous reception of Elizabeth to the throne of England.

He is educated in the Protestant faith, and learns from childhood to hate the Pope and the Spaniards. We see him as a youth, in company with his father hunting the wild deer upon the hills of Dartmoor, and we imagine him gazing down upon the ocean and wondering, if when he becomes a man, he too, shall fight the Spaniards; and if, like Columbus, he shall sail away and discover new lands.

We next see him clad in a student's garb studying the classics at Oxford. But his stay here is short, for heartily as he loved his books, he loved military life better. All the beauty of Homer and Demosthenes vanished before the danger of his country and the triumph of her enemies. Six years are spent in active military training. He goes to France to use his sword for oppressed protestants, and his hatred for the pope is strengthened as he listens to the shrieks of the St. Bartholemew massacre.

There was trouble in Ireland, and Raleigh was selected as the man to quell the disturbance. Here, although impeded by the jealousies of his superiors, he proved himself an energetic commander and a brave man.

He spent his fortune in sending out colonists to Virginia, and you say he failed.

Yes, he failed to make it pay—failed as failed Galileo and Socrates; Raleigh failed to found permanent colonies, but he opened the way for others, and the principle that he alone, of all the explorers of his time defended, colonized America.

In the tower of London a man well advanced in life bends over his MSS. In that form still erect, in that lofty brow, in that piercing eye we recognize the man that fought single handed at the ford in Shannon, and that soiled his cloak to protect the feet of his queen. But how came Raleigh here? Elizabeth is dead, and in her grave lie buried all his hopes of distinction. A tyrant sits upon the throne of England, who does not hesitate to sacrifice the best men in his realm, if he can thereby further his selfish ends. Spain demands that Raleigh shall be killed, and James, not daring to comply for fear of the people, sends him to the Tower, where for fourteen years he has paid the penalty for zeal in a righteous cause. James is bent on marrying his daughter to the Spanish Infanta, and he wants gold to fill his empty coffers. And so Raleigh is led forth from the "bloody Tower" and sent, like a slave, to Guiana for treasure. The expedition failed, and Raleigh, his son slain, his last hope gone, came back to die. For James lost no time in removing the last obstacle to the marriage of his son by bringing to the scaffold the best man in England.

Raleigh has been called the greatest man of his time; yet Shakespeare and Johnson were his friends; Burleigh, Bacon, Drake, the Gilberts were his contemporaries. Soldier, statesman, historian, discoverer, all were united in Raleigh. Let June 11th, 1696, and the slaughtered Spaniards tell of his prowess in arms. A statesman, he advocated measures far in advance of his time. He was a "free trader" three hundred years before Peel. His "History of the World," published during

the eleventh year of his confinement, has been called the most God-fearing, God-seeing history ever written.

Raleigh was never a popular man. Neither was Charles Sumner. Both were men of too decided opinions for popularity. Both were the champions of the oppressed. Such was Raleigh's life. Come and let us look upon his death. It is worthy of his life. He feels the edge of the axe and says, "This is a sharp and sure remedy for all misfortunes." He is asked which way he will lay his head, and replies, "It is little matter which way the head lies, if so be that the heart is right."

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

G. E. L., '81.

THE union of three natures, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, constitutes a man. The harmonious development of these, an educated man. Education, then, is the perfecting of manhood—such a drawing out and strengthening of every capacity in man as to give him the freest, completest use of himself.

What is the importance of the religious element in education? This we may learn by observing the historic characters whom we most admire. And who are these? The brilliant man, as Byron? the learned man, as Bacon? the cultured man, as Goethe? No; these are prodigies, and our admiration is partial, not complete. While one faculty attracts, the man as a whole repels. Who are they? Those rare souls, as Augustine, Tholuck, Edwards—men that have united the highest intellectual attainments with the deepest piety, and stand forth complete, a type of true manhood.

The blending of all the faculties in strong and healthy action constitutes the charm and attractive power of these lives; yet,

manifestly, this unity of completeness comes from the consent of the intellect to be guided by the spiritual faculty. A man, then, may be brilliant, learned, cultured if you please, but educated *never*, until the religious nature exerts a controlling influence, for as one has said, "The soul is larger than the mind."

Again, the importance of the religious element in education is seen in that while the spiritual nature controls, it neither circumscribes nor limits the action of the mind. Blind are they who say otherwise. It is a philosophical truth, an historic fact, that the intellect is enlarged, ennobled, quickened by becoming the servant of the soul. Religious sentiment is the expression of the soul through the exercise of the mind. In the expression of this sentiment have originated the highest achievements of the intellect. Grecian sculpture, Roman law, the masterpieces of painting, and the immortal harmonies of the inspired musicians, are the productions of the mind quickened and exalted by the highest exercise of the moral faculties. So of literature. Take from it the religious sentiment and what is left worthy of preservation? Only ashes remain; light, heat, life are gone.

The intellect is quickened by the spiritual. The spiritual is made perfect by communion with the divine man. The truest, highest education is unattainable apart from the Christian religion.

Again, the heroes that have pioneered civilization testify to the importance of the religious element in education.

These have been men of cultured and vigorous intellects; but this fact alone will not account for their power. The mind of Plato was superior to that of Augustine; yet the impulse given by Plato to true civilization wanes before that of the monk of the fourth century. Moreover, when civilization had been arrested and turned back, the minds and consciences of men

again submerged in ignorance and superstition, did mind give light and freedom? The mind of Luther, apart from his intense, burning soul, would have been powerless to awake and illumine Germany, to give freedom of mind and heart. The soul fired by the truth of divine revelation was the source of strength to these two heroic spirits. This is true, also, of Charlemagne, William of Orange, of all the champions of true reform and lasting progress, thus beautifully exemplifying these words of Emerson: "As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so is it ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it."

"The fruit of a liberal education," says President Eliot, "is not knowledge but power." But *power*, as we have seen, belongs to the complete man, the man whose culture embraces strong, vigorous, spiritual life.

The question all important to us then is, will we own this truth, this truth of highest philosophy confirmed by history? The question all important to the world is, will it acknowledge that complete education embraces spiritual culture?

When this truth is believed and acted upon, then shall there be educated men, strong men, prepared for the class-room, for the pulpit, for state and national offices; then shall have dawned that new era of civilization for which the great and good have lived, in the hope of which they have died.

ODE.

C. E. S., '83.

When fair Freedom's outraged goddess
Filled the land with shrieks and cries,
And the black-browed god of battle
Rolled his red car through the skies,
Then our nation's gallant heroes
Heard her cries and wild alarms,

Rushed all madly to the rescue,
Caught her fainting in their arms.

And through fire and smoke they bore her
From the battle's fatal breath,
'Mid the tyrant's winged lances
Dragged her from the jaws of Death;
And if now she smiles in triumph
With a grace that can forgive,
'Tis because those gallant heroes
Gave their lives that she might live.

And now let them sweetly slumber,
While we guard each sacred grave—
Gander in doom-stricken glory,
With the flowers that o'er it wave,
Than the monumental marble
With its sculptured urn and bust,
For that mound shall live in glory,
When the empty urn is dust.

INDIVIDUALITY.

H. E. C., '81.

NATURE never copies. Each man is in some respects a peculiar creation. Of the powers with which he is endowed, a part he has in common with all men; others belong to himself alone. The first, make him a man; the last, an individual. Without the first, men would have no interest in one another, without the last, society and government would be impossible. Eccentric men there have always been, but the development of independent thought and action among men as a whole is the peculiar work of civilization and commensurate with its progress. To be sure the development has been gradual, for all history proves that the free and full expression of man's individuality has always encountered some opposing influence. This influence has varied with the progress of the world, from that of mere brute force to that of custom. In the dark

ages the civil power prescribed what men should do and the church what they should think. Armies were ever at hand to enforce their decrees. The people were made mere copies of a model prepared by their masters who themselves were but the creatures of precedent. They were regarded, not as reasoning beings but as savage animals, in whom liberty of action was dangerous. Progress was impossible, because men could not express their own thoughts, but only the opinions of others. This repression of individual thought was, of itself, enough to cause the dark ages.

Men, however, were not beasts and when the example was set they would think. When Luther would be heard, church intolerance had to cease. When Galileo would say the world does move, science began its onward journey. But when the force of armies could no longer control men's actions, another power took its place; less dangerous to defy but scarcely less difficult to overcome, that of custom. While every act of our daily lives is not now determined by others, the important affairs of life are almost as completely under the influence of custom and of the mania for imitation as before they were under that of force.

Perhaps from the fact that individuality is so rare, it is often confounded with originality. Few original men have lived in the world's history; possibly not one in a generation. To be individual one need not be the author of some great original thought, but he must examine for himself the thoughts of the few great minds. It is these individual thinkers who lead the world to-day. The trouble is not that men are not Newtons and Bacons, but that they

take too much for granted. They trust too much to the wisdom of others. We pursue the same studies and only so far as our fathers did. We investigate few facts, but are content with their work. The facts have been proved; the most care not to see how.

What is true in science is also true in literature. Emerson says, "the history of literature is a sum of very few ideas and of very few original tales, all the rest being variations of these." The nations are to-day in the world of mind where in the fifteenth century they were in the world of matter. They have begun to arouse themselves. One hundred years ago the declaration was made in America, that all men not only have the right to think for themselves, but should be allowed to exercise that right. Then it was that a true republic came into being. In the fact that this right is not exercised lies our danger. In the fact that it will be exercised more and more lies the danger to all despotisms. The idea that a government will be destroyed if the people think, is false. Only tyrannies can ever fear that. In proportion as a man thinks does he learn to respect the rights of others. He builds up not only his own independence of character, but that of those around him. When each one uses the powers with which he is gifted, then will true republics be formed, not for America only but for the world. Men are to be free in thought and act, because they respect the same in others. This is to be the sure outgrowth of man's individuality, this the sure result of the long centuries of training it has received in the past, and is to receive in the future.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

VACATION has again passed, and once more the campus puts on the appearance of life. Once more we have welcomed back to chapel and class-room the old familiar faces. We miss some who have heretofore met with us; but, as if in recompense for this, we behold a crowd of new faces. So we are reminded that another entrance as well as another exit has taken place since last we met. We know that this is the time at which it is customary to give a great amount of sage advice to those who are just commencing their college life. But we realize that advice is usually cheap stuff, and when we remember how little we ourselves have profited by the wise counsel which we received at our entrance, we do not feel like attempting to advise any one else. So we would simply extend to our new friends a hearty greeting as we bid them welcome to the duties and pleasures of college life. We have no doubt that each one will meet with all the success for which he is willing energetically and honestly to work, and more than this we could not wish them.

There are people who regard the student as utterly spoiled and good for nothing if, at the completion of his studies, he chances to lack the muscle to perform manual labor as easily as when he commenced his course. Now, while we do not agree with this view, much less do we agree with those who esteem physical culture of no value whatever. Probably we have not many among us who hold the latter opinion. In theory, at least, nearly every one will acknowledge that exercise is a most excellent thing. And yet how many fail to put this theory into practice. Few, comparatively, take exercise regularly and systematically. A definite plan is just as necessary in this as in work or study. He

who plans to take exercise whenever he happens to find time is pretty likely not to find time at all. Something is constantly happening; lessons are harder than usual, or some extra work is to be done, and so on. Excuses are plenty, and exercise is put off until even the inclination for it is, in a great measure, lost. But let a certain time be set apart each day for this special purpose, and let the resolution be formed to allow nothing to interfere with it, and the thing is easy enough. An interest is soon awakened which makes the practice a pleasure instead of a duty, and the time spent in this way is not thrown away. No matter if the hours of study are shortened a little thereby, the increased vigor both of mind and body will more than compensate for this. Now that we have an Athletic Association, we hope to see a greater interest in this matter than ever before. But, unfortunately, it is just that class which most needs some incentive in this direction upon whom the Association is likely to have the least influence. Many will feel that because they have no special ability in athletic sports they had better leave the field to those who have. Yet no one need feel thus. No one becomes proficient in anything without practice, and one can hardly tell what he can do in athletics until he tries. Besides, the good to be obtained from practice is really the thing to be sought, and not the record that may be made on Field Day. We hope that at least the general interest in athletics may continue to increase during the coming years. A powerful intellect is of little use unless joined with a vigorous physical organization.

One department in which Bates has in the past taken a high rank has been original composition and declamation. This

is now made still better by a special course in elocution. This is by far the most systematic attempt of the kind at Bates, and is correspondingly successful. While we may not all be made singers or orators, there is abundant evidence that improvement in that direction is possible. We can at least learn to better appreciate good speaking. The instructor is thoroughly in earnest, and if the students will take as much interest as he, and maintain that interest, the course will not be an experiment only, but, we trust, a permanent part of the college work.

Perhaps it may seem, at this time, just as we are commencing a new college year, that any talk in regard to the destruction of college property by students is somewhat uncalled for. But we have seen so many indications of a return of the old spirit of lawlessness, which has sometimes prevailed so extensively here, that we feel we have no right to hope that it is dead. If we can do anything towards restraining it during the coming year, our purpose will be accomplished. It seems strange that a college course, whose object is supposed to be to civilize and to refine, should so often succeed in developing such a spirit of carelessness and disregard of the rights of others. It does appear to be developed in some way during the course, for it is almost always among the three upper classes that it is most manifest. We wonder what part of a liberal education it is which teaches a young man after one, two, or more years of college life, deliberately to throw a stone through a pane of glass, knock the panels out of a door, or make night hideous by yelling, and hurling up and down the stairs old pails, pieces of stove pipe, and the pins and balls from the bowling alley.

What would be said of a person who would thus wantonly destroy public property anywhere outside of the limits of the

college campus? He would be set down as a scoundrel at once, and the action would be regarded as all the more cowardly if he were able to conceal his agency in the matter, and bring upon fifty of his fellows who were innocent the expense of repairing the damages inflicted by himself. The student who, by destroying the property of the college, brings a large bill for repairs upon each of his fellow-students, is no better than the thief who steals directly the property of another. In fact, we believe the act is even meaner than that of the thief, inasmuch as no one, not even the perpetrator himself, gets any benefit from it, while the thief does expect to derive some advantage from his plunder. It is almost always impossible to find who is guilty of these acts, so the only thing to do is to distribute the cost of repairs equally among the students. So the innocent and guilty suffer alike. Sometimes a student is heard to say, "Well, if I have got to help pay for repairs, I will at least have my share of the fun of making them necessary." Surely such a one would do better to aid in creating a sentiment that would put an end to such things. But, they say, it is only an excess of animal spirits which must manifest itself in some way.

Yes, the spirit that manifests itself in this way must be decidedly animal. It certainly is not a spirit that is becoming to a man, and least of all to a man who makes any pretensions to culture. Plenty of life is a very good thing. No one likes to see a young man moping about as if he were half dead. But there are ways enough in which an abundance of life may display itself without descending to the destruction of public property.

Bates is coming up in the college world; its students are becoming brave. Six or more Sophs have dared to break into a Freshie's room and—throw water on the

floor. If this was the whole story the bravery would not be so conspicuous, but truth compels us to say they then fled. The shades of the old students of Athens must indeed glory in these heroic exploits. If these gallant youths would confine their uproar to Freshies, upper-classmen might have nothing to say; but when they make night hideous with their yells patience ceases to be a virtue. Seriously, couldn't our Sophs be a little more like gentlemen? If so soon their animal spirits are going to get the better of them, what will happen before the end of the year? Hazing was long ago, we hoped, banished from Bates, and we sincerely trust this feeble beginning will not develop into the full-grown article. Remember, youthful Sophomores, night is for sleep, even though Freshmen do abound.

Members of '81, where is our class prayer-meeting? It was, but we find it not. Must we conclude, then, that it has expired; that it was only useful to break for a moment the monotony of college life, and so has died with the dying of novelty? This we cannot, will not believe. Of a truth we found it helpful to a better life, and "a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning." Let it then be revived, supported, cherished, that by it our lives may be enriched, and other lives blessed.

We recently noticed in the May number of the *STUDENT*, for the year 1878, an article setting forth the value and importance of the Christian Association. In this article the question was asked, "What can be done to increase the interest?" As an answer to this inquiry the writer of the article suggested that an Association Room would vastly increase the interest and usefulness of the Christian Association. All heartily concurred in this proposition, but the year 1878 came and went with no

Association Room. Likewise the close of the year 1879 found us in no better quarters. But thanks to some of the members of the class of '80, the matter was not permitted to rest quietly. These faithful few, together with some from the other classes, determined to present their cause to the proper authorities, and to ascertain if a room could be given them for a permanent Association Room.

Near the close of the last summer term we were informed that a room would be given us in Parker Hall, provided the students would furnish it. A meeting of the Association was immediately called, and it was decided by a unanimous vote to accept the offer. The desire of our hearts has been granted. Two rooms have been thrown into one; the ceiling has been whitewashed and the walls papered. Now it remains with us to say whether we shall have one of the pleasantest and most attractive rooms in the college. The students are doing nobly. Quite a sum has already been pledged, and we think we are safe in saying that in a few weeks we shall have our rooms neatly furnished and all expenses met. Our solicitations for aid have been kindly and generously met even by those who do not identify themselves with the Christian students of the college. We appreciate their kindness and liberality, and hope that they with us may receive benefit thereby.

But while we are fitting up commodious and attractive apartments, let us not forget the object we hope this move is to promote. Let us keep our purpose steadily in view. Our responsibility as Christian students is greater than ever before in the history of the college. Our numbers are large, and there are faithful workers in all the classes; but can we not double our diligence? Our Association has defects; as individuals we have faults, perhaps serious faults. But we earnestly invite the attention of each student to the cause we

represent. Is it not worthy of the manly and serious consideration of all? Some, we fear, have not the moral courage to arraign themselves before the bar of their conscience and honestly settle these questions. Again let us urge the increased responsibility of every Christian in college. Are not the interests of the Christian Association of vital importance to the college? Are not the subjects we deal with of momentous importance to each individual? Will not each one ask himself or herself the question, What can I do to help on the work? Last year over 500 conversions were reported from colleges where the Y. M. C. A. exists. This should be the great end and aim of all our efforts,—to build up strong Christian characters in each individual. "Christ for the students of the world and the students of the world for Christ," should be our motto.

LOCALS.

'84.

E-m-c-r-s-o-n.

"Who is that?"

What is *her* name?

'81 has a new member.

City schools opened August 30.

We welcome '84 to college halls.

'78 is nowhere with '81 on that score.

Parker Hall is again filled with life.

"In the morning by the bright light."

Vacation! where—echo answers where?

Heald, Rankin, and Deshon, of '80, recently made us a call.

The thundering of the bowling alley is again heard in the land.

W. J. Brown, '81, has charge of the college library the coming year.

The Freshman class are reading Herodotus for Greek.

The class of '78 gives the cradle to Caroline Frye Briggs of Auburn.

The grounds on the eastern side of Hathorn Hall are being graded.

The Polymnian Society recently expended fifty dollars for books.

The attention of the students is called to the revised laws of the college.

'81 has had a game of base-ball under the captaincy of Curtis and Folsom.

We learn that eighty of the Coburn Cadets camped on the Fair Grounds.

Psychology class: Prof.—"Is—psychology—peculiar—to——" Sanborn—"Yes, sir."

F. C. Robertson has been engaged to give to the several classes lessons in elocution.

Quite a number of students from the three upper classes are to be out teaching this fall.

Professor (in Elocution)—"Mr. Curtis, I will give you the pitch." Curtis—"I—I don't see it." (Sensation.)

We would inform the student who got his pants torn last year, that that dog on Upper Main Street is dead.

A Senior says it is not now thought to be a thing unexpected to find long hairs on the shoulder of a classmate.

One of the Seniors says that the two most annoying things to him are, a musical front door and creaking stairs.

Dame Blodgett has again opened her campaign in Parker Hall with mop and duster, mourning over the loved and lost.

Several of the Sophomores entered their horses at the State Fair. On account of excellent training they made good records.

A large number of students visited City Hall during the Fair, taking their sweet-hearts (?) along with them.

The Sophomores say they enjoyed the *jam* very much. No doubt they wanted a legitimate excuse for pressing closely.

Mr. Addison Small is building a large house just across the street from the campus. Evidently the city is coming to us.

The Polymnian Society were fortunate enough to obtain thirteen members at their first meeting. Doubtless more are coming.

"Shall we meet beyond the river," sings a Senior, but we don't exactly know what river he meant. The Androscoggin, perhaps?

The professor in Astronomy tells the Seniors that a good clock will keep *mean* time. But will a mean clock keep good time?

'84 has got eight ladies among its number. Evidently co-education has a firm hold here. Let 'em come, "alf and alf," in '90.

While watching *Lyra*, at 11 o'clock the other night, a lonely person was heard plaintively singing: "Where is my wandering boy to-night."

Thursday evening, Sept. 9th, the Democrats had a torch-light procession and flag-raising at the college. Several speakers were present on the occasion.

We understand that Atwater has "paired off" on the rope-pull with one of the Freshmen (?). We are inclined to think that the Sophomores have got the better of it.

The Faculty kindly granted us Thursday, the 23d, as a holiday, in order that we might, as one of our Professors expressed it, "honor the State Fair by our presence." Many of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity.

As ornaments, charred stump piles are not a success. It will not be an impossibility to remove them. If they would burn well perhaps they would have gone before this.

Isn't it about time the rope-pull and base-ball game came off between the lower classes? Any time from October to eternity is a little long to put them off, friends.

Three clubs are now running for the benefit of the students. Each one seems to think his club the best, a condition of things doubtless pleasing to those in charge.

If late suppers are to affect all young men as the one at the church lately did our Sophomores, we think the old-fashioned treatment of naughty children should be resorted to.

An unusually large number of the boys are rooming in the college buildings. There is not much danger the number will be too many, for the more there are the merrier it is.

By the appearance of the scattered magazines and orderly rubbish in the Reading Room, we should infer something was the trouble. Perhaps the janitor stops too long at his meals.

The Theologians are reaping the benefit of their industry. Agriculturally they are prosperous. Surely their part of the campus can be put to no better use than to avert starvation.

A sewer, which will greatly benefit the campus, is being built on Wood Street. We hope that hereafter in the spring the water will not be two feet deep on the lower part of the grounds.

The Sophomores have begun surveying under the direction of Prof. Rand. This study has the merit of being not only profitable, but pleasant. We presume this term will prove no exception.

It is a laughable sight to see alternately flying in the breeze the Garfield and Arthur and Hancock and English flags of the college as the different returns are reported.

What is to be understood from the pantomime—A young lady standing in the front door with a down-cast look, while a Sophomore stands outside the fence with his back to the front gate looking at the gravel walk?

It is hoped that the boys can find enough to destroy on the college campus. If such operations are conducted abroad perhaps the assessments will not be as large, but to some evidently the honor makes up for the difference.

Several students yet remain at the mountains. The season has been favorable for the proprietors of the different summer resorts; and many of the boys have received an unusually large amount of "perk" from generous visitors.

A Senior lately burst into his room at the small hours of the night with his face perfectly radiant and his soul transported in ecstasies, exclaiming, "Chum, I have popped the question." The answer to the question was of course apparent.

The following are the officers of the College Christian Association, elected for the ensuing year: Primarius, Prof. Chase; President, B. S. Rideout; Vice Presidents, O. H. Drake, J. C. Perkins, C. J. Atwater; Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Bullen; Recording Secretary, W. H. Barber.

The Archery Club is to all appearances a thing of the past. A few relics of the sport (?), however, remain. The interesting facts of the case are that the students have become the target, and the arrows which have been extracted from some of the Seniors much resemble the darts of *Cupid*.

The sound of now and then a college song in the air causes every student to stop and listen to those soul-stirring strains, and demand the revival of our Musical Association. It is and ought to be a part of our college life. Let us have more of our college songs, and brighter will be the memory of these days.

Professor in Psychology—"Here are five absences from prayers to be accounted for, Mr.—." Senior—"Well—Professor—two mornings—I—I did not get up early enough." Professor—"But there are three more to be accounted for." Senior—"Well—let—me—see, are two all you can take on that score?"

One bright moonlight night, not long since, a small crowd was observed in the rear of Nichols Hall, apparently engaged in an earnest controversy. Upon investigation it proved to be the Freshmen, under the instruction of two Juniors, W. G. C. and W. V. T., busily practicing rope-pulling. We hope such earnest labor may not be in vain.

Members of the Eunosophian Society met Friday evening, Sept. 3d, and elected the following officers: President, C. P. Sanborn; Vice President, W. G. Clark; Secretary, E. Remick; Treasurer, B. G. Eaton; Librarian, W. V. Twaddle; Executive Committee, D. McGillicuddy, W. H. Cogswell, B. L. Gile; Editors, H. E. Foss, E. B. Forbes, C. E. Sargent.

Friday evening, Sept. 3d, the Republican students of Bates met in front of Parker Hall, and, headed by Miller's Band, marched to the Republican headquarters on Lisbon Street; thence as escort to the Lewiston companies they proceeded to the college campus, where a beautiful Garfield and Arthur flag was flung to the breeze by the boys. Speeches were made on the occasion by A. R. Savage, Esq., and W. E. V. Rich, both of Auburn.

The officers of the Senior class are as follows: President, O. H. Drake; Vice President, Reuel Robinson; Secretary, C. P. Sanborn; Orator, D. McGillicuddy; Historian, H. E. Foss; Poet, Miss E. J. Clark; Chaplain, B. S. Rideout; Parting Address, G. E. Lowden; Executive Committee, E. D. Rowell, H. B. Nevens, Oscar Davis; Prophet, W. P. Curtis; Odists, C. A. Strout, C. S. Cook; Marshal, H. S. Roberts.

Members of the Polymnian Society met *en masse* Thursday evening and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. J. Brown; Vice President, J. M. Norcross; Secretary, F. E. Perham; Treasurer, W. H. Dresser; Librarian, H. S. Bullen; Executive Committee, B. S. Rideout, W. S. Hoyt, C. J. Atwater; Editors, Miss E. J. Clark, F. L. Blanchard, E. F. Holden; Orator, F. A. Twitchell; Poet, C. A. Strout.

The Sophomore class has elected the following class officers: President, O. L. Frisbee; Vice President, F. E. Perham; Secretary, W. F. Cowell; Treasurer, L. B. Hunt; Orator, D. N. Grice; Historian, Miss Nellie R. Little; Poet, C. E. Sargent; Marshal, R. W. Nutter; Odists, H. O. Dorr; Toast Master, E. J. Hatch; Reporter, J. L. Reade; Prophet, J. B. Ham; Chaplain, C. J. Atwater; Executive Committee, F. E. Files, G. M. Beals, O. L. Bartlett.

Last Tuesday, September 14th, the Seniors, accompanied by the Professor in Geology, went down to the falls of the Androscoggin. As the water was all taken into the canal the rocks were bare so that there was excellent opportunity to examine the trap rock, pot-holes, and rock formation. Specimens were obtained for future study. The occasion was enjoyed by all and made profitable by the Professor's presence. We wish to enjoy many more similar occasions.

A Garfield and Arthur Club has been organized at Bates. The following officers were elected: President, H. E. Foss, '81; Vice President, W. H. Cogswell, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Rowell, '81; Executive Committee, C. S. Cook, '81; W. S. Hoyt, '82; J. L. Reed, '83; Hackett, '84. It was voted to organize a company of Cadets, to be officered by Oscar Davis, '81, Captain; W. V. Twaddle, '82, First Lieutenant; F. E. Perham, '83, Second Lieutenant.

The annual entertainment and supper was tendered to the students of Bates College, Thursday evening, Sept. 16th, by the ladies of Main Street Free Baptist Society. The loaded tables of tastefully arranged viands, and the charming waiters supplied for the occasion, testify that the ladies of the society do not intend to do anything in a half-hearted manner. The occasion was one enjoyed by all present. The ladies of the society have the sincere thanks of all the students for their generous entertainment.

There seems to be a mistaken notion existing in the lower classes that '81 was trying to select the day to attend the State Fair, regardless of their wishes and convenience. This is an erroneous idea and totally incompatible with the spirit of '81. Yet we do claim the right to say which day would be the most interesting and convenient to us, and have a right to expect the same courtesy which we as a class have always shown to all the classes now in college. We pardon their course to their short-sightedness, however, and presume that a few of the wisest were in sport.

THE BATES BOYS AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

A select nine met the Coburn Cadets of the State College on our diamond, Thursday, September 23d, and won the game by a score of 15 to 0 in favor of the Bates. We noticed the excellent playing of the

catcher and first baseman of the Cadets. The outs were well played by them, and had it not been for the "phenomenal" curves and comprehensive head work of Parsons, the Cadets would perhaps have obtained a score more satisfactory to themselves. The Cadets show material for a good nine. It was no doubt discouraging to them not to see their third base, but they bore their defeat well. We were pleased with the gentlemanly conduct and appearance of our State College visitors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

While Maine is noted for its lumbering interests, its excellent harbors, and commercial rank among the States of New England, it is also rich in natural scenery. The romantic scenery of the coast and inland lakes furnish pleasant summer resorts to tourists and all those who wish to escape the bustle and heat of the city, and find quiet and health in these sequestered retreats.

Not long since I accepted an invitation to accompany a party bound for the region of the Katahdin Iron Works. I desired nothing better, for I had long wished to visit that part of the State, which has become quite noted for its rich iron deposit. The night of the first day of our drive found us encamped in the region of the Ebeeme Mountains, two miles above the Katahdin Iron Works, on the bank of one of the branches of Pleasant river. Here the lover of bold, picturesque scenery can feast his eyes for hours. To the north of us lay two ranges of hills; one to the east, the more prominent peaks of which are known by the names of Horseback and Spruceback, while to the west rises corresponding summits christened Iron Mountain and Chairback. Between these two

ranges there is a deep depression, the lower part of which is called the Gulf.

Early on the morning of the second day we left our horses and started on a ten-mile tramp in the direction of this romantic place. Before noon we might have been seen, a tired company, sitting on the verge of this deep gorge, at the bottom of which, some 200 feet below, flows a small river. After refreshing ourselves from our lunch basket, we descended by a winding path to the river, and began to pick our way along up its rugged bed. We had not gone far when we came upon the crew of Messrs. Palmer at work upon one of the many falls in this river. This gang of picked men have been at work here for two seasons clearing the bed of the river of bowlders and ledges which hinder the passage of logs, and also building abutments to facilitate their passage. The entire distance they will have gone over will not fall short of three miles.

Having passed nearly through the gorge towards the north, we turned our faces towards the south and began to descend the river, noticing the bold scenery and successfully handling the fishing-rod. Alternately our attention was called, first to some startling feature of the cliffs, then to the beautiful speckled trout that lay at our feet. Although the noon sun sent down its hot rays, yet the speckled beauties would not disappoint us as far as their part of our entertainment was concerned; and before the middle of the afternoon we had our most unbounded desire in the trout line satisfied.

Although this place may be surpassed in natural scenery, yet it is truly grand and impressive. For three miles through the gorge the cliffs rise perpendicularly to the height of from 200 to 300 feet, with comparatively few places where a person can descend to the bed of the river. The width of the gorge varies from fifteen to forty yards. We find here nothing but

slate formation. A few years ago this region was visited and explored by Agassiz, who was then engaged in tracing the glacial phenomena in Maine. About the Gulf, Agassiz discovered old lateral moraines marking an ancient glacial level. He says that this structure strikingly resembles the morainic accumulation in the trough holding the present glacier of the Upper Aar in Switzerland. He says further that were the ice suddenly to disappear from the Alpine valley in which the Aar glacier lies, the rocky frame work of loose fragments it has built around itself would be almost identical with that of the so-called Gulf at the Katahdin Iron Works. Going back to camp, we "supped like kings," tickling our palates more if possible than we feasted our eyes on the speckled beauties.

The next morning we returned to the Iron Works, visiting the Works and also the mountain from which the ore is obtained. Formerly the ore was obtained from the surface, but recent investigation showed that there was ore beneath the blue ledge which was found a few feet beneath the surface. The ledge is from one to four feet in thickness, and beneath it lies a rich and apparently inexhaustible deposit of ore. The extensive forests surrounding the Works, from which charcoal is obtained, makes the location favorable to the manufacture of iron. After visiting Mr. Merrill's slate quarry and observing the method of manufacturing slate, we started on our homeward journey, well repaid for all our toilsome tramps, our faeces testifying to the pleasure and health to be found among the wilds of Maine. B. S. R.

When spelling is "reformed" she'll write:

"I'm sailing on the oshum,
The se is hi, no sae in site,

It fliz me with emoshun."

But one "spell" will not change its name,
For she'll be se-sic just the saim!—*Echo*.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'73.—Died at Lynn, Mass., Sept. 4th, Rev. F. W. Cobb, pastor of the Congregationalist Church, Three Rivers, Mass.

'74.—F. P. Moulton still retains his position as teacher of Ancient Languages in New Hampton Institute, New Hampton, N. H.

'75.—J. R. Brackett has completed his post-graduate course at Yale, and is now Principal of the High School at Montpelier, Vt.

'75.—N. S. Palmeter is preaching with very good success, at Meredith, N. H.

'76.—A. L. Morey has declined the position of Principal of Green Mountain Seminary, and will continue his course at Bates Theological School.

'77.—L. A. Burr is Principal of the Classical School at Johnstown, Pa.

'78.—Morus Adams will take charge of Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Me., for the coming year.

'78.—F. H. Briggs is studying law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage, of this city.

'77.—J. W. Hutchins is Principal of the High School at Hyannis, Mass.

'79.—E. W. Given is teaching at Mechanic Falls, Me.

'79.—R. F. Jonhonnott is teaching the Grammar School at West Auburn.

'79.—W. E. Ranger is Principal of Lennox Academy, Lennox, Mass.

'79.—M. C. Smart is teaching a High School at Alfred, Me.

'80.—C. H. Deshon is teaching at Buffalo, N. Y.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee and J. F. Parsons are to have charge of Nichols Latin School during the coming year.

'80.—F. L. Hayes has been appointed tutor in Greek in Hillsdale College.

'80.—A. L. Woods is teaching a High School at New Portland, Me.

'80.—C. B. Rankins is studying medicine in this city.

'80.—M. T. Newton is teaching at Raymond Village, Me.

'80.—Miss E. H. Sawyer is teaching at Johnstown, Pa.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is Principal of Public Schools, Princeton, Minn.

'80.—John Aaron Plummer, who died at his home in West Gardiner, Aug. 13, 1880, of consumption, was born in the early part of 1857. When he was very young, his father dying of that same dread disease, left him to the care of a noble mother. His step-father with no less interest than an own father, assisted in watching over and guiding him in his pleasant home. He was an apt scholar when very young, and at the common district school he obtained the English education that fitted him to begin teaching at the age of fifteen. Graduating at the head of his class from Gardiner High School, he entered Bates at the age of nineteen. He taught with brilliant success very much of the time while in college, at the same time maintaining a high position in his class. He was highly respected in his own community, popular in college, and beloved by his classmates. He had never been strong and the dread of consumption was upon him. Severe hemorrhage obliged him to give up his winter school and return home. From this time he constantly failed until his death on the 13th day of August. He became fully reconciled to his fate, and during his last few weeks spent much of his time in prayer. He was satisfied with the course he had taken in life, for he believed he should go on learning in the other world, adding to that which he had obtained here. He died without a struggle, his faith in God having just uttered this prayer: "Heavenly Father, be good to me and take me home to-night." The committee of the class of '80 report the following resolutions on his death:

Whereas, It has pleased a kind and all-wise Father to remove from us by death, our beloved classmate, J. A. Plummer, thus severing the ties of affection that four years of pleasant and fraternal association have wrought,

Resolved, That while we feel that the community has lost a worthy citizen, the college a promising alumnus, and we a true friend, we receive this dispensation of Providence with sorrow and grief, but look forward with faith and hope to the REUNION in the better life, where disease never enters and the ties of friendship are never broken.

Resolved, That to the relatives of our deceased classmate we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and felicitate them that they mourn not without hope, but with trusting confidence await the glorious promises of the future.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the BATES STUDENT for publication, and a copy be transmitted to the parents of our deceased classmate.

M. T. NEWTON,
E. H. SAWYER,
O. C. TARBOX,

Committee of the Class of '80.

EXCHANGES.

Our college year commences so early in the autumn, that few exchanges after the Commencement numbers find their way to our table before our next issue. Now and then a stray visitor pops in upon us from some far-off college, and is gladly welcomed by the lonesome exchange editor. Many of our exchanges enter upon the college year under a new management, and we must bid many agreeable friends good-bye, and welcome strangers in their places. With not the least regret do we say farewell to the former editors of our esteemed friend, the *Colby Echo*. For that portion of the year during which we have been acquaintances, the *Echo* has sustained a high position among college journals. Its literary department has been excellent; its poetry especially has been of a high order; its locals have been

newsy, its editorials energetic, and its whole tone eminently that of a first-class college journal. The August number of the *Echo* contains an interesting account of a "Soirée" enjoyed by the editors and their friends before their exit from editorial duties. The result of their experience is given by each member to the incoming Board, in pointed and witty papers. We wish you as much success in life as you have met in your editorial capacity.

The *Berkeleyan* contains a short account of a *rush* between the new-made Sophs and Freshies. Everything was good natured, and no heads broken. The *Berkeleyan* is a newsy paper, but might be improved by lessening the number of stale and pointless jokes.

Most of the Commencement numbers contain extended accounts of Commencement exercises, together with a greater or less amount of class-day, oration, and poem. Of these, none we think have quite equaled the *Amherst Student* in the merit of those productions.

Our fair friends, the editors of the *Vassar Miscellany*, have, alas! found a way to chew gum on paper. Observe the onomatopœia in the following:

"The days of school were waning fast;
Ot ot ot oi, ot ot ot oi,
As, etc. (we forgot the rest),
Ot ot ot oi, O?"

We call that pretty good.

Our relative from the West, the *Hillsdale Herald*, is ever a welcome to our sanctum. There is a freshness about its youth that we miss in older and more dignified periodicals. It seems to unite a denominational with a college paper. This may have its advantages; it certainly has its disadvantages. We are especially interested in the *Herald*, as coming from our sister university, Hillsdale College.

The *Musical Herald* and *Floral Monthly* are friends indeed. They do not even desert us during the two hot summer

months. The *Herald* contains some fine selections, as well as many interesting sketches of great composers.

The *Tuftsian* for June teems with college and society news. It does not seem necessary for the *Tuftsian* to "fill up" with the usual amount of Commencement effort. The poem, "Drifting," is musical and graceful in structure, and eminently poetical in ideas. We would like to copy it entire, but can only give our readers the first stanza:

"I am drifting, I am drifting
On a shifting, shifting sea;
And above me clouds are lifting—purple
Rosy clouds are lifting
Wide their ægis over me;
And between each shattered rifting
And between each floss and fold,
Downward on my passage Phœbus—
Radiant Phœbus—glistens, shifting
Iris hues and gold."

We acknowledge the receipt of *Joan of Arc*, *Madam Necker's Salon*, *Orations of Demosthenes*, *Readings from Modern Painters*, *Autobiography of Louis Kossuth*. The above standard series we find exceedingly interesting. No one need be without a library, when whole volumes of standard authors may be purchased for twenty-five cents each.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Williams has just closed its eighty-sixth year.

Lafayette College has received \$10,000 recently.

Rutgers College is one hundred and ten years old.

A number of Yale men enjoyed Founder's Day at Vassar.

Six young colored men have just been graduated by Fisk University.

General Garfield has recently been elected one of the Trustees of Williams.

The circus inspired a rush between '82 and '83, resulting in the capture of several men by the Faculty.

Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., LL.D., for twelve years President of Brown University, died the 5th inst.

Among the students of Knox College prominent are two Indians, while Dartmouth has two colored Freshmen.—*Ex.*

Oberlin confesses that, while free from the evils of "college spirit," she is also without its blessings, good fellowship, and close friendships.

One of the professors at Brown recently pronounced the Senior class to be the worst set of ignoramuses he had ever seen, and another charged the whole class with having an unenviable reputation for rowdiness.

At Washington and Jefferson College, the students having passed resolutions to the effect that they would not patronize those business firms which did not advertise in the college paper, the result was a marked increase in the number of advertisements.

The Executive Committee of the Association of Alumni of Harvard formally requested the Senior class to furnish nothing stronger than claret-punch on Commencement Day. An answer was returned to the effect that the class of '80 does not entertain at Commencement this year, but is entertained by the class of '79.

The following extract from the diary of Rev. John Pitman, father of the late Hon. Judge Pitman, will be read with interest:

"July 19, 1785. Last night some of the students took my chaise apart, carried the wheels up in the second story of the college, and put the remainder in the pump (well). The President gave them a short lecture and ordered the wheels down."

"July 20. The wheels were put on last night."—*Brunonian*.

CLIPPINGS.

"I shall dwell no longer on this point," said the Prof., as he sat down on the point of an upturned tack.—*Ex.*

The following pun from Sydney Smith comes from the *Beacon*: "Some one observed in his presence that the Canons of St. Paul were trying to have a plank sidewalk laid around the cathedral. 'Oh,' said he, 'let them lay their heads together, and the thing is done.'"

Scene at a co-educational school: He was a new student and evidently not settled for the term yet. He rang the bell, young lady appeared, of whom he very anxiously inquired, "Would you like to have a room-mate?" He told the boys afterwards that he was excited, but did not see why the door should have been shut in his face.—*Transcript*.

"The difference," said Augustus Millwhiffles, sauntering into the library the other day—"the difference between the works of Capt. Marryatt and the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is, I presume, that the former are by a tar and the latter bitumen." Before he could cackle he was seized by the nape of the neck and thrust out of the building by an enraged professor, who said to him as he struck the ground, "Do you know why you are like Noah's ark?" "No," said the bewildered Augustus. "Well, it is because you are pitched without," said the professor as he shut the door.—*Yale Record*.

Edward Morris has written an "Ode to Infancy," beginning as follows:

"O little child!

Stretched on thy mother's knees with steadfast gaze

And innocent aspect mild,

Viewing this novel scene in mute amaze."
Too much poetic license here, Edward. When a child is "stretched on its mother's knees" it doesn't view things in "mute amaze."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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Professor of Mathematics.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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BATES STUDENT.

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MACAULAY AS SEEN IN HIS WRITINGS.

BY L. F. F., '80.

ALL literature is stamped with the character of its producers. A man's writings may not, indeed, on account of the varying circumstances of his life, or the peculiar nature of his subjects, bear the impress of every phase of his character; yet they will always show the leading features of his personality, just as an edifice shows the taste and breadth of the mind of its architect. It is thus with Macaulay's writings. We do not find in them sufficient marks by which the full, rounded character of the man can be portrayed; yet the peculiar mold of his mind, the moving principles and motives of his life, appear marked and unmistakable.

The distinctive feature of Macaulay's works is their overwhelming array of facts and incidents arranged in the clearest and most attractive language. It is a style that is wholly his own, and shows a deep, clear insight with human nature, great reasoning power, and a vast knowledge of the world's history; yet of originality of the first order it affords no indication. He shows wonderful originality in logical arrangement, in acuteness of vision, and in the recombination of his vast repertory of facts; but no such creative originality as Danté. His essays show more of reproduction than creation. They are filled with allusions to modern and classical writers. His figures are original in application, but not always in conception. They justly and grandly unfold his subject and enrich his diction, but they too plainly

tell of the wide extent of his reading to strike you for wonderful originality.

Yet we must attribute to Macaulay great inventive power. It is perhaps the originality of the poet which he seems mostly to lack. And in this I think no one would claim for Macaulay the first rank. Although many passages of his writings are highly poetical, and his essays upon Dryden, Danté, and Milton show fine poetical taste and judgment; yet it is plainly evident that poetry was not his peculiar forte. This, however, is due in a great measure to the nature of his subjects, which are not well calculated to call forth high poetical power. Again, the wide extent of his knowledge would tend to restrain an inventive genius. And such knowledge, seemingly, no other man ever possessed. Spanish, French, Italian, Roman, and Grecian history seemed as familiar to him as that of his own native country. And no poetry, romance, or philosophy escaped his attention. This was the source of his power. Whenever a subject or a topic required exposition and illustration, his marvelous memory and vigorous imagination brought this vast field vividly before him; hence he selected the choicest terms and thoughts of the ages, refitting them into splendid combinations, and applying them with the greatest precision to the exemplification of his subject and the enrichment of his diction.

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Had Macaulay lived in an earlier period, he would have undoubtedly fashioned for

himself an entirely original sphere of action. But, receiving the great inheritance of the science, art, and literature of the nineteenth century, he sought rather to more fully unfold its treasures, to garner from amid the mingled base and noble thoughts of the past, its true gems, and to reset them for posterity into crystals of truth and purity. To perform this work probably no man was ever better fitted. Certainly no man had wider or more intimate knowledge of his subjects; no man ever possessed sounder judgment, nor embodied his conclusions and ideas in clearer and richer language. He, moreover, brings to bear upon his subjects the light of all history, and beneath its steady radiance, truth shines like pure gold.

The bold, positive traits of Macaulay's character appear upon every page. He was a man that his enemies would readily call self-conceited. He had full confidence in what he said, and was rather impatient with those that differed from him. He rarely used wit and humor, but lashed his adversaries with keen sarcasm. Nor did this arise from mental weakness or from lack of argument, but rather from his purpose to drive his overwhelming argument to the mark. When we consider the great power of the man we can easily overlook this apparent arrogance. Like Sumner's, it arose from having fixed principles of right, a deep conviction of duty, and a true appreciation of his comprehensive and exact scholarship. Firmly believing in the justness of his cause, he exerted for it the whole power of his splendid genius, bending his adversaries before him like saplings of a forest before a tempest.

Macaulay ever stood bold and undaunted in the support of right. He constantly espoused the cause of the oppressed. The Irishman, the Jew, and the Negro found in him a tender sympathizer and an able defender. England was endeared to him by the strongest ties of patriotism, yet his

soul was large and just enough to embrace in its sympathies all her subjects. Yea, his interests were not alone English nor British, but cosmopolitan. Nowhere in Europe, Asia, and America was there a movement that tended to the elevation of any people or of the human race, but Macaulay was its firm and unbiased champion.

A man of such rare character, no gold nor office can bribe, no tumult of party nor of nation frighten, no arts and tricks of Christendom cajole. Such men appear before us in bold relief as the grand specimens of nature's noblemen. Through the dim vista of the past they rise like the Alps as the embodiment of the statesmanship, experience, and wisdom of particular ages, as the great leaders and models of men; and in the future will stand immutable in their midst—Macaulay, the statesman, essayist and historian.

HOW I SAW MOUNT EVEREST.

THE tourist in the Himalaya is never satisfied till he has seen the highest mountain in the world. A sick head had driven me up to Darjeeling, our Bengal sanitarium in the Eastern Himalaya. The name of this picturesque settlement, 7000 feet above the sea, is of Thibetan origin, and signifies Holy Spot. For a fortnight I was a guest of as true and kind a "Mac" as ever ventured out into the wide world from the health-clad hills of sunny Scotland. My chum was an Englishman, of whom more anon.

One October night the rain was falling fast, as we three hugged the fire and told stories, Caledonian, Cockney, and Yankee. "After such a down pour as this," said mine host, "we stand a fair chance of seeing Mount Everest, but we shall have to climb another thousand feet to do it."

I had climbed once to the top of Senchal, over 8000 feet above the sea, but saw nothing save cloud. I was in the clouds for hours waiting for "a clearing" that never came till the next day. Not ten rods could I see in any direction! Several hours of heavy rain clear the air, by breaking up these clouds and sending them down the hill sides in torrents. It was my last chance, perhaps, for many a year of looking on the loftiest mountain on the globe, and my friend's remark met with a hearty response from his American guest. The Englishman was willing, not eager, to undertake the ascent of Senchal. He yielded to the majority, however, and setting the alarm for one A. M., we went off to bed.

I had hardly fallen asleep, it seemed to me, when that punctual alarm rang out so loudly that every sleeper bounded to his feet. The moon was half-way up to the zenith, and it was almost as light as day. Best of all, the rain had "given over." Dressing, tea and toast, feeding ponies, and a number of *et ceteras* occupied an hour, and just at two our little party filed up the zigzag path from Lochnagar. My two companions were mounted on "tats" (hill ponies), but I preferred two legs to six for such a jaunt.

The distance to Tiger Hill, on the crest of Senchal, is seven English miles, and we should be there in two hours and thirty minutes to see sunrise on the Indian Alps. The horsemen take the cart road to Joa Bungalow, three or four miles of gradual ascent, then strike into the bridle path up Senchal's rugged shoulder. I choose the short cuts, and with my Himalayan staff, a rattan of six feet armed with an iron spike, I push on and up, my agile guide leading the way. More than a mile do I save by footing it, and before my friends come in sight I am standing and shouting for them, on the square stone tower built for the trigonometrical survey on the bald pate of Tiger Hill. In less than thirty

minutes we all are seated on the blocks of gneiss waiting for Sol.

You may have heard of the Hoosier lad with his first watch, who, on being asked, "How long to sunrise?" extricated an enormous time-piece from the depths of an abyss in his homespun trowsers, and after sundry speculations, his sharp eyes studying the disk of his wonderful watch, calmly and confidently observed, "If she's on time, she'll be up in just seven minutes and a quarter!" So we held our watches, while we gazed into the reddening East, and then by turns up the snow-clad peaks forty miles to the north.

"Sunrise on the Swiss Alps is magnificent," wrote an English traveler in America, "but sunrise on the Sierra is sublime! for here are the wilder solitudes, and here the grandeur and impressiveness of the remote New World, far away beyond the center of civilization." What would he say of the supremely more sublime scenery of our Indian Alps, of sunrise on the Himalaya, almost twice the height of the Sierra, of "solitudes" never yet and never to be trodden by the foot of man! In the presence of mountains like these well may a wondering, admiring mortal pray the poet's prayer:

"Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee."

Greatly to our disappointment, a bank of black clouds intercepted our view in the direction of Mount Everest. True to English instinct, my chum began to grumble. Our host was of even temper, but no more hopeful. Not without considerable bantering and begging did I succeed in gaining their consent to the proposition that we should wait at least forty-five minutes for that cloud to lift. In the meantime we were to entertain ourselves with cloud stories and sunrise on the snowy range to the north. The monarch of these Eastern Himalaya (every student should know that

these mountains take their name from *him*, meaning snow, and *alaya* home—the abode of snow) is Mt. Kinchinjunga, the next to Everest for height, being upwards of 28,000 feet. I give the words of the barbarous English orthography, from which it would puzzle a philological expert to deduce the etymology. Could you hear Europeans pronounce the name of that mountain, you would be still more puzzled as to its meaning. The word haunted me for weeks like a nightmare! Neither Lepcha, nor Bhotia, nor Nepalese could aid me to its signification. On getting back to Midnapore, however, I found it out to be made up of two Sanserit words, *Kanchan* gold, and *sringa* peak—the gold peak. The line of perpetual congelation in the Himalaya is about 17,000 above sea level, so that even in the summer months 11,000 feet of snow are seen upon the rough sides of Kanehansringa. In winter, of course the snow rests considerably lower.

Standing on our trigonometrical tower we watch the first rays of the sun gilding the snow eaps of Kanchansringa and his brothers. How can one who is neither painter nor poet put into words what we saw and what we felt? Raphael might, and so might Ruskin, and so might our own Bryant or Longfellow, but I stood dumb and helpless in the presence of a spectacle I could not describe. Thank God for the sensations that my poor pen cannot write! I had read charming descriptions of sunrise on the Alps and Apennines and Andes, but how flat those words seemed, how meager and meaningless, while I drank in the beauty and the grandeur of sunrise in the Himalaya! How those jets of heavenly flame leaped from peak to peak, until head and shoulders of those mountain monarehs were bathed in a sea of quivering, shimmering light in every shade of opal!

Before we knew it our forty-five minutes were gone. Sunrise on the snows of Sik-

him had made us forget Everest for an hour. Fancy my delight on turning westward to see a bright belt of clear blue sky where the bank of black cloud was seen before. "The cloud is lifting!" was our spontaneous, unanimous exclamation, and Scotchman and Englishman were now as willing to wait developments as I could wish. Twenty-five minutes more and the cloud has quite disappeared, and there rises before you, though full one hundred and fifty miles away, the majestic form of the loftiest mountain on our planet. "See Darjeeling and die!" is a familiar aphorism in these parts. We had seen Everest!

Didn't we cheer and shout? I discovered that Edinburgh and London University cheers sounded for all the world just like those that used to make dear old Bowdoin ring when we were undergraduates! When the tumult of our enthusiasm had subsided, and emotion grew fainter as the eye became more familiar to the scene, we sang, with uncovered heads and full and fervent hearts, the lines of that sweet long meter Doxology, to the tune of Old Hundred:

"Praise God from all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The Hindu name of this King of the Himalaya, almost twice the height of Mt. Blane, is Debdàngà, derived from two Sanserit words signifying God and height,—the *God-height*. Would that so beautiful and worthy a name had remained unmolested by modern nomenclature! Its present more popular name is Mount Everest, in honor of Col. Everest, R. E., who at the head of a surveying expedition, forty years or more ago, first ascertained its altitude, and pronounced it the highest mountain in the world. The latest figures represent its height as upwards of 29,000 feet above the sea level. Far above its brothers does this monareh of mountains rear his

snow-capped head. Alone in stately, sublime solitude stands Debdangà in the magnificent Napal range, overlooking all India to the South, and all China to the north! No wonder that our Aryan ancestors thought this was the Mount of God!

A sombre reflection must close this paper. At the base of these Himalaya, nestling amid the hills and jungles, is the Kingdom of Napal, a territory one by five hundred miles in extent, watered by beautiful rivers like the Kurualli, Rapti, Gunduk, and Sunkosi, peopled by who can tell how many millions of Ghurkàs and Nevas, Hindus and Bhuddists, with a delightful climate and soil most fertile, but, alas! without one solitary herald of the cross of Christ! I could not turn away from gazing on the silver slopes of Everest and bend my steps down the side of Senchal without heaving a sigh for poor, dark Napal, and lifting up a prayer for her light to come.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

Darjeeling, India, March 8, 1880.

I AM WEARY TO-NIGHT.

I am weary to-night, so weary,
And my heart is sad and weary,
For the world without is dreary,

And mine is Nature's sorrow.

The clouds are softly weeping,
And sigh the winds in keeping;
I, dreaming, waking, sleeping,
Am longing for the morrow.

My soul is sadly turning
To where love gently burning,
Then satisfied my yearning,
And I found rest in loving.
I see the daylight breaking,
My bosom, cease thy aching,
For the daylight now is breaking,
The clouds away are moving.

VALUE OF CONFLICT.

BY B. S. R., '81.

CONFLICT is coeval with animal life. From the tiniest insect up to man, there is going on an incessant struggle. We behold the mountain oak, the brute, man,—all disputing the forces and agencies that would end their existence; and every act of struggling, every conflict, makes them more hardy, more independent, and their life more noble and significant.

Before the advent of man there was merely a struggle for existence; but when he came upon the stage of action there began the sublime, intellectual, and moral contests; for physical conflicts, whether seen in the lower forms of life or in man, are puny and insignificant when compared with that which is fought in the arena not carnal.

And as in nature the hidden forces are the most potent, so in the world of morals, in the domain of choices, exist the only mighty, controlling principles.

Human life presents to us a vast and varied scene of conflict. In this universal struggle, every one who comes into the world must take part as a soldier. First, the material laws must be learned, then the control of the material laws, afterward the civil, economic, industrial, and moral laws,—all followed by punitive results, or results of reward, before the child becomes the victorious man.

The great mass of humanity are toiling in ten thousand ways for the necessities and comforts of life. Man pierces and reveals the mysteries of earth, air, and sea; he leads captive the forces of nature, and with iron chains he makes them his servants. In art, science, and invention he displays his power, and brings comfort and beauty to cheer our earthly pilgrimage; but what is the victor's laurel in such conflicts? To the individual they are of inestimable value to strengthen, to prove, to

ennoble; for every one who would pass from one degree of power to another, physically, intellectually, or morally, must consent to the terms—*conflict at every step*. Indeed, it is a law that runs through the entire economy of God. Moreover, only as the aim is noble is the result of victory glorious. Nor are these struggles significant to the individual alone.

Sometimes the battle of life presses hard, severe is the test of our strength, and we are estimated by the result of these severe tests. We see that bridge spanning that dark, yawning chasm, hundreds of feet below, but it is only after a severe trial of its strength has been made that we dare to risk life and property upon its spans. We send the noble vessel from port; proudly does she float upon the bosom of the deep, but it is only after she has encountered the storm and the tempest, and has returned in safety to her port, that we know there is strength in her frame.

So we send honorable and intelligent men, we think, into the councils of our nation, but it is only after they have come back to us unspotted in character, uncorrupted by bribes, that we know they are men, true to themselves and to their trust, and worthy of our confidence.

We are proud of our commonwealth, of the general intelligence and good sense of our people, and we are accustomed to feel that we are free from all disturbance, secure from all danger, but it is only after we have passed through such a terrible ordeal as occurred during the winter of '79 and '80, without scenes of riot and bloodshed, that the integrity and good sense of our people, *as a whole*, are established.

The same lesson is enforced on a grander scale by the issues of 1876.

A few years ago the great war of the Rebellion swept over the land, and although the dark-rolling war cloud has passed away, and the grass waves above

the graves of our honored dead, there is yet a contest going on between North and South. There is yet a mightier conflict to be fought; and the real test of the honor and wisdom of our whole people,—North and South,—lies in the peaceful and complete reconciliation between these two great sections of country. By this struggle our weakness has been revealed,—where we can and ought, as a nation, to make ourselves stronger; the choice is before us, to make ourselves weaker or infinitely stronger.

For ages there has been a conflict between Truth and Error, but by reason of this conflict the cause of truth stands more firm, more glorious, more triumphant to-day than ever before, and her signal fires along the hills of earth are daily proclaiming the glad news of many victories.

Thus it is with the race and with the individual. Conflict is valuable and necessary everywhere; but most emphatically in the realm of morals. If there is no conflict there, only continual retreat—the glory of all other contests is in a great degree lost.

Napoleon I. was great in military skill and power, yet, with all his martial glory, he stands before the world to-day devoid of human greatness in its sublimest meaning. Nero, although he sat upon the throne of one of the mightiest empires of earth, was a man most terribly destitute of all moral and religious principles. He caused thousands to be put to death. He order the death of his own mother—in a word he was guilty of the most atrocious crimes known to civilized or savage nations. What is true of these men is true of thousands.

While men are eager for applause and renown, while they may be successful as far as this world goes, while they may be giants in intellect,—morally they may be as puny dwarfs, a disgrace to themselves and pitiful in the sight of their Maker. Such

have shunned the sublimest battle-fields; therefore can never stand among the truly great, neither before the tribunal of this world nor of that to come. To experience the greatest benefit one must conquer self. We read of many who have thus triumphed, and what an immortal record is theirs! What have their struggles, their conflicts, not done for them? Again we read of one who met every foe, waged the sublimest conflict ever fought on earth, and won the consummation of victories, therefore do we call him King of Kings.

SKETCH OF A LECTURE.

THE afternoon recitations on Thursday, Oct. 14th, were suspended in order that the students might attend the lecture given at the College Chapel by Mr. Constantine of Athens. Mr. Constantine came to America when seventeen years of age, and after graduating from Amherst, went back to Athens as a missionary. He is now a guest of Prof. Stanton, in this city. Mr. Constantine gave us a very interesting talk on modern Athens. His description of the Parthenon, its wonderful architecture, its columns, its lines of beauty, its angles, its sculpture, was vivid and interesting. His imagery of what the Apostle Paul's emotions must have been when he stood on Mar's Hill, in full view of the Parthenon and all that ancient glory, and preached to the Athenians concerning the "unknown God," was most beautifully set forth. He points out the beauty and symmetry of the Grecian language, with its delicate shades of meaning, the expressiveness of its

moods and tenses, especially of the Optative as indicative of the cultivation, resources, and power of the Grecian mind. An interesting fact in regard to the educational system of Greece was mentioned. One-fifth of the entire revenue is appropriated to education. Consequently their schools are of a high order and free to all classes. Not only the Common, Normal, and High Schools, are free to all, but also the fine Polytechnic Institutions open their doors, free of charge, to all who choose to avail themselves of such privileges. A free library of 200,000 volumes offers its treasures alike to the millionaire and the boot-black. Therefore, on account of this system of free education and general diffusion of knowledge, Greece has, in proportion to its population, less men and women who cannot read and write than any other country in the world. Unlike the government of any other country it has but one House, and that the House of Representatives. The number of inhabitants in Greece, at the present time, is 1,500,000, while scattered throughout the East there are between five and six million who speak the Grecian language. Mr. Constantine states that the strongest enemy Greece has to contend with, at the present day, is infidelity. Like a pall it is hanging over that fair land, threatening its destruction. While listening to his vivid descriptions of Athens, to his reading of the Greek Testament, and the beautiful shades of thought he pointed out as contained in the original text, and also to his statements of how closely connected with our times is the History of Greece, it seemed as if we were in a Grecian atmosphere. Gladly would we have listened another hour.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THERE has been considerable talk among Faculty and students about the additional expense that will be imposed upon the students of our institution by the introduction of some old college customs, like class suppers, the publication of the *Garnet*, burial of Analytics, etc. We think it strange that, while these minor things have been so thoroughly discussed, no one has thought anything about the additional expense incurred by Commencement Concert. Many classes have had to put their hands in their pockets and disburse to the extent of from ten to forty dollars apiece, and that at a time when individual expenses are necessarily high and the student feels least inclined to sacrifice himself so benevolently for the entertainment of others. Moreover, whatever concert may be given, the audience is rarely satisfied; for if the seats are placed at a rate sufficiently high to enable the committee to procure first-class talent, the purchasers feel as if their money was worth more than the entertainment; if they are sold at a low figure, and second-class talent procured, they feel as if the concert wasn't worth as much as their money. In either case, so far as we have been able to observe, there has been dissatisfaction. It is almost impossible to get an audience in this city that will pay for a first-class concert, and it seems to us that no concert would be preferable to a second-class one. We hope this question will be agitated by the present Senior class. We hardly see the consistency in a student's depriving himself of little class entertainments on account of the expense, and then borrowing from ten to fifty dollars to tickle the ear of a small audience one night in Commencement Week.

Quite a number of the Seniors are out

teaching this fall. The question is often asked by outsiders, "How can you stay out a term to teach and keep on with your studies?" We answer, by doing an immense amount of hard labor.

Then generally follows a long talk about the loss which the student suffers on account of absence. The question has been discussed again and again in the columns of the *STUDENT*, "Does it pay for a student to stay out a term during his course to teach?" As the discussion has generally been on the negative, we think that it will not be amiss for us to give a few considerations on the other side. We think the answer depends upon two conditions: first, if he has good pay; second, if his school is of a high grade. If by staying out one term and increasing his work one-third for the rest of the year, a student can save borrowing two hundred dollars, provided his health is good enough to stand the strain, it appears to us that he makes at least two hundred dollars and interest.

If, in addition to this, his school is of a high grade, the practical experience in teaching, the knowledge of the world, the general information and accuracy acquired cannot be so certainly gained anywhere else; and if he is naturally quick and easy to learn, these things, with the money, will more than recompense him for the loss which he can, by resolution, almost entirely make up.

Is it not true that many students on entering the smaller colleges become possessed with a spirit of unmanly manliness? Unable to meet the expense of attending the larger colleges, they enter the smaller ones, which afford abundant opportunities to those who improve them, for a liberal education at a moderate ex-

pense. These students have a high appreciation of their own ability, not only to learn a lesson, but also to dictate to their superiors what course they should follow. Conversant with the inner life of older colleges, they draw comparisons, and in swelling words of newly-acquired rhetoric point out the advantages they offer to the aspiring student, hurl bitter invectives at all "one-horse chaise" colleges, and pray them a speedy but not an altogether desirable death. Yet they do not stop here. Ever ready to receive favors, they have an astonishing gift that at once transforms them into bribes; and so remarkably keen is their vision, in every effort to help them they see a subtle, mean, cowardly attempt to buy their good will, or, to put it mildly, "It is policy." Every kindness, no matter what, is a text from which to hurl abuse. Again, if there is any act on the part of instruction that can by any possible interpretation be considered hard, they at once cry "injustice," "mean revenge," "an attempt to crush out a man's spirit and make him servile," etc. We would infer from their course that they consider their instructors the allied, sworn enemies rather than the friends of students. By what course of reasoning this frame of mind is reached we are at a loss to know. That some mental hallucination holds them as a nightmare, we are sure. It is not manliness, but childishness. Fault finding is no indication of manhood. A truly manly man said that when he was a child he thought as a child, but when he became a man he put away childish things. Is not this the true course? While we cheerfully grant that older and well-established institutions offer greater opportunities to good students, yet we are assured smaller colleges are doing a good work that without them would not be done. Would we show our manliness, then, we can best do so not by professional grumbling, but by giving our influence, all our influence,

while connected with them, to remove their defects and to make them what we conceive they should be.

"What is the use of this study? I cannot master it; why, then, waste my time upon it? I shall never teach it; I shall never make it a specialty; I can never excel in this branch. Why, then, spend so many hours in trying to accomplish what I am satisfied I shall never make use of after I get outside of college walls?" We often hear, we are sorry to say, expressions like the above from college students. Permit us, who have had a little experience in this matter, to say just a few words. We make bold to assert that there is not a student now in college, nor ever has been one, who could not get benefit from every study laid down in the course. Apply, then, the old maxim, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and we have no excuse for slighting a single study. If we can get a little benefit from say one study, without much application, with proper attention a great deal of benefit might be realized even from the most abstract. Bacon says: "Histories make men wise; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." As a usual thing, we do not hear complaint from the best class of students that this or that study is of no benefit. We doubt not that some of the branches pursued in college are of no practical benefit to many students, but the trouble arises from this simple fact, *they do not choose to make them practicable*. But the evil of slighting any one study is not that we do not know as much as we might about that particular branch. The pernicious effect lies in the practice of passing carelessly over what should receive our most careful study and investigation. Whether we will it or not, whether we know it or not, we are practicing that which will destroy the very

foundation of good scholarship. The whole tendency is to make shallow. You may say we make a great ado about nothing, but even one study, slighted, neglected by any one, will inevitably leave its impress. "Books," says one, "teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." If we do not learn to think and investigate for ourselves while in college, our whole course will be a failure. To slight in the least is to lessen our power of keen investigation.

Much has been said in the STUDENT about the Reading-Room, but we think something more is needed. We have tried a good deal to find out who knew who the officers of the association were, and have utterly failed. We begin to doubt if there are such officers, or if the Freshmen know there is such an association. Such a thing cannot be carried on without money, and, therefore, the Freshmen should have an opportunity to become members of the association. Unless this is attended to, we shall soon be in as bad a financial condition as we were a year ago. Let the treasurer be hunted up and invited to attend to his business, or if such an individual does not exist let one be appointed. We supposed the boys knew that the magazines and papers, after being read, were not common property. By the way they are marked up, torn and carried off, we should think this was forgotten. If the papers are served in the way mentioned, they do the owner no good. He doesn't like to pay for what he never receives. Doubtless the magazines are taken with the intention of restoring them, but don't forget that many a man has ended his days in sorrow for taking money intending to pay it back. If it is stealing in one case, it is no better in the other. We ought all to remember that the magazines belong in the Reading-Room.

It is a sad truth that almost universally during a college course little progress is made in Christian life. It is sadder still that many who enter college as Christians, at the end of their Freshman or Sophomore year have lost all interest in religious matters, and can enjoy a joke or tell a story of more than doubtful purity.

What is the cause of this? Is it a necessary consequence of college life? If so, what are the influences at work producing this spiritual barrenness and decay? Does the study of the Ancient Languages, filled with subtle heathen Mythology, poison the mind and pollute the soul? Does the study of Mathematics, with its exact and convincing conclusions, unfit the mind for the exercise of faith, and lead it to believe faith becoming only to the uneducated? Or does study alone cause this alarming decline in spiritual life? We believe the evil is found in none of these things. Study, hard study, is not an enemy to spiritual growth. The brightest examples of piety have been close students, many of them lovers of the Languages and Mathematics. We suspect, rather, the cause of spiritual decline in college is twin-brother to the cause out of college, simply a forgetting the means of grace and a neglect to keep the heart with all diligence.

By carelessness or bad planning, when the time for college prayer-meeting comes we have work that must be done *then*, and sacrifice the cultivation of the heart to the head. The same cause cuts short or totally annihilates morning and evening devotion. The wall down, one evil admitted,—others of the herd soon follow; hence, Sunday is not a feast day to our souls. Sabbath morning we rise late, neglect to study the Sunday-School lesson,—too often to pray; thus unprepared, rush late to church occupied with air castles, fidget through the service, pronounce the sermon that we have not heard a failure, leave the Sunday School, rush to our rooms, catch up the

unfinished novel and begin to read, or the pen and begin to write, neglectful of God or his word. Thus we live, or rather by these means we die, spiritually, and what is worse, by our own consent.

We believe college as good a place as we shall ever find for the development of character and Christian manhood. It may be urged in denial of this, that, huddled together in dormitories, we have no time we can call our own, for meditation and secret prayer. When we wish to be alone, that we may give expression to our feelings of gratitude, we are sure to be interrupted by company. We feel the force of this. If true, here is a cause sufficient to account for the spiritual deadness of us all. Yet it is not necessarily true; we consent, rather, that it be so. We find abundant time to eat, to sleep,—we can to pray. We do not deny that our time is often invaded in college dormitories. We only deny that it is invaded more than it will be in business or professional life.

As a young graduate said to me recently, "How I miss the advantages offered at college! the prayer-meetings close at hand, the abundant opportunity for Christian conversation, the sympathy of others." This will be our experience. Is it not time then to reflect? Is it not time to avail ourselves of these opportunities? Shall we not care for the heart as well as for the head? Would we be whole men and women this we must do. Take time for consulting the Word, for meditation and for secret prayer. Attend college prayer-meetings, prepare ourselves and wait upon God in His house. We trust underclassmen may realize now what we have learned by sad experience, and avoid these evils. These things we have just mentioned done, the others will not be left undone. Really more time will be devoted to the difficult problem, more to the obscure sentence, for what a great man, burdened with work, said, is true, "To have prayed well is to have studied well,"—we might add to have done well.

We are often admonished of the importance of early deciding upon our life-work. Many have the opinion that, before entering upon his course of study in seminary and college, a young man should by all means settle the question of his future occupation. Doubtless there are some good grounds for this opinion, and yet there are equally good reasons against it. To say nothing of the fact that very few are capable, so early in their career, of deciding to what calling they are best adapted, much of the peculiar benefit that ought to be derived from the course of study is often lost by those who so early get an idea of training for some particular profession. The true object of a college course is not to train men to become lawyers, physicians, and teachers, but to develop habits of investigation and application,—to train the mind to correct habits of thinking,—in short to lay the foundation upon which the future career shall be built. We do not expect the student to become a perfect master of any of the branches taught. To do this with a single study would, in most cases, require more time than is devoted to the entire course. The course of study is selected and arranged with a view of affording to the mind the best discipline,—of best fitting it for independent action. Now the student, whose future course is marked out before him, has a tendency to fall into the habit of slighting those parts of the course which he thinks will be of no practical use to him. To one mathematics may seem a dry subject, and he will say, perhaps, "I expect to be a lawyer, mathematics will not help me much in the practice of my profession, and I am not going to bind myself down to anything so distasteful." So the discipline to be derived from the study, which is the thing really to be sought, is lost. Another finds some other study disagreeable, and fails to see its practical use, and so neglects that. It is sometimes said that the student needs

some definite object in view to stimulate him to exertion. Very true; but surely the acquiring of a broad and liberal culture,—a culture which opens the way to the grandest possibilities in life,—is a far more worthy object than the training for any profession.

LOCALS.

Autumn.

Jack Frost.

Plug hats.

Have you wooded up?

Let us see your collection of forest leaves.

'81 has started up class prayer-meetings Friday evenings.

The students of Kent's Hill passed Sept. 29th as a holiday, at Lake Maranocook.

It was astonishing to see how ignorant the Seniors were of where the Gas House was situated.

W. J. Brown, formerly on the editorial staff, has resigned, having accepted other appointments.

Prof.—“What kind of an object first attracts the notice of an infant?” Wilbur —“A fancy object.”

Beware how you appear with *cat-tail* on your clothes, for you may be called to state just how it came there.

Is it not rather suggestive when a Lewiston girl announces her intention to bait her hook and go a S-trouting?

Byron says, “’Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,” but a Junior thinks that that depends on circumstances.

The Sophomoric fountain of youth bubbled over on the night the President gave his annual reception to the Freshman class.

Our base-ball nine went to Kent's Hill, Saturday, Oct. 9th. We should judge from their long faces and sober counte-

nances after their return, that they did not meet with their usual success. Confidence is good, but victory is better.

If Mr. — had wings to correspond to his voice, what a magnificent bird he would make. But Miss — calls him a “Deer.”

The Eurosophian Society had a mock Court, Friday evening, Oct. 1st. The exercises were held in Prof. Rand's recitation room.

“Chum, are you going to circle?” “No.” “Going to lecture?” “No, have got some ‘making up’ to do.” “Doubtless, but where?”

A panther has lately been seen in the vicinity of Lewiston, and sportsmen have been out in hopes to get a shot at the animal, but have as yet failed.

Prof.—“What is grape sugar?” Perk (after vain efforts for a glance at the book)—“Well, eh, C.H., I should say, Professor.” Appreciation.

Mayor Day has moved into his elegant residence on the corner of Frye and Main Streets. Frye Street is to be one of the most beautiful streets in the city.

W. A. Hoyt, '80, was in town some days since and favored us with a call. He had just returned from the Glen House, where he had been acting as waiter.

It has been discovered why the rope-pull did not come off. It was because there was a *Sam(p)son* in the Freshman class, therefore what was the use to try?

The boys have all returned from their summer employment enjoying the blessing of good health. But how about *sundries* on the credit side of your cash account?

Tuesday, October 5th, the Senior class, accompanied by Prof. Stanley, visited the Gas Works for the purpose of examining the process of manufacturing the common burning gas. The occasion was pleasant and profitable to all.

Big Indian (Big-Fighter-with-his-Mouth, Great-Hunter, Sure-to-Kill-Every-Time) Limby Cook, lately shot a mink, and would like to shoot a panther. Wa, wa, wa, ho-o-o!

The Bates College Cadets joined the Republican torch-light procession Tuesday evening, Oct. 19th. What shall we do next year? No torch-light processions, no elections.

Instructor in Elocution—"Mr. P., if I tell you to stand on your head, you must stand on your head." Did the instructor want merely to get the *understanding* uppermost?

Another improvement in Lewiston: A fire-alarm telegraph has been set up. Surely it seems no heavy fire can occur here with all these improvements in the Fire Department.

Emerson says that during his term of janitorship he has never lost his patience but once, and then at being called out of the lecture room by a Junior to get some bread for a stray kitten.

A student lately took such an extended walk with his lady that he came home and bathed his feet in bay-rum. We would advise him if he has any bay-rum left to send a bottle to his lady.

George E. Lowden, '81, was appointed to represent the Bates College Christian Association, at the convention of the Inter-Collegiate Christian Association held in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 19th to 21st.

The Sophomores have completed their plotting. We think their work will compare favorably with former classes. Great credit is due them for the care and precision taken, as seen in their work.

The Sophomores found the usual crop of apples that grows on the elm tree near a corner of the Cobb Field. With what emotions of pleasure do we remember that day, that great day for *surveying*!

Prof. Rand has commenced grading his lot on Frye Street. A portion of ledge is to be removed, and a series of terraces made. Shade and ornamental trees are to be set out, which will make it a handsome building lot.

An aged clergyman was lately seen walking out with a new hat on. Some wicked boys were overheard making the remark that the venerable gentleman probably got the new hat by betting on the election in Indiana.

Bob—"Is Madeira wine, Prof., made of a grape of that name?" Prof.—"Yes." Bob—"Is Port wine?" Prof.—"No." Bob—"Well, I don't see what makes the difference in them—e—e—I—I mean in the name!" Audible smiles.

The Freshman class has been divided into three divisions to take part in the public declamations. We expect to have some interesting exercises from our new friends. The first division held their exercises Thursday evening, Oct. 14th.

A short time ago Parker Hall was the scene of a terrible conflict between the Sophomores and Freshmen, but the conflict, we are happy to say, was all "in their minds." And at last all retired to dream of the rivers of blood that were not poured out.

Professor in Greek—"Euphrone (night); give its composition." Freshman—"From 'eu' (well), and 'phroneo' (to think), so called because it is natural to have good thoughts when night comes on." Professor (with an ill-concealed smile)—"I'll warrant that's original."

The annual reception by the President was tendered the Freshman class Friday evening, Oct. 8th. The ladies of the different classes were invited. What will be the arrangement when the classes are composed entirely of ladies? As regards escorts we judge it will be just as it was this year.

Mr. W. F. Seward, of New York, gave a dramatic recital Tuesday evening, October 5th, at College Chapel. His programme comprised heroic, dramatic, pathetic, and humorous selections, some of which were quite pleasingly rendered. "Horatius at the Bridge," was the masterpiece of the evening.

A Senior lately went out of town to "sit up with the sick," as he says. We fear it was a contagious disease, for as soon as he arrived, strange to tell, the person recovered and was *obliged* in turn to sit up with him. It is interesting to know that both parties had entirely recovered by Sunday night.

The first division of the Freshman class held their exercises Thursday evening, Oct. 14th, at College Chapel. The programme presented a good variety of selections. The speakers showed that they had made careful preparation. C. H. Little, T. Dunning, J. E. McVay, and J. E. Meikle were selected to take part in the fourth division.

A student was called on in society meeting for a three-minute speech. The subject given him was to prove that the moon was not made of cheese. The announcement of the subject was greeted with applause by the members. As soon as order was restored the student stammered out, "I—I sh—should think a—any fool m—might know better than that the m—moon was made before cows were." Prolonged applause.

A village green. Non Pugilisticus and Belligerentius, two lads of tender years, newly introduced to jacket and pants. Non Pugilisticus perpendicular to the outstretched, struggling form of Belligerentius. The village parson appears. Staring eyeballs and cheeks of flame bespeak the feelings of N. P., the valiant but magnanimous, more plainly than do the tearful ejaculations with which he now

hies to the maternal arms. "I wouldn't fight! I just sat on him! The minister saw me and I am afraid I have lost my character by it!!" It may interest our readers to know that the hero of the above is now a Professor in Bates College.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers: President, E. R. Richards; Vice President, I. L. Harlow; Secretary, C. E. Mason; Treasurer, H. S. Bullen; Orator, J. F. Merrill; Poet, F. L. Blanchard; Historian, W. Skilling; Chaplain, O. H. Tracy; Odists, J. W. Douglass, C. O. Davis; Toast Master, W. H. Cogswell; Marshall, W. S. Hoyt; Prophet, C. H. Libby; Executive Committee, L. T. McKenney, G. P. Emmons, D. Eugene Pease.

While the Seniors were at the Gas Works, a short time ago, Emerson experimented with the telephone for the instruction (?) of the class. Seizing the instrument and placing it to his ear he shouts a half dozen times, "When can you do some turning for me?" The clerk at the Gas Company's Office, under the DeWitt, meekly replied, "We don't do turning here." Hats come off and lungs are ventilated. Will you please pass the peanuts along, Emerson?

It takes a Yankee boy to get out of a dilemma. Not long ago a fond mother said to her boy, "My son you have not succeeded in breaking up those setting hens yet; there are six trying to set in that nail keg." "Great guns," said young America, as he rushed out of the house, "I'll fix 'em." In a short time his mother looked out into the yard and what a ludicrous sight! Six hens walking about stiff-legged. They couldn't set if they went to their *wits ends*, for they all had sticks bound to their legs.

The Freshman class has elected the following officers: President, E. F. Burrill; Vice President, J. W. Chadwick; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Florence A. Dud-

ley; Executive Committee, C. S. Flanders, Miss Ella H. Haskell, Miss Ella L. Knowles; Orator, C. A. Chase; Historian, Miss Ella L. Knowles; Poet, A. Beede; Orator, E. R. Chadwick; Marshal, T. S. Sampson; Postmaster, T. Dunning; Reporter, Miss Katie A. McVay; Prophetess, Miss Emma F. Bates; Chaplain, C. H. Little; Toast Master, C. W. Foss.

The Eurosophian Society held its annual public meeting Oct. 8th. The programme was well arranged and the parts well delivered. The oration showed great care in preparation. The only fault we could find with the exercises was the length of the debate. The following was the programme:

Music—Caliph of Bagdad.

Miss E. S. Bickford, Miss N. R. Little.

PRAYER.

Declamation—*Toussaint L'Ouverture* (Phillips).

A. B. Tinkham.

Eulogy—James A. Garfield.

H. E. Foss.

Music—"I went up on Mt. David."

Glee Club.

DISCUSSION.

Was President Hayes justified in Vetoing the Appropriation Riders?

Aff., O. L. Gile. Neg., W. T. Skelton.

Music—"In the Evening by the Moonlight."

Glee Club.

Oration—Education as a Remedy for

Hard Times.

E. T. Pitts.

Paper.

Mr. W. H. Cogswell, Miss N. R. Little.

Music (Selection).

Quartette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student:

GLEN HOUSE, N. H., Sept. 2.

No spot in New England has, during the past ten years, proved so full of interest to the tourist as the White Mountains. Old Orchard and Mt. Desert have their attractions, but they are certainly secondary to these great hills of Northern New Hampshire. The present season has thus far proved very remunerative to hotel proprietors. Ever since the last days of July, the

houses have been crowded with guests from all parts of the United States and Europe. The interest which people of every grade of society express for the scenery is somewhat remarkable. Day after day, week after week, they sit upon the broad piazzas and do nothing but gaze at the mountains pushing their heads up above the clouds. Like Starr King, the well-known tourist, they find in them fresh pictures of grandeur and beauty every day.

The scenery is ever changing. At one time the atmosphere is so transparent that you can almost see the people on the summit of Mt. Washington, eight miles distant. At another, heavy masses of clouds wedge themselves between the peaks, and seem about to burst the mountains asunder. The grandest scene which presented itself to my eyes during the past summer, occurred early in the month of August. The afternoon had been quite warm and sultry. By 5 o'clock a heavy wind began to blow, and huge billows of clouds began to appear above the tops of the mountains. The sky grew blacker every moment. In a short time a mighty river of clouds commenced to pour itself down over mountains into the valley below. One by one their peaks disappeared beneath the flood. By and by every ravine was filled with rolling masses of clouds, and the rain began to fall in sheets. One could easily trace its rapid flight over the space between the hotel and the distant mountains. A gentleman who has been at the Glen House for several summers said that he had never seen such a grand cloud storm as the one which I have just described. When the storm had ceased and the clouds began to melt away, we could hardly refrain from calling to mind the following passage from Lucile:

"Meanwhile

The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim, airy crags,

Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gath'ring afar,
Had already sent forward one bright signal star."

Later in the month we were favored with a few very beautiful moonlight evenings. I remember one in particular. The moon was full, and as she arose over the eastern hills and threw her light upon the valley beneath, she seemed more majestic than usual. The soft, mellow radiance of this queen of the night filled every nook and crevice with light. The trees waved their branches, and beckoned the woodland nymphs forth to a dance on the green. Surely it did seem that Shakespeare must have had just such an evening as this in mind when he wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was not until the air became cold and autumn-like that the crowd upon the piazzas began to disperse.

What would our vacations amount to if we could not hang away in memory's chambers a few scenes like these, to cheer the long hours of winter? When the winds blow and the snow piles itself up around our door, we can conjure up a summer's picture, with all its soft tints and rich shading. Thus winter may be robbed of some of its dreary aspects, and made to yield much that shall cheer and encourage us in our daily toil.

FRANK L. BLANCHARD, '82.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'71.—G. W. Flint is now in his seventh year as Principal of the High School at Collinsville, Conn. Under his care this school has become one of the first in the State.

'72.—T. G. Wilder has resigned his pastorate at Blackstone, and is now at Eastport, Me.

'76.—H. Woodbury has again been offered the Baring High School.

'78.—H. A. Rundlett is studying medicine at Dover, N. H., with a view to entering Harvard Medical School with advanced standing.

'79.—T. J. Bollin recently paid his friends in Lewiston a visit. He has now returned to Washington, D. C., where he has been employed the past year.

'79.—E. M. Briggs (not F. H. Briggs, as was reported in our last) is studying law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage of this city.

'79.—F. N. Kincaid is teaching at Westport, Me.

'79.—F. P. Otis is teaching at Princeton, Maine.

'80.—A. A. Beane, is at present located at Papillion, Neb.

'80.—J. H. Heald has entered upon a course of study at Andover Theological Seminary.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is teaching at Weld.

EXCHANGES.

What a variety of literature finds its way to the table of the Exchange Editor! The publishers of the *Standard Series* favor us with everything, from a horse on Demosthenes down to a ten-penny picture book. Campaign papers without number clamor for recognition, and so persistently demand our vote (although we are not of age) that we begin to feel almost as if there was an effort made to intimidate us.

The *Boston Investigator* has the cheek to stalk into our presence with a long defense of Tom Paine, and that marked, too. This class of visitors generally call early to avoid the aristocratic and better established visitations of the college journals. Our callers are always welcome, whoever they are, for, even if they are too dull to be read, they sell well for one cent a pound!

Since our last issue we have made one

new acquaintance (and friend, we hope), whose appearance we greet with much pleasure. The *Cornell Sun* justly represents the enterprise of the university whose offspring it is. The *Sun* is a daily four-page paper, somewhat after the style of the *Harvard Echo*. Its columns do not seem to be manufactured by the line, or their inspiration drawn from the devil's cry of "more copy," but sparkle with wit and news from home and other institutions. We hope the *Sun* will never set.

Another stranger has visited us, concerning whose character we have hardly been able to judge. We have received one copy of the *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*, which comes before us with the sounding motto, "A day, an hour of virtuous Liberty is worth a whole eternity in Bondage." That it is "published by the editors," and "edited by the publishers," is about all the information it volunteers about itself. So far as we can make out, it is published secretly by the students of Columbia College, N. Y., as an organ to express their dissatisfaction in regard to some actions taken by the Faculty, especially in the suppression of the *Echo* and the suspension of the *Mercury*. Although published, seemingly, for such a purpose, the tone of the paper is not in the least scurrilous, and seems to us to represent some real wrongs. We are not prepared to pass judgment upon the wisdom of the experiment.

The conceit of the *Niagara Index* is exceedingly amusing. We should judge by the "platform of the Exchange Editor, that the *Index* was the "stroke oar," so to speak, of college journalism. The brave are warned to keep a wholesome respect for his mighty and gall-moistened pen, and the timid are assured that if they will only keep quiet, they will be uninjured. Let him tell it, and one word from that wonderful "slinger-of-ink" will raise a college paper from the lowest to the highest place among college journals, and *vice versa*.

(Mostly *vice versa*.) If the Exchange Editor of the *Index* and his flighty column should be tumbled into the sewer, where they belong, the *Index* might hope to gain some respect from its neighbors. The literary part of the *Index* is generally interesting and occasionally instructive.

We acknowledge the receipt of Nos. 37, 38, 39, and 40, of the *Standard Series*. "The Hermit" and "The Salon of Madam Necker," are of especial interest.

We have received the *Newspaper Directory*, published by Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., which we regard as invaluable to publishers and the advertising public in general. In this work one is brought in contact with the vast newspaper interests of the country.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Japan has one university and ten colleges.

A Mr. Halsted, a tutor at Princeton, is preparing for the press a text-book upon Mensuration.

Prof. Loomis has addressed a circular to the students of Yale and the class of '84. —*Yale News*.

The California Legislature has made music a compulsory branch in all the public schools of the State.

James A. Garfield is a Delta U. from Williams College, Chester A. Arthur is a Psi T. from Union College.—*Ex*.

A very neat edition of college songs, published by a graduate of Harvard, was brought out the first of June.—*Ex*.

Out of over one hundred applicants for admission at Columbia College only twenty succeeded in entering without a condition.

The Boston University Law School presents courses of study three, five, and seven years in duration, with appropriate examinations and degrees.

"Ten to one and no takers that Yale don't send a crew to Lake George."—*Acta*. Twenty to one and no takers that the Columbia Lake George four doesn't go to England.—*Yale Record*.

Germany has 1 in 7 of its population in School; France, 1 in 9; England, 1 in 11; Italy, 1 in 15; and Russia, 1 in 67.—*Ex.*

Mr. George I. Seney, formerly a benefactor of Wesleyan, has given \$50,000 as an endowment for the salary of the President.

The Freshman class at Harvard numbers 220; at Yale, 200; at Cornell, 130; at Amherst, 90; at the University of California, 51; and at Dartmouth, 90.

Hon. Andrew D. White, at present United States Minister at Berlin, will return next spring to resume his duties as President of Cornell University.—*Ex.*

Girard College, in Philadelphia, is to be enlarged by the addition of a building to accommodate 160 more boys. It is to have a dining hall large enough for 1,000.

The number of students at Yale is 1,003; at Harvard, 1,350; at Michigan University, 1,367; at Pennsylvania University, 1,030; at Columbia, 1,436; and Wesleyan, 164.

Prof. Perry believes in one kind of protection at least, as was evinced by his maintaining two Freshmen in a college room to which a Junior showed a prior claim.—*Williams Athenaeum.*

CLIPPINGS.

WAKING.

O no, this hard-backed study chair
Is not a hammock, swinging
In balmy shade and breezy air,
Where merry birds are singing.

This Physics that I'm grinding through,
With scarcely smothered curses,
Is not the thing my fancy drew—
A book of lazy verses.

O no, that fellow opposite,
With brow with care overlaid,
All in a tangled wrinkle knit,
Is not a happy maiden.

That song that echoes through the hall,
That jolly roaring after,
Is not my cousin's voice at all,
Nor Minnie's merry laughter.

Things are no longer what they seemed,
All peace and pleasure blended,
The spell is loosed, my dream is dreamed,
And my vacation ended.

—*Yale Record.*

The King of Greece—Oleomargarine.

I'm a Freshman, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a year;
Then I'll pass into a Soph-o-more,
And I'll tarry it, yes, I'll tarry it, one more year.

An Englishman upon hearing the cackling in a poultry yard, exclaimed, "Oh, this is really henchanting!"—*Ex.*

Professor—"Can any one tell us the original of the expression 'Go to?'" Embryo Minister—"Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it off cause it did not sound well."—*Ex.*

Guest (to college waiter in the mountains)—"If you have nothing particular to do, would you be so kind as to step out and bring me some croquettes; of course I'm in no hurry. I'll wait your convenience." Such is the power wielded by a great intellect.—*Ex.*

"But I pass," said a Leadville minister, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man in the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Ex.*

They were in the wood. Said he, looking unutterable: "I wish I were a fern, Gustie." "Why," she asked. "Why—p'raps—you—would—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud, so she replied: "I'm afraid you're too green, Charley." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Boston Transcript.*

Student (sociably)—"Well that takes the cake!" Frenchman (mazedly)—"Eh, Monsieur!" Student (gruffly)—"It yanks the bun." Frenchman (apologizingly)—"Pardon, Monsieur, *mais je ne*—" Student (emphatically)—"Elopes with the cookie." Frenchman beats a retreat, and student mutters: well he does snag the gingerbread."—*Yale News.*

"I rather like this soda, after all," said John Henry to Julia, as he drew his nose out of the tumbler and wiped the froth off. "Soda I," said Julia; "but I like bottled soda best, it is sodalightful." "Why, sodear?" said John Henry. "Because," exclaimed the charmer, "instead of being only a fizzle, it pops so nicely." He took the hint, and asked her pop that same evening.—*Mail Car.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VIII. No. 9.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

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O. H. DRAKE, C. A. STROUT, B. S. RIDEOUT, H. E. COOLIDGE, G. E. LOWDEN.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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EDUCATION AS A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

THE term "hard times" explains its own meaning. It is the popular definition for the financial distress that has now and then prevailed in this country and which, on account of the wide extent of its ravages and the deep misery it has occasioned, has attracted universal attention and has now become the subject of numberless investigations as to its cause and of countless treatments for its cure.

Whence comes it and how shall it be remedied are the real and almost the only questions that to-day are agitating the great political parties of this nation, and it is truly fitting that all men of whatever party, creed, or belief, should give these questions more than a mere passing notice, for upon their decision hangs much of the welfare of this people.

Learned political doctors have diagnosed the case, but one has come to one conclusion and another to another. They agree, however, as to one thing, that "hard times" have been introduced to the country, or we might say have been immediately occasioned by great financial panics. The recent "hard times" was introduced by the panic of 1873. But these doctors differ entirely as to the occasion of these financial panics.

One learned doctor says that the late panic and consequent "hard times" were caused by a contraction of the currency, and, says he, "My remedy is to issue an unlimited amount of irredeemable paper currency, and that directly by the govern-

ment of the United States and not by its banks."

Another very learned doctor says, "It is evident that the recent 'hard times' was caused by the frauds, by the shameless extortions, by the misgovernment, and by the illegal and corrupt practices, especially in the matters of voting, of the Republican party, and my remedy is to count that party right out."

Still another doctor comes forward and says, "I am convinced that the late 'hard times' was caused by the overtrading, extravagant, and speculative enterprises engaged in by the people, by which millions of dollars were lost, together with the great fires of Chicago and Boston, by which millions more were burned up." "My remedy is this," "Let the people first recognize the fact that their losses were in a great measure brought upon themselves by their own extravagant and expenditures and by their reckless speculative enterprises, and then let them settle down in earnest work 'to correct the errors of the past by spending less and saving more,' and by confining themselves in the future to the pursuits strictly legitimate and within the limits of prudence, then, and not till then, will there be deliverance from 'hard times.'"

Now here are the three opinions that our learned political doctors are presenting to us,—the American people,—for our consideration. Which of them is the right opinion and which is the wrong? They

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cannot all be right. Are any of them right? Whether right or wrong, each of these three opinions, although so widely different, finds millions of endorsers among the people of the United States, and these people are to-day acting with reference to these opinions.

Now I do not propose in this discussion to inquire which of them is right or which is wrong. One of them may be somewhere near the truth, the others may be quite a distance from it. My object, at the present moment, is to show you, and you can easily see it, that by a portion, at least, of the people of the United States a woful amount of ignorance is manifested concerning this subject. Why! people must be grossly ignorant to swallow all the stuff that is poured into them by these political doctors. There is nothing so foolish, nothing so unreasonable, so unrighteous, and so untrue, but if advocated by sharp tonguy men, it will find plenty of followers.

No doubt the majority of the common people holding these different opinions honestly believe that they have the right opinion and that of course their opponents must have the wrong. But it is impossible that they all can have the right. Somebody is ignorant and somebody is duped. If men were not so ignorant, they could not be so duped, for men never knowingly work against their own interests; ignorantly they often do so. Accordingly, when you see the common people taking the very means to produce "hard times" you may know that they are ignorant of the fact. When the common people follow the lead of unscrupulous, scheming demagogues, who "leave no stone unturned" to bring themselves into power and the country into ruin, you may know that they are intellectually and morally blind and ignorant.

What is to be done? what can be done? How can our people know what to believe, and whom to believe? How can they

know which of the three opinions I have cited as causing "hard times," contraction of the currency, frauds of the Republican party, or the extravagant expenditures of the people, is the correct opinion? How can they know that the truth is reached in either of these opinions? How can they know but that they must search still further to find it. How can they know what—*exactly what*—causes "hard times"?

The only possible answer to this, that I can see, is, educate the people. And what do I mean by educating the people? Do I mean that I would give them all a liberal education? Yes, the more liberal the better. I would give everybody a college education, if possible. But a college course is not necessary to make a man educated. A knowledge of Greek roots is not a necessary prerequisite to an understanding of the science of Political Economy, Domestic Economy, or any other economy. Henry Wilson probably could not have told a Greek root from a French root, but who would dare to say that he was not educated? None understand the science of government better than he.

But college education or not, a man is not educated till he is fitted to perform the duties of life, and he is not fitted to perform the duties of life until he understands himself and his relations to his fellow-men. This is the long and the short of it. Education alone enlightens the understanding. The Rev. A. P. Tinker said recently in a sermon upon "National Dangers and the Remedy": "The cure for our national dangers is education. Let every child be educated so as to become an intelligent citizen."

But while we educate we must take care how we educate. In the first place we must not ground our education upon prejudice. We must seek to uproot prejudice, if any exists; for prejudice will destroy the results of the best education. Prejudice is the bane of American education, especially in the matter of politics. We

grow up prejudiced against this thing and prejudiced against that, and in consequence we are very often prejudiced against the truth itself. Men ought to be so educated that they can look the truth right in the face and then say to it: "Welcome truth; I am ready to accept thee."

The truth is not so very hard to find either, but the trouble is, prejudiced men, when the truth conflicts with their interests, will turn out for it every time. They will avoid meeting it if they can. Here is an individual who holds to a certain belief concerning the cause of "hard times," and he is so prejudiced against all the belief that he will not even take the pains to examine them to find out what they are. He hears the evidence upon one side only, and he imagines that that side cannot be controverted. Now it is possible that this individual may not have found the truth, but, I ask you, is he prepared to find it?

Again, another fault in our mode of education is that we are not taught to think, to think for ourselves. We are apt to depend upon somebody else to do our thinking for us. A little observation will convince any man that there are comparatively few men in this country who do any real solid thinking for themselves. A majority of the rank and file of the people believe upon public questions, upon the question of "hard times," just what their political leaders tell them.

Then I say do not trust too much to political leaders. I care not of what party they may be, Republican, Democratic, or Greenback; for they nearly all will sift the truth to suit themselves and then manage to retain a good deal of chaff along with the truth. Do not trust them to tell you what has caused "hard times" or what shall be the remedy. Thousands, nay, millions of honest, but ignorant, people of the United States are to-day being deceived upon this very question by their political leaders. To

all such, would that I could say with clarion voice, "In all things exercise your thought, your own intelligence."

Let every man become a student, as he can, a student of the history of his country, a student of its laws, and especially a student of that supreme law of the land, the Constitution. Let him become a student of great national facts and principles, and not of party sayings and party policies, and then he will be prepared to tell what—exactly what—causes "hard times," and will also be prepared to apply the remedy. Let every man be educated in the manner I have described and every man would be able to determine which of the three opinions I have quoted as causing "hard times," the Republicans, the Democratic, or the Greenback, is the correct opinion, or whether either of them is correct. Then, of course, it follows that men would think alike or nearly so concerning this subject, and hence by united action they would be enabled to avert the catastrophe of "hard times" altogether, or greatly to mitigate its evils.

Moreover, education tends to make men prudent, careful, industrious, temperate, and honest,—all of which tends to prosperity. Notice, if you will, that the educated, enlightened portion of the people are, upon the whole, the most prosperous. They have complained far less of "hard times" than the uneducated, ignorant portion of the people. Educate the people, then, and you have furnished them with the effectual remedy for "hard times."

E. T. P., '81.

CLOUDS.

BY KATE HANSON.

Around the mountains' mighty height they lie,
The watcher notes their changing shapes and hues,
Now sees them passing on in grand review,
To circle all the arches of the sky!
Untiring hosts of warriors they go by,
With steady, noiseless rush to measures true,

In silence girding all their strength anew,
 The battle with the elements to try.
 And some are grim-faced yet'rains, old and gray,
 With firm defiance on their faces set,
 While others young and fair, with trappings gay,
 Think not of coming peril to be met.
 They ever onward keep their rhythmic way,
 Long, long ago they marched, are marching yet.

Bristol, Ct., Oct. 30, 1880.

CHARLES LAMB.

"A COMPOUND of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," is a description which Lamb gave of one of his intimate friends, and one which his biographer, Talfourd, says might with great fitness be applied to himself, though the first ingredient formed, I apprehend, but a small part of the mixture in Lamb's case.

In person Talfourd describes him thus: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on his shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem."

Lamb was born in 1775, on the 18th of February; passed the first seven years of his life at the Inner Temple, at London, then went to school at Christ Church till 1789, after which, giving up a university education on account of his stammering speech, he obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House. Here he remained till 1792, when he obtained a situation in the East India House, where he continued till 1825, when he was retired with a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The remainder of his life he spent in literary pursuits, enjoying the society and friendship of the brightest and ablest writers of his day.

He never married, partly because of his great love for his books and writings, but chiefly from his tender regard for his sister Mary. Insanity, with which Lamb himself was afflicted at one time for a short period, hung over this gifted and noble woman, like a cloud, ready at any time to burst on her devoted head, and it was occasionally necessary to confine her in an asylum. Lamb watched over her through life with a single-hearted affection that would admit of no sharing with another.

He tried his hand at all sorts of writing, prose, poetry, and the drama each receiving attention from him. His plays, though possessing literary merit, failed on the stage. His poetry is fine oftentimes, seldom poor, but never possessing the touch of the master. But in his essays and letters, Lamb holds a place at once lofty and unique.

England has produced an Addison, a Macaulay, a Jeffrey, a Smith, but great as these men were and lofty as are the positions they occupy, she may at some day reproduce them. Another Lamb, however, though in many respects far below these men, ranking him by the works he has left behind him, is not to be expected. His mind was different from its very foundation from that of any other literary man. Over the deep flow of a strong, noble character, tinged with a shade of melancholy, ran a capricious upper current of fantastic humor, that twisted into a thousand unsuspected eddies, and sparkled or dulled as sunshine or shadow came upon it, almost as frequently, however, appearing brilliant in cloudy weather and gloomy in bright, as otherwise. As a general thing paying little attention to criticism, he is deeply hurt by an inadvertent blow from his friend Southey.

One can never tell till he is through with one of Lamb's productions, whether he is telling the sober truth, or an equally sober fiction that sounds exactly like truth and conceals some humorous notion or quiet ridicule.

He is full of strange words, using them with great force and judgment. Describing one friend to another, he says he is "hugely literate"; speaks of throwing one's self "from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes."

He writes to his friend John Manning, a staid professor of Mathematics, calling him amongst other names, "Dear Archimedes," and on occasion of Manning's contemplating a trip to China, "chaffs" him thus, assuming that he must be insane to think of such a plan: "Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England." [Manning was at Paris.] "There's a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first But perhaps the best thing you can do is to try and get the thing out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea of oblivion* Some say they are cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar. Pray *try* and cure yourself. (The counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thoughts *originally*.) Shave yourself often. Eat no saffron, for saffron eaters contract a terrible Tartar like yellow Read no books of voyage (they are nothing but lies); only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under*. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin*."

After this same Manning has been in China some time, Lamb gravely writes to him, describing himself as old and de-

crepit, his sister Mary dead and buried—even detailing that her funeral garment was made of a piece of Eastern cloth which Manning had sent her as a present,—St. Paul's in ruins, old acquaintances either in their second childhood or having gone the way of all flesh,—and in the next letter acknowledges it all to be a fabrication.

To another friend, a lawyer, known to literature as Barry Cornwall, who had managed to play off on him a tale similar in character to the above, Lamb answered by asking his friend's advice in a legal matter gotten up for the occasion, which must have cost him some study, and perhaps proved as bad for his friend as Artemas Ward's questions about silver mining to Mark Twain, if we may believe this last most veracious author.

Lamb loved dearly to have his friends around him, and his Wednesday evening gatherings formed a charmed circle, where Coleridge, Wordsworth, Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Manning, and other congenial spirits, poured forth a pleasing stream of conversation, mingling poetry, philosophy, wit, and wisdom. Lamb himself did his share towards the general entertainment, stammering out frequent puns, sometimes arguing better by a witicism than others by solid array of reasons,—carefully watched by his sister, who was perhaps fearful that he might sip too deeply of the generous punch which he so much loved.

This was Lamb's great failing, and, though large enough, has been exaggerated by persons misled, perhaps, by Lamb's own pen. Though a drinker, and occasionally no doubt drunk, he was no drunkard, and as a rule restrained himself within reasonable bounds. But, unfortunately for his good fame, he contributed to a paper an article entitled "Confessions of a Drunkard," written in the first person, portraying with as much vividness the terrible condition of the confirmed drunkard as De Quincy pictures that of an opium eater,

and with such an air of truthfulness that nobody unacquainted with the author's capabilities in the way of realistic fiction, could doubt that the writer had been through the horrors which he described. But he certainly had not, and afterwards, in a letter, denied that he was ever in such a condition—he had merely suffered his imagination to have free play.

As an instance of his exaggeration, see how he writes to a friend, when suffering from a bad cold. He says: "Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable *day-mare*—'a whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness? . . . Nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge —'s wig when the head is in it . . . I am weary of the world. Life is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles."

And so he goes on. Here is certainly a man who is rather "blue," to say the least, and yet in his very next letter, having in the meanwhile received a letter of condolence from his alarmed friend, he acknowledges he was only humbugging him.

From what I have said before, one would surmise that Lamb was a great lover of practical jokes. One that I read not long since illustrates the turn of his character very well.

One of his acquaintances persuaded him to accompany him to a social gathering, where the flowing bowl was one of the attractions, and Lamb, apparently mindful of his infirmity, only consented after much urging, on condition that his friend should see him safe home, which was agreed upon. The evening passed off pleasantly, and when the time for departure came his friend, true to his promise, took him to a

cab, and, not knowing his residence, asked him where he should leave him. "Oh," said Lamb, "that's your affair," and utterly refused to give him any help. The unfortunate victim, loath to leave his charge in the street, had to hunt up Lamb's home, a task which lasted through a good part of the night.

He was a confirmed punster, and in one of his essays has, in a characteristic way, defended this much abused form of wit. One of his puns is very good. He says, "A constable in Saulsbury Cathedral was telling me that eight persons dined on the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set."

But with all his mirth, and he had much of it, there was a somber side to his life that sometimes appeared. No doubt for years after his short period of insanity he must, seeing its constant re-appearance in his sister, have dreaded its possible return to himself, and even after the fear of this specter had left him, it is not strange that he should retain some effects of his long anxiety. At one of these times when the "blues" pressed heavily, he thus describes his feelings: "In general my spirits are pretty good, but I have my depressions, black as a Smith's beard, Vulcanic, Stygian. At such times I have recourse to a pipe, which is like not being at home to a dun; he comes again with tenfold bitterness the next day." The pipe, by the way, was a great source of enjoyment to him, and he smoked more than was good for him. He realized this and left off smoking—a great many times—very much as Rip Van Winkle stopped drinking, and one of his finest poetical attempts is a "Farewell to Tobacco." He appreciated the situation and often humorously referred to "leaving off." No doubt he had very complete sympathy with a friend who was in the habit of drinking too much, of whom he says: "He is going to turn

sober, but his clock has not struck yet; meantime he pours down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first has gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, the fourth to say there is another coming, and the fifth to say he is not sure he is the last."

Lamb has the reputation of not being religious and is even accused of infidelity, on account of expressions in his writings that shocked some of his readers, but I think that few men were more really sincere in their regard for the ideas of true Christianity than he. No doubt one of his character of mind, which was exceedingly quick to find an absurdity and as ready to expose it, found frequent occasion to turn his wit against things orthodox, but I believe such attacks were never made by him against religion itself. A single passage will perhaps show how he looked at such matters and what his real feelings were, and to my mind he is altogether right in his criticism. Speaking of a certain man's novel, he says: "His book I like; it is only too stuffed with Scripture, too parsonish. The best thing in it is the boy's own story. When I say it is too full of Scripture, I mean it is too full of direct quotations. No book can have too much silent Scripture in it; but the natural power of a story is diminished when the uppermost purpose in the writer seems to be to recommend something else, viz., Religion. You know what Horace says of the *Deus interit*."

Lamb lived, in a literary sense, more in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than in the nineteenth. Nothing could better recommend a book to his taste than a leather binding and the odor of mustiness that attaches to volumes long hidden and little used. Beaumont and Fletcher offered charms to him that he could not find in the writers of his day. Shakespeare was a great favorite, and his noble criticism on "Lear" shows how well

Lamb appreciated the master's handiwork, but I verily believe that he found fully as much pleasure in hunting through the mossy folios of inferior writers and culling only here and there some choice expression from a mass of nonsense as in the companionship of Shakespeare himself. As a consequence we find the flavor of a former time in his writings, allusions to authors whom few of us have even heard of, and a style that has an indescribable something in it that causes us unconsciously to think of Lamb as a being who belongs fifty years or more farther back in history than we actually find him. He has a delicate appreciation of the beauties and we may say harmonies of a book. Who, that has read *Paradise Lost*, can fail to appreciate this thought, "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears."

But this talk, for I have attempted nothing more, has already extended beyond the limits of a STUDENT article I fear and must come to a close.

The one who would appreciate Lamb must read him much; must, if possible, pass the limits of acquaintanceship and become his friend. He is not likely to appear to one in quite his true light at first meeting. It is not till you have learned to look under the light jest, that seems to aim at mere fun and frolic, that you are able to discover the true, deep feeling and keen judgment that underlies it all. But to one who will read him, Lamb will give ample return for labor bestowed, and no student of English literature can afford to pass by his writings with a mere glance into their leaves, for he will find in them a style both of language and of thought that he will fail to meet with elsewhere.

O.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THERE has been some discussion among the Faculty and the STUDENT Editorial Board concerning the expediency of making a change in the manner of conducting the STUDENT. Perhaps it will not be amiss to make a few suggestions on that subject. As the STUDENT is conducted now, almost the entire labor devolves upon the editors, and sometimes on two or three of these.

It seems to us that the method of selecting the Board is not the best adapted for obtaining those best fitted for the position. Scholarship, or even excellence in Rhetoricals, is not the standard by which to judge a person's fitness for the editorship of a college journal. It appears to us that the best method of selection would be to allow all the three lower classes to compete for positions by contributions; to select those whose contributions are best and most frequent; the selection to be made by the Editorial Board before their term expires, or by the Faculty at the suggestion of the Board. This would not only insure the election of those most worthy of the place, but would also increase the merit of the articles contributed. As it is now, the editors have either to solicit all the articles and take what they can get, or write the whole number themselves. We think the effect would also be to increase the general interest in the STUDENT. The management might be given to some alumnus located near the college, who shall be supported by an association consisting of the whole college, professors, and alumni, instead of one class as hitherto. This would give the STUDENT more stability and character as a periodical. The management would be better, more uniform, and more satisfactory to subscribers.

How often we hear the expression, "If he would only study he would be one of

the best of scholars." If scholarship consisted in simply committing the words of a lesson and reciting them, this might be true, but that is not all. A student must be able to recall the principles he has learned, to apply them, and to mark their connection with each other. He ought to be able to reason better upon whatever is before him, and therefrom to arrive at better conclusions.

There is one or more in every institution to whom the above remark is applied. The trouble is not so much that they will not study as that they can not. At times they make brilliant recitations, but they are incapable, in most cases, of continued application, and thus fail to understand thoroughly their work. Did they study like many others, their excessive "smartness" would disappear.

In the same way it is often said of the drunkard, if he would only reform he would be one of the best of men. When one does reform he is not found to be much better or more benevolent than other men. It is our sympathy with his misfortune that gives such an opinion. We see a few brilliant things in a student, and immediately he is a Bacon in embryo. We should not grant excellence to a student for a few things above the average, any more than we should call a poet great because of one good but short poem. Those men of a single superior act and a life-time of inferior ones are not the great or influential men of the world. If a student noted only for spasmodic bursts of excellence ever is able to maintain himself at a high position, then honor him for it, but till then rate him as a whole, and not from the highest points.

Our attention has lately been called anew to a matter which we have many times

before noticed—the defacing of library books by readers. One can hardly take up a book that has been read to any extent without finding passage after passage underscored or enclosed by pencil marks, and often the margins covered with comments and criticisms upon the views of the author. We wonder what can be the motive of those who do this. Do they want to display their literary tastes? If so, surely they take a poor way to do it, for future readers cannot know to whom to attribute these mutilations, and so their authors fail to get any credit for them. Perhaps they imagine that they are rendering a great service to those who shall read after them, by directing their attention to passages of merit. But different persons do not agree as to which are the finest parts of a book. A passage that to one appears especially fine, to another may seem only commonplace. Besides, the true lover of reading does not wish, on taking up a book, to have his way mapped out before him; to be told that he must admire this sentiment or reject that, but he prefers to exercise his own judgment in the matter. He who cannot select for himself the fine points of a work is incapable of appreciating them to any extent when indicated by another.

The only worthy motive, that we can think of, for ever marking a book, is that it may be more convenient for future reference. With this object in view, it is a good idea, provided the book be one's own. But no one has any right to mark a book belonging to a public library any more than he would have to go through the streets of a city daubing the front door of every building that attracted his notice, in order that others might see that he appreciated its beauty, or that he might know where he was, if he ever came that way again. We do not speak of this matter because it is any worse among us than elsewhere. In the books of every library

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Occasionally students take two or three years at one college, and then leave to complete their course and graduate at some older or larger institution. When this change occurs near the end of the course, one of the principal reasons assigned by them, (and to us the chief one,) is the advantage secured to them by the diploma of a more widely known institution. That such a diploma has its advantage we doubt not, but when thus secured is it an unmixed good?

To us this reason is not only an indication but also a confession of weakness,—not to say cowardice,—on the part of him who urges it; a simple proclamation that he distrusts his own ability to compete with others and win his own spurs by manfully fighting his way up in the world. When a student leaves near the close of his course what other conclusion can we draw than that as he is about to begin his life work, he asks aid to securing a situation other than his own ability?

Apart from this, there are other reasons a student should carefully consider before severing his connection with one college for another. When a class first enters college, they are alike strangers, and are drawn together by a common desire for acquaintanceship. Thus early in the course not only are strong personal attachments formed, but also they are knit together as a class by a common bond of sympathy—better known as “class feeling.” Then, too, circumstances conspire to strengthen these ties and to bind them together in a common brotherhood. These relations a student can neither expect nor receive from a class that has already formed and en-

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THERE has been some discussion among the Faculty and the STUDENT Editorial Board concerning the expediency of making a change in the manner of conducting the STUDENT. Perhaps it will not be amiss to make a few suggestions on that subject. As the STUDENT is conducted now, almost the entire labor devolves upon the editors, and sometimes on two or three of these.

It seems to us that the method of selecting the Board is not the best adapted for obtaining those best fitted for the position. Scholarship, or even excellence in Rhetoricals, is not the standard by which to judge a person's fitness for the editorship of a college journal. It appears to us that the best method of selection would be to allow all the three lower classes to compete for positions by contributions; to select those whose contributions are best and most frequent; the selection to be made by the Editorial Board before their term expires, or by the Faculty at the suggestion of the Board. This would not only insure the election of those most worthy of the place, but would also increase the merit of the articles contributed. As it is now, the editors have either to solicit all the articles and take what they can get, or write the whole number themselves. We think the effect would also be to increase the general interest in the STUDENT. The management might be given to some alumnus located near the college, who shall be supported by an association consisting of the whole college, professors, and alumni, instead of one class as hitherto. This would give the STUDENT more stability and character as a periodical. The management would be better, more uniform, and more satisfactory to subscribers.

How often we hear the expression, "If he would only study he would be one of

the best of scholars." If scholarship consisted in simply committing the words of a lesson and reciting them, this might be true, but that is not all. A student must be able to recall the principles he has learned, to apply them, and to mark their connection with each other. He ought to be able to reason better upon whatever is before him, and therefrom to arrive at better conclusions.

There is one or more in every institution to whom the above remark is applied. The trouble is not so much that they will not study as that they can not. At times they make brilliant recitations, but they are incapable, in most cases, of continued application, and thus fail to understand thoroughly their work. Did they study like many others, their excessive "smartness" would disappear.

In the same way it is often said of the drunkard, if he would only reform he would be one of the best of men. When one does reform he is not found to be much better or more benevolent than other men. It is our sympathy with his misfortune that gives such an opinion. We see a few brilliant things in a student, and immediately he is a Bacon in embryo. We should not grant excellence to a student for a few things above the average, any more than we should call a poet great because of one good but short poem. Those men of a single superior act and a life-time of inferior ones are not the great or influential men of the world. If a student noted only for spasmodic bursts of excellence ever is able to maintain himself at a high position, then honor him for it, but till then rate him as a whole, and not from the highest points.

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joyed them for a series of years, hence a student can scarcely feel that he has a home in one place or the other, and this must materially affect his alumni associations.

Again, every fair-minded student, on a moment's reflection, will admit that his term bills cover but a small fraction of the cost of his instruction. Thus a college becomes not indebted to a student but the student to the college, and when he leaves he virtually repudiates this accumulated indebtedness, for the motives which actuated him on leaving will cause him ever afterwards to forget or deny this indebtedness.

Further, we would say that the student who leaves at the beginning or middle of his Senior year not only repudiates a just debt, but also does not hesitate to inflict an injury upon the institution that has helped him to a position he otherwise could not have obtained.

From these considerations is it not a correct inference that the student who takes this course avows that his own immediate personal interest outweighs every other consideration, and that he is willing to seize every available opportunity for personal aggrandizement? We are of those who believe in taking circumstances by the foretop, when it can be done without compromising manhood, but when it does this in the least degree let circumstances pass on unmolested. True manhood is stock in trade that in the long run is sure to tell.

We have received a circular stating that an association has recently been established under the name of the "Society for Political Education." This society is to be non-partisan in its character, and to be managed by an executive committee of twenty-four members, selected from different parts of the United States, many of them being experts in Social and Political

Science. Among the members of this committee who have already been appointed are Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College, Hon. David A. Wells of Norwich, Conn., and Charles Francis Adams, Jr. The society will select each year a course of reading, consisting of works on subjects belonging to the different departments of Social Science, and will issue an edition of these works much more cheaply than they can be obtained elsewhere. The course for the first year will be as follows: Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Prof. Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Johnson's "History of American Politics," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." The cost of these volumes will be only \$3. In addition to this, a series of tracts on economic and political subjects will from time to time be published. There are two classes of membership—active and co-operating. Active members are such persons as will pledge themselves to read the books recommended by the society for the official year, and will pay an annual fee of 50 cents, which may be forwarded in postage stamps. Any person may become a co-operating member on the annual payment of \$5 or more, which shall entitle such member to receive all the tracts published by the society. Those interested are invited to communicate with R. L. Dugdale, Secretary for the East and Acting Treasurer, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York. The object of this society is certainly a most worthy one. Even among those who call themselves educated, there is a great need of information in regard to subjects relating to Political Science, and we are glad to see a move made in this direction.

Some students are forever finding fault with their instructor. He does not possess the qualifications that he should, or he fails to attend to his work as he ought, or he is wanting in some other respect. Now,

whatever may be the duties of a college professor, they certainly do not, or ought not to, include the hammering of knowledge into students who will make no effort to help themselves. It is this very class that is always the first to complain of instructors. Such students, especially if they happen in any way to have acquired a little prejudice against a professor, will often not only refuse to second his efforts at instruction by any exertion on their own part, but even seem to place themselves in an attitude of defiance, as if they were determined to get no good from the recitation if it could possibly be avoided. If the professor fails to compel them to learn something in spite of this, they set him down as good for nothing. This seems to us a spirit totally unworthy of college students. Surely they ought to appreciate the benefits to be derived from study, sufficiently to attend to their duties—and do their best, too,—without being compelled to do so by instructors. Of what use is a college course if one acquires only what he is driven up to by another? In a common school it is not expected that scholars will all see the advantages of study, and the teacher is often obliged to compel them to attend to their work, but certainly this ought not to be required of a college professor.

LOCALS.

Vacation again!

"Where has the term gone?"

"Where are you going to spend Thanksgiving?"

Better be having your eye out for a fat turkey.

Cats are the favorite pets of the residents of Parker Hall.

President Hayes has appointed Nov. 25 as Thanksgiving Day.

Wilbur, while studying chemistry, has discovered a new substance. It is porcelain paper.

Prof.—"How does potassium have to be kept?" Mr. B.—"It has to be kept *light*." Roars.

Tom says he believes in the old Italian proverb, that if you would succeed you must not be too good.

Prof.—"How does potassium look?" Mr. C.—"All I ever saw I don't remember how it did look." Applause.

W. C. Hobbs, '81, has closed his labors as assistant at Litchfield Academy, and is again seen in the recitation room, with his class.

A student lately took one of his lady classmate's mittens, and putting it in his pocket carried it home. We wonder if he ever had a *mitten* given him.

A Senior complains because the Professor will not let him make an "honorable flunk." So of course the Professor drives him into a *dishonorable flunk*.

Messrs. Johonnett and Blanchard were among the speakers at the last session of the Androscoggin District Lodge of Good Templars, held at North Auburn.

Fontaine says: "The desire of perfection is the worst disease that ever afflicted the human mind." We learn that the Sophomores are of the same opinion.

Two Sophs ate twenty-two apples apiece, the other Sunday, on a wager. We have no feelings of sympathy for the students, but we do pity the man from whose orchard they were stolen.

Prize declamations by the Senior class of Nichols Latin School came off Nov. 12, at Nichols Hall. The exercises passed off very creditably. A good audience was present. The first prize was awarded to C. A. Washburn; second prize to Miss O. W. Parsons.

All the voters in college went home at the recent election. On the train East the Saturday before election there were students from Tufts, Bowdoin, Colby University, Bates, and Farmington Normal School.

Our subscribers will remember that we are dependent upon them for means to meet our liabilities, and as our year is almost closed our friends will do us a great favor by sending their subscriptions to the Manager *at once*.

It is said that a calf in Holt County, Missouri, has beaten Dr. Tanner. Having become entangled in a pile of rails, it remained forty-one days without food or drink, and came out all alive. Suppose a donkey next tries his powers of endurance.

The first meeting of the Christian Association held in its new room, was Oct. 20. The room was well filled and an interesting meeting enjoyed by all. A very little more money expended will make this one of the pleasantest rooms in the whole college.

Student (who was trying to draw the figure of a screw upon the blackboard)—“My figure looks more like a ladder than anything else.” Prof.—“Well, a ladder is something which everybody can see through.” All the members of the class join in a ha, ha, chorus.

Prayers are now held in the lower chapel. The choir has revived on the strength of a promise from one of the professors that new singing books shall be furnished next term. It is certain that the books will be furnished and thereby good singing guaranteed at morning services.

Judge Tourgee, author of “A Fool’s Errand,” has lately put out a new novel entitled “Bricks Without Straw.” It is designed to show the condition of the negro after the War of the Rebellion, socially and politically. The author shows

that antagonism of races still exists. “While intensely interesting as a story, it is of still greater value as an aid to the right understanding and settlement of differences between North and South.”

The base-ball ground is almost entirely deserted. Now and then, on a warm day, a few fun-loving Freshmen may be seen exercising themselves on that part of the college grounds. The bowling alley and gymnasium are now the centre of attraction to those who take regular exercise.

There was an auction sale a few days ago of the papers and magazines of the Reading-Room Association. Libby bid off a paper for \$1.75 that costs \$1, club rates. Better take the other quarter and treat the crowd, Libby. Quite a good sum was realized from the sale. Emerson, ’81, acted as auctioneer.

The following was copied from the fly leaf of a student’s text-book. It was written during recitation, and conclusively shows why the student requested the Professor to repeat his question:

“There was a dimple in her face—
He tried to fill it with a kiss,
But as he tried the dimple larger grew,
Smack, smack, I’m beat, I vow.”

The *College Bulletin* for November says: “Our last International Convention, in accordance with the resolution of the World’s Conference held in Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1878, fixed the time for prayer for young men in colleges this year, Nov. 14–20.” We hope this time and object will be remembered by our numerous friends.

Instead of the regular prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, Mr. G. A. Burgess of the Theological School gave a full report of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Convention recently held in New Brunswick, N. J. Members of the Christian Association, Theological students, and professors were present. A stirring report was given.

A student lately went as an escort to two young ladies who were afraid to go home in the darkness unaccompanied by a gentleman. On arriving at the door the student and one of the ladies were having a confidential chat, their faces in close proximity, when the second lady came in for her share of the entertainment—merely to see the fun. About this time the lady of the house appeared, having returned from a neighbor's, and, seeing the commotion, she supposed there was trouble with the door, whereupon she cried out, in a piping voice, "Can't ye git in?" The fellow shot around the corner of the building, and the young ladies succeeded at last in getting into the house.

Notwithstanding the severe storm Friday, Nov. 5th, the Bates '81 Quartette, with Goding, '81, went to Litchfield Corner to furnish music for the closing exercises of the academy at that place, taught by Mr. M. P. Judkins, '80, and Mr. W. C. Hobbs, '81. The church in which the exercises were held was filled, and despite the storm without the evening's entertainment was of the pleasantest character. The boys were flatteringly received, being recalled in every number, the college songs seeming especially to please the audience. Mr. Gilkey brought down the house with his *In tilfen Keller*, and "Wee Johnny" electrified the audience with twelve stanzas of "In the Morning by the Bright Light." After the exercises in the church a reception was tendered the Quartette at Stewart's Hall, at which they delighted their hosts with a pure Parker Hall concert. The boys returned Saturday, much pleased with their visit, and filled with praise of Litchfield and its hospitable people.

The Polymnian Society held its annual public meeting at College Chapel, Friday evening, Oct. 22d. The programme consisted of a variety of serious and humor-

ous parts. The declamation was rendered with spirit. The simultaneous discussion between Cook and Beede caused a great deal of merriment. The select reading was well received. The debate was interesting. Both gentlemen showed candor, and their arguments were logical and convincing. The lecture, "Mental Phantasmagoria," by Curtis, was greeted with frequent applause. For the oration we would simply say it was a brief, clear cut part, and well delivered. It is hardly necessary when we see the names of the editor and editress to say that the paper was of a high order. Music was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

Declamation—Spirit of the American Revolution (Quincy). O. L. Bartlett.
Simultaneous Discussion—Is it better to be a boy than a girl?

Aff., Aaron Beede. Neg., C. S. Cook.
Select Reading—Mona's Waters.

Miss E. L. Knowles.

MUSIC.

Debate—Should clergymen preach politics on Sunday?

Aff., Reuel Robinson. Neg., G. L. Record.

MUSIC.

Lecture—Mental Phantasmagoria. W. P. Curtis.
Oration—The North and South. F. A. Twitchell.

MUSIC.

Paper. Miss E. J. Clark, F. L. Blanchard.
MUSIC.

The second division of the Freshman class held their exercises at College Chapel, Oct. 21st. The speaking was of a high order. The ease and dignity of many of the speakers showed that they were masters of the situation. E. R. Chadwick, E. M. Holden, Miss E. L. Knowles, and S. Hackett were selected to take part in the fourth division. A good audience was present. The exercises of the third division were held Oct. 28th. Much might be

said in praise of this division. There was much oratorical power displayed. E. H. Emery, W. H. Davis, G. C. Evans, and C. H. Curtis were selected to take part in the final division. The committee of award for the three divisions were H. E. Foss, W. J. Brown, and B. S. Rideout. Friday evening, Nov. 5th, those selected from the three divisions contested finally for the prize. On account of inclement weather a small audience was present, but the speakers were not in the least daunted by this. Each one acquitted himself nobly, and sustained the already high reputation of the class in this department of college exercises. F. M. Drew, L. P. Martin, and H. W. Oakes were the committee of award. The prize was awarded to C. H. Curtis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN, NOV. 1, 1880.

Editors of the Student:

After some delay I will attempt to respond to your request. Allow me, in the first place, to present a cordial invitation to yourselves and to any of your readers that contemplate a trip to the West, to arrange to leave the great Western thoroughfare at Detroit, and take a few hours ride by rail to one of the southern counties of Michigan, bordering on Ohio and Indiana, the shire town of which is no doubt familiar to you as the location of Bates' twin sister. If you send word beforehand, you will find at the depot a newly fledged alumnus of Bates waiting to introduce you to the beautiful little city of Hillsdale, and to its college on the hill.

If your time is limited he will conduct you at once up Hillsdale Street, lined with shade trees and tasteful residences, to College Hill. On the right as we approach the college, the large brick house, with the broad lawn in front, is the residence of

the President. On the left a little farther on, almost hidden by beautifully trimmed evergreens, is the home of Professor Dunn, who has been connected with the institution since its founding twenty-five years ago, and whose name is a household word throughout the denomination. While we have been coming up the hill, the tops of five large buildings with the college tower and clock in the center, have been in sight; but now as we turn the corner by Professor Dunn's, the whole campus comes into view. The group of buildings, fine in their architectural appearance and symmetrical in their arrangement, stand a little in front of the center of a large and level campus. The walks in front are lined with evergreens, and the whole view is one of which any State might well be proud.

If you arrive in town in season for morning prayers, we will point first toward the chapel, which is in the third story of College Hall. If you enter the door at about twenty minutes of nine, you will see before you several hundred students nearly half of whom are ladies. On the long platform in the farther end of the hall eight or ten persons are seated, whom you will recognize as representatives of the college Faculty. They are nearly all tall spare men (except in particular those two at the end, the younger of whom, having been brought up on New England baked beans and brown bread, approaches the stout), but the one in the center is "head and shoulders" above all the rest. As he rises to read the Scriptures, his long white beard and hair, and his deliberate, dignified bearing, give him the appearance of a man upwards of sixty. But after prayer has been offered, when he comes forward to read the notices for the day and, it may be, to address a few remarks to the students, you see by the elasticity of his step and the twinkle in his eye that his white hairs belie his age

by at least ten years. He has a droll but decidedly effective way of making comments upon the proceedings of the students,—the latter, let me say, are almost invariably gentlemanly. For instance, one morning before prayers, some of the boys had covered the veranda in front of College Hall with cabbage-heads; accordingly as the President rose in chapel, he remarked, dryly: "I noticed, as I came up, that some of the students had accidentally left their heads on the stairs." I need not tell you that this is President Durgin, who presides over the affairs of the institution, with such success as to win the approbation and confidence of its patrons, and the admiration and respect of its students.

As we go down stairs after being introduced to the Faculty, who will be sure to greet you with hearty Western cordiality, we will just glance into the President's Room, which a former graduating class frescoed and carpeted and furnished with a capacious easy-chair. But we will go on past several recitation rooms to the open air again. As we stand in front of College Hall, facing the town, the first building to the left is East or Ladies' Hall, the first floor of which is occupied by the dining hall, the two upper ones containing the ladies' dormitories. (I never was up there so I can't describe them.) The building still to the east is Fine Arts Hall in which are several recitation rooms, the astronomical amphitheatre in which is a fine telescope, the music rooms and the art rooms. In the latter is quite a collection of rarely fine paintings.

And now turning our attention to the right, the first building on the west, is Griffin Hall, in which are the headquarters of the Commercial and Telegraphic Department, and the gentleman's dormitories. Beyond Griffin Hall is Knowlton Hall, named after Hon. Ebenezer Knowlton of Maine. Here are the gentlemen's society rooms, the chemical laboratory and am-

phitheatre, and the museum which you will be well repaid for visiting. Thanks to the diligence and enthusiasm of Prof. Fisk, instructor in Geology and Chemistry, it has a large and choice collection of minerals and curiosities, arranged in a very attractive manner. The Geological, Astronomical, and Chemical Departments are furnished with illustrative paintings, charts, and apparatus in abundance.

If you can stay till Monday, which, instead of Saturday is the holiday here, we will visit the societies, which are of no small significance at Hillsdale. There are five of them—three run by gentlemen and three by ladies. The gents hold weekly meetings, the ladies bi-weekly, and all of them are public and always attended by people from the town. The society rooms are fitted up in absolutely elegant style at their own expense—frescoing, stage, piano, elegant chairs.

But I have only just hinted at the objects of interest that I can exhibit to you if you will come and make us that visit. H.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Lawrence, Mass.

74.—F. T. Crommett, of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, Mass., and Miss Annie C. Bent, of South Paris, Me., were married Oct. 20, 1880, at the residence of the bride's father, by Dr. H. C. Estes. Mr. and Mrs. Crommett now reside at No. 56 Chandler Street, Boston, Mass.

76.—J. H. Huntingdon is Principal of Hermon, N. Y., High School, having two assistants and one hundred and twenty pupils.

'80.—W. H. Judkins is Principal of Austin Academy, Centre Strafford, N. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

Corinna O. Davis was born in the town of Woodstock, Dec. 20, 1856. She was the eldest daughter of Stephen C., and Martha Perham Davis—her mother is a cousin of ex-Gov. Perham. Even as a child she displayed a marked fondness for books, and as she grew older, to be a scholar became her ruling ambition. She early became a firm believer in progression here and hereafter. She believed that all the knowledge she obtained in this life, she should retain in the spirit land.

At the age of fifteen she entered the High School at Bryant's Pond. Here she remained five terms, and then attended one term at Paris Hill. Her first experience in teaching was in 1873, and she had taught in all nine terms of school. She entered Hebron Academy the fall term of 1876. Here it was that she first thought of fitting for college. Her parents, fearing that a college course would be too much for her strength, endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, but seeing how much she would be disappointed, they ceased to discourage her wishes, and she began her preparatory course the following spring. Remaining at Hebron three terms she entered Nichols Latin School in the spring of 1878, where she completed her course the following June.

The next autumn her ambition was gratified and she entered Bates College in the class of '82. Here her life has been exemplary. Her genuine lady-like demeanor won for her the respect of all. She was quiet and unassuming, and some in college who were not acquainted with her, may find it difficult to appreciate her true worth. Possessing a pleasant disposition, even-tempered, always ready to do her

part, she was one of those who are esteemed most by those who know them best.

Though absent from college part of the time for the purpose of teaching, she yet maintained good standing in her class. In thinking and reasoning powers she had few superiors. She was one of the three ladies in the history of the college who have competed with the young men in public debate; and those of us who had the pleasure of listening to her know that she had marked ability in that direction. She was an active and efficient member of the Eurosophian Society, in whose meetings she will be greatly missed. She thought a great deal of her college classmates, and could never endure the idea of leaving them.

During her last illness she showed great self-control, and was continually looking forward to the day when she could return to her class. But this could not be, she was to be advanced to a higher grade, with grander opportunities for culture. The four last days of her life, her mind was wandering though she was able to recognize her friends. Most of the time she seemed to be reciting her lessons. Wednesday morning, Oct. 27, the crisis came. Every effort was made to sustain her vitality, but at half-past five o'clock her raging fever had consumed every spark of life, and looking up into her mother's face with a smile, she quietly passed away.

Sad are her friends, and sad are her classmates! But we mourn not as those who have no hope. For we know that "she loved right because it was right." We know that the "Golden Rule" was the compass of her life. And we believe that

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace."

The following resolutions were passed by the class of '82:

Whereas, The Divine Father, in his infinite

wisdom, has removed from our midst our beloved classmate, Corinna O. Davis,

Resolved, That while we sincerely and deeply lament her loss as a loved friend and esteemed classmate, we recognize therein the Master's hand, and are thankful for the example left us of her true life and noble character.

Resolved, That to the relatives and friends of our deceased classmate we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the BATES STUDENT and in the *Oxford Democrat*, and also that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

W. H. COGSWELL,
S. A. LOWELL,
I. L. HARLOW,
Committee.

Bates College, Nov. 4, 1880.

The Eurosophian Society passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, The All-Wise Father, in His providence, has seen fit to call from this to the spirit world, our sister, Corinna O. Davis,

Resolved, That in her death the Society has lost one who acted her part cheerfully and willingly, and whose influence for good will ever be remembered.

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss sustained by our Society.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and friends of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT.

H. E. COOLIDGE, '81,
B. G. EATON, '82,
EVERETT REMICK, '83,
C. H. LITTLE, '84,
Committee.

Bates College, Nov. 6, 1880.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor has no easy task. Imagine the discouragement he must experience on sitting down before a pile of two hundred or so college papers, all of which must be perused, some criticised, and the wit and news clipped from each.

We are glad to learn that the *Wittenberger* has suppressed its mathematical department. We think it detracted much from its standing as a college paper. We like your new clothes, friend *Wittenberger*, although we do not think that, in the case of college journals, *Kleider machen männer*.

The *College Mercury* has been conduct-

ing quite a campaign for Garfield and Arthur. The *Mercury* bears this motto: "C. C. N. Y. is Republican and so is the *Mercury*." The result of the election in New York is no doubt chiefly due to the efforts of the *Mercury*.

The *Dickenson Liberal* still continues the ridiculous habit of shingling its local column with meaningless items.

The *Princetonian* contains much interesting matter. The poems, "Lawn Tennis" and "Aimée" are better than the usual effusions of the college press. We like the manner in which the exchange column of the *Princetonian* is conducted.

Vol. X, No. 1, of the *Volante* is weak. It contains a long "History of the Alumni of Chicago University," six pages in length. The appearance of the *Volante* might be improved by the use of a better quality of paper.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for June fully sustains its former character as a literary magazine.

We hope the color of the *Wabash* is no index to the character of its editors. Why have you adopted such a sickly hue? Are the students at Wabash all so weakened that green is the only color that they can stand?

We congratulate the new editors of the *Cornellian* on the success of their first number. The local department is especially deserving of praise. The *Cornellian* has only twelve editors and half of those ladies. We suppose each department is conducted jointly by one gentleman and one lady. What fun it must be to write up each number!

Few papers in the college world surpass the *Brunonian* in method and arrangement. Its columns contain no long essays, but are almost entirely devoted to college matters. The poem entitled a "Sunset Phantasy" is musical and imaginative. The sense and courtesy of its exchange column is especially commendable.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Chicago University is staggering under a debt of \$200,000.

Five-eighths of the Harvard graduates studied law last year.

Different ways of putting it—*N. Y. Tribune*: "College boys on a lark." *N. Y. World* (dem.): "Freshmen that ought to be spanked." *N. H. Register* (dem.): "That terrible outrage." *N. H. Union* (dem.): "An act of vandalism." "It was a flag-rent crime."—*Yale Record*.

Williams College opens with a much larger Freshman class than usual, many of them being drawn, no doubt, by the fact that the Presidential standard-bearer of the Republican party is one of Williams's favorite sons. The whole number of new men admitted to the college is ninety, and of this number about seventy-five enter the Freshman class.

The following is taken from the *Lariat*, of Wabash College: We take pleasure in informing the alumni and friends of the college that the students are no longer compelled to attend divine worship on Sabbath morning. This is certainly a move in the right direction. College is not a penitentiary, and the sooner college professors realize this the better. The history of the world, in letters of blood, teaches us that men cannot be forced into the Kingdom of God. Then why exclude colleges from the benefit of such teachings? Students should not be required to attend church: 1st. Because no Faculty has the moral right to interfere with the religious convictions of the students of that college. 2d. Because it is not expedient. We know whereof we speak when we say that not more than one-half of the Wabash students attended church regularly last year. No doubt the record for the year does not show such a bad state of affairs, but we venture to assert, that if the same judgment which was passed upon Ananias and Sapphira had been visited upon the students who untruthfully answered "present," there would have been more than one first-class funeral in our midst. The tendency of this rule was to crush out all the manly and nobler qualities, and hence it is with joy unspeakable that we chronicle the demise of this relic of "blue stocking" Presbyterian barbarism.

CLIPPINGS.

THE HAMMOCK.

In a hammock, 'neath the maples,
Swung a Junior and a maid,
While the golden autumn sunset
Flecked the grass with light and shade.

From the nature of a hammock
Both reclined with easy grace,
As the wind her auburn tresses
Softly blew across his face.

Light they waved as on his shoulder
Nestled shy her curly head,
And the sighing of the breezes
Half concealed the words they said.

But I thought I heard him whisper,
"Only one kiss, Mabel dear."
Then came softly back the answer,
"Harry, you've been drinking beer."
—*Spectator*.

"Hands wanted on boys' pants," is the daily advertisement in the newspapers. 'Twas always thus from childhood's hour.
—*Index*.

A good story is told of a Freshman, whose initials are H. E. L. On one end of his trunk his name in full appeared, and on the other simply his initials. At Lyons he was asked by an old lady where he was going. "To Cornell," he answered. "I might have known that," replied the questioner. "You have your name on one end of your trunk and your destination on the other."—*Cornell Sun*.

During the past year the Vassar girls consumed 45 tons of fresh meats, 2½ tons of smoked meat, 2 tons of poultry, 3 tons of fish, 5 barrels of mackerel, 28,000 clams, 442 gallons of oysters, 5 barrels of pork, 255 barrels of flour, 2 tons of buckwheat, 36 bushels of beans, 1,910 bushels of potatoes, 8,409 dozen of eggs, 93,602 quarts of milk, 8,005 bananas, 22,611 oranges. Great heavens! and these are the girls the fellows write poetry about!

In Mental Philosophy: Professor (to young lady reciting on "Testimony")—"Well, suppose that ten of these young gentlemen here, young men of remarkable integrity [Applause from y. m.] should declare that while coming up the walk this morning, they saw a ball of fire or angelic form, what would you say to it, Miss?" Miss—"I should say that it was all in their eye, the effect of buttermilk, or something else."—*Syracusan, in the Chronicle*.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

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VOL. VIII. No. 10.



DECEMBER, 1880.



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1880.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: H. E. FOSS.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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SIR FRANCIS BACON.

WHILE contemplating the conduct of the generality of his fellows, man finds himself unwilling to excuse their errors or palliate their crimes. But let the brilliant intellects in the realm of oratory, poetry, and philosophy come to the front, even with deceit in the heart or perjury upon the soul, and they not only command our silence but call forth our commendation. Even with this barrier, Sir Francis Bacon astonished the world with his genius. While he was the great organizer of all scientific thought, his soul was stained by bribery and perjury; while his comprehensive mind and extensive learning received the plaudits of the whole civilized world, his crimes were passed over in silence or boldly justified.

Between the heart and intellect of Bacon appeared an enormous chasm, to bridge over which has been the object of biographers and reviewers. How Bacon, the philosopher, could produce the grandest ethics, and Bacon, the man, could commit the greatest crimes, is, indeed, difficult to explain. If we carefully examine the heart and intellect of this wonderful man, and notice their respective powers, we may find a solution of this question. Bacon's mind was broad and deep. As a philosopher and a statesman he was grand and extensive; as a politician and a moralist he was narrow and contracted. In the region of philosophy he was independent, but in the regions of morals he was a slave. Of strong passion and

desire, the works of Bacon afford no evidence whatever. Crime is in harmony with a gross nature. Bacon's was of the finest order. To receive bribes, as such, was no more in conformity with his nature than it was with the nature of Abraham Lincoln.

In the words of another, "The mischief was this, his mind, like all comprehensive minds, was so fertile that it converted what was abstractly wrong into what is relatively right." His great mental acumen enabled him to divert facts and principles from their legitimate end. In most men the heart sways the head. In Bacon this is reversed; his keen intellect dictated laws to his entire nature, and placed before it food prepared according to the desire of his mind.

But let us turn from Bacon the erring man, to Bacon the profound man. In his broad survey of philosophy he found the whole scientific world clinging to the idealistic system of Aristotle, either too ignorant or credulous to leave its Grecian models and launch forth into bold and independent investigation. To such investigation the leading minds were gradually inclining, yet there was found no champion of modern thought sufficiently broad and acute to establish its basis and wield its arguments, which, upon the advent of Bacon, shook to the foundation and rent assunder the whole structure of Grecian philosophy. The ancient philosophy is to-day one of the most remarkable products

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No. 10.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

WHILE contemplating the conduct of the generality of his fellows, man finds himself unwilling to excuse their errors or palliate their crimes. But let the brilliant intellects in the realm of oratory, poetry, and philosophy come to the front, even with deceit in the heart or perjury upon the soul, and they not only command our silence but call forth our commendation. Even with this barrier, Sir Francis Bacon astonished the world with his genius. While he was the great organizer of all scientific thought, his soul was stained by bribery and perjury; while his comprehensive mind and extensive learning received the plaudits of the whole civilized world, his crimes were passed over in silence or boldly justified.

Between the heart and intellect of Bacon appeared an enormous chasm, to bridge over which has been the object of biographers and reviewers. How Bacon, the philosopher, could produce the grandest ethics, and Bacon, the man, could commit the greatest crimes, is, indeed, difficult to explain. If we carefully examine the heart and intellect of this wonderful man, and notice their respective powers, we may find a solution of this question. Bacon's mind was broad and deep. As a philosopher and a statesman he was grand and extensive; as a politician and a moralist he was narrow and contracted. In the region of philosophy he was independent, but in the regions of morals he was a slave. Of strong passion and

desire, the works of Bacon afford no evidence whatever. Crime is in harmony with a gross nature. Bacon's was of the finest order. To receive bribes, as such, was no more in conformity with his nature than it was with the nature of Abraham Lincoln.

In the words of another, "The mischief was this, his mind, like all comprehensive minds, was so fertile that it converted what was abstractly wrong into what is relatively right." His great mental acumen enabled him to divert facts and principles from their legitimate end. In most men the heart sways the head. In Bacon this is reversed; his keen intellect dictated laws to his entire nature, and placed before it food prepared according to the desire of his mind.

But let us turn from Bacon the erring man, to Bacon the profound man. In his broad survey of philosophy he found the whole scientific world clinging to the idealistic system of Aristotle, either too ignorant or credulous to leave its Grecian models and launch forth into bold and independent investigation. To such investigation the leading minds were gradually inclining, yet there was found no champion of modern thought sufficiently broad and acute to establish its basis and wield its arguments, which, upon the advent of Bacon, shook to the foundation and rent assunder the whole structure of Grecian philosophy. The ancient philosophy is to-day one of the most remarkable products

of the human mind, but it is utterly barren of any practical results. From the lowest speculations of the alchemist up to the grandest conceptions of Socrates, we find nothing practical. But how different the philosophy of Bacon! Passing over the speculations of the past, he gave laws for philosophical investigation and discovery; declaring the syllogism of Aristotle as "good in the school, but not in nature," he gave the coming generation his wonderful inductive method. His system of philosophy has for its sole object the benefit of mankind.

Although Bacon flourished two hundred and fifty years ago, yet his system goes forward. It is said that after the death of Ajax of old, his spirit took his accustomed place in the van of the army and hurled back the assaulting foe; so with Bacon: although that powerful mind lives not to direct his discoveries, yet his system of thought goes forward age after age in the van of scientific truth, hurling back the assailing hosts of false science and pre-tentional philosophy. J. Q. A., '78.

SCHOLARSHIP AND DEMOCRACY.

THE scholarship of the middle ages wasted its energies in the mere worship of the past. The pedantry of the eighteenth century resulted in nothing but cold speculation and skepticism. It is the glory of our age that it allies scholarship with life. This phase applies theories to practical affairs. It honors the past, but uses its truths and acts for the guidance and inspiration of the present.

Now, in the development of such scholarship, government is of moment only as withholding or fulfilling the conditions of its growth. Its fundamental condition is intellectual freedom. This insures to scientific research its greatest capacity, opens

up to literature the broadest fields of investigation, and under the heat of free discussion crystallizes philosophical and ethical opinions into truth. In short, this alone grants to a nation a full, rounded development of its intellect. This condition a democracy completely fulfills. Under this form of government all such hindrances to scientific and literary attainments as were laid upon Galileo and Bacon, Selden and Bunyan become impossible. The freedom of the mind is secured as thoroughly as the rights of property and personal liberty. Hence democracy not only presents for scholarly investigation the broadest fields of thought, but summons to the work the talent and genius of the country.

Yet while scholarship is the outgrowth of freedom and of leisure it is quickened into an alliance with life only by great national activity. It has yielded its greatest products in response to the deep, quick throbbings of a nation's heart. Genius is developed to its fullest capacity amid the din and clash of opinion, and under the stimulus of great national enterprises and interests. It is, then, amid the free, bounding life of a democracy that this process of vitalization is most likely to exist and the highest forms of its works attained; not alone, however, because imminent national peril will stir the whole mass to its centre, but also because its free institutions, the absence of all distinctions in political rights, of great hereditary wealth, and the free access to the professions and vocations of life will awaken an all pervading activity.

But we are told that this restless energy will be spent in the ceaseless pursuit of wealth and in a wild scramble for political preferment. Yet the only argument offered in maintenance of the objection is that an intense political ambition and a mad spirit of money-getting are dominant in America.

But in this our opponents confound the tendency of democracy with the tendency of commercial development, and of the wild, tumultuous life incident to the birth and growth of a nation. That restless pursuit of wealth and that straining for appearance beyond one's means, which they attribute to equality of conditions, is in fact the result of rapid commercial and manufactural development. This no one will doubt if he considers that this very phenomenon is conspicuous amid the society of aristocratic England, and almost wholly lacking in Nova Scotia, where equality of condition is as absolute as with us. Where the elements that create this tendency exist, we admit that equality of conditions greatly strengthens them. But in America this tendency has been chiefly stimulated by her vast undeveloped resources and by an intense commercial and industrial competition with the older nations of the world.

And that mad political ambition in America, which to-day is a great hindrance to scholarly attainments, is due to her youth and not to the nature of her free institutions. In the early history of any nation the government receives the first and greatest attention. But when her institutions become rooted in the hearts of the people, precedents become established and civil service thoroughly organized, while that natural energy attending free institutions remains, that fever heat of political strife is removed. To a democracy, then, in a normal state of activity, the objection that her institutions draw the talent of the country from scholarship into the workshop and the forum, is wholly without foundation. On the contrary we affirm that in the absence of hereditary nobility, court followers, and a vast standing army, the number who may engage in such pursuits will be multiplied to the maximum.

Again, it is axiomatic that such scholar-

ship will appear most vigorous in that nation that grants to literary attainment the most ample encouragement. To insure this, what can be compared to a thorough and universal education? Such an education creates for scholarship a nation of patrons and awakens a strong and all pervading influence for its highest development. But a democracy is conceived in the intelligence of the people, and rests upon the intelligence of the people, hence its tendency more than other forms of government, is to completely fulfill this condition.

It is objected, however, that without the patronage of a strong government, scholarship will never rise above mediocrity. Yet the objection, namely, that in America literary and scientific work secures but paltry compensation, is based almost wholly upon the preponderance of the physical over the intellectual development of this country. And we have just shown that in this respect the objection is groundless. If, then, we compare the two systems of patronage, that of democracy will be found immensely superior. An aristocratic patronage depends upon a vacillating nobility and court factions, hence is local and fluctuating. But that of a democracy is established in the hearts of the whole people, hence is universal, constant, and cheering. The influence of the concentrated wealth of the former reaches but few and dooms the great mass to inactivity. The wealth and leisure of the latter (which in such a government are commensurable) extend throughout its length and breadth, and offer a fair opportunity to the natural talent and genius of the whole country.

Moreover, with the absence of hereditary distinctions in birth and wealth, the prime object of competition will be for the culture of mind. This is the normal tendency of democracy. Institutions of learning will be the guardians of immense

entailed wealth. Private fortunes will be distributed. Leisure for the appreciation and attainment of profound scholarship will constantly widen, and higher education become more deeply universal. Under the stimulus of all these,—of universal education, distributed wealth, a large cultivated class, and great universities,—the throngs of scientific and literary followers will be almost innumerable. Now, no one from a consideration of these features, can but admit that demoeraey presents for scholarly attainments the most complete and effectual patronage. Hence no one can doubt that amid this vast array of talent, quickened into life and activity by its own natural competition, by the electric influence of free institutions, and carried forward under the guidance of intellectual freedom to the conquest of the universe, that amid this, man will be developed to his fullest mental capacity, and scholarship attain its utmost limit. I. F. F., '80.

THE GULF.*

Rush on, O, river wild and free, rush on,
And let thy voice in majesty be heard
Amid the dreary pine tree's distant home,
Where forests old by northern blasts are stirred.

In mad impatient haste, o'er rocks and fall,
In that deep gorge, thou hurriest on thy way,
Past hills of iron ore—and then the call
To turn the wheel, and thus a nobler part to play.

On, on by meadows green, and hamlets fair—
More gently now they flow, yet deep and strong—
And now most precious burdens thou dost bear—

At last old ocean's flood thou mov'st among.

Here in these solitudes, by thee, I learn
The story of my life. From neath the mountain's
 sod

To ocean's breast thou com'st with many a
 turn,—

From feeblest life I pass to th' Eternity of God.
 B. S. R., '81.

* The name of a small river in northern Maine.

THE REWARDS OF AUTHORSHIP.

THERE must be, in every man's labors, some motive, some ambition to call forth his noblest efforts. Money, culture, influence, or some other object for which mankind is striving must be ever before his eyes as an incentive to work. For this reason, every profession offers to its disciples some particular attraction, some peculiar benefit. Yet to no class of workers does it seem to me, are there greater or more desirable rewards offered than to able, conscientious authors.

Consider the pecuniary success that a first-class writer enjoys. It is true, that not quite three hundred years ago, Edmund Spenser, who to this day holds his position among our best English poets, died for want of bread. His poetic genius, that sang so divinely in the immortal "Fairy Queen," had no power to charm away poverty, or to blunt the keen edge of hunger. Indeed, it is no rare thing to read most pitiful stories of the hard struggles that many of our early writers had with poverty; of their miserable homes and supperless nights.

But, within the past one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, a great change has been wrought, and from one of the least paying, authorship has come to be one of the most profitable professions. No longer need a genius starve for lack of money. The world has awakened to the fact, that to *write* well means to *think* well, and that thoughts are too valuable to die unuttered in damp cellars and miserable attics.

The paying age of English authorship began in its full glory with Walter Scott. In four years he received from his works more than three hundred thousand dollars. It was a complete change from the old order of affairs. The light of prosperity, then, broke in upon the darkness of poverty that had so long cast a gloom over the lives of authors, and from that time till

to-day literature has held a place among the professions as a road to wealth. Sermons, histories, novels, dramas, and poems are treated like other articles in the world of exchange. No longer is genius expected to make free gifts to mankind. If the author produces anything that is of service to the world, why, the world is, in turn, expected to pay him for that service, and it does pay him well, in most cases.

Many of our eminent modern writers have made fortunes from their works. George Eliot, who has just laid her pen aside, has realized two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from her writings. Mrs. Stowe, it is scarcely necessary to say, has made a fortune. Longfellow was paid by Harper Brothers three thousand dollars for his *Keramos*. Bret Harte, Howells, Curtis, are yearly receiving large incomes from their writings, and their good fortune is shared by many contemporaries. Yet generous as are the pecuniary rewards of authorship, they are insignificant when compared with its priceless reward of self-culture. To the conscientious worker, no field of labor offers greater advantages for personal improvement. In most other professions, it is the spare hours, the hours of rest or recreation, that are devoted to literature. But the author's whole life is spent in a world of thought, and if he turn for recreation from the printed pages of his books, it is but to read the nobler teachings in the greater works of nature. Self-culture is his first and constant task. The fact that he cannot give us what he does not himself possess, raises the successful author above the mass of mankind. Would he instruct, he must have knowledge; would he persuade he must feel the value and the justice of his cause; would he charm us with visions of beauty, his own soul will be filled with the beautiful.

To gain this power of instructing, persuading, or pleasing, is the object of his

efforts. The intimate acquaintance with the works of genius, the earnest study of the noble and beautiful in God's creations, the concentration of mind and constant practice in the expression of his thoughts, that his success demands, cannot but result in broadening and strengthening his intellectual nature. This it is that makes the authors what Johnson calls them, "The chief glory of every people."

But the greatest reward that authorship enjoys is yet unmentioned. I mean the *influence* that the writer gains, both through personal reputation and direct power to affect the world.

Upon his personal reputation I need not dwell. We are all aware of the position that is immediately accorded to him, who has written "that learned work," "that charming novel," or "that touching poem," but who can speak too strongly of the author's influence on the people? of the fact that however humble his position, however far removed from the scene of action, his voice will be heard on all subjects that occupy the minds and hearts of men.

Words are the author's weapons. Unlike all else, they are immortal, repeating themselves, over and over again, in the hearts of their readers. It was no mere poetic fancy that Cromwell wielded the sword and Milton the pen in their great struggle, nor was it an idle comparison that declared the pen the mightier.

The author—what may he not accomplish? He holds us in his power; at his pleasure we laugh or cry, believe or doubt. Our opinions, that we so proudly declare our own—did he not help to form them? can he not change them? What, indeed, is beyond his power? He dictates men's politics, he enters men's hearts, and questions, with his never silent voice, their religious hopes and fears. There is nothing too difficult or too sacred for his touch, and wherever civilization rules, he holds his place among the master spirits.

E. J. C., '81.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY C. E. S., '83.

Yesterday, an easy lesson
 Learned we in the fragrant field;
 'Twas the lesson of His goodness
 In the leaf and flower revealed;
 But to-day he has assigned us
 One that taxes all our power,
 And we find no key to solve it
 In the grass, and leaf, and flower.

'Tis the lesson of His goodness,
 Of His wisdom, love, and truth
 In the wail of human sorrow,
 And the shrouded form of youth.
 'Tis to find a hidden meaning
 In deep sorrow's stifled breath,
 And to learn love's mighty secret
 From the frozen lips of Death.

'Tis a lesson of deep meaning,
 That Faith's eye alone can see;
 For the eye that sees it plainly
 In the bird, and flower, and tree
 Cannot find it 'mid the darkness
 Of the hushed and silent tomb;
 'Tis a deeper eye that pierces
 Through the veil of somber gloom.

One has passed the deep, dark river
 That each soul must cross alone;
 And we stand and fondly listen
 For the water's gentle moan;
 But no sound of moaning water
 Nor of softly dipping oar
 Tells us, in our waiting sorrow,
 That she reached the other shore.

Yet we press our ear on Nature,
 And her heart-throbs softly count,
 And drink in the deep suggestion
 From her deep exhaustless fount;
 And she tells the listening spirit
 As she whispers soft and low:
 "There's a ministry in sorrow,
 There's an alchemy in woe."

THE POEM ISRAFIL.

IN the May number of *Harper's Magazine* for the year 1877, there appeared a poem, entitled "Israfil." Although the name of the writer does not appear among the names of the poets, yet this production indicates the finest poetical taste. There is a beauty and tenderness in the thought rarely equaled; and the thought seemed to suggest and inspire a correspondingly happy selection of words, and of arrangement. The writer beautifully paints the once happy Eden. Night comes slowly over that Paradise, reluctantly concealing from sight the rare beauty of flowers and foliage. The grandeur of an Eastern sky, star illumined, bends over it. The birds of gorgeous plumage have ceased to flit among the myrtle bowers, and,

"Unconscious yet of tempter's power,
 The first-born, guiltless mortals sleep."

While all in young Eden is thus wrapt in
 darkness and repose,

"Lo! down the airy waste
 Four shining angels haste."

Star after star is left behind in their downward flight, and at last the nightly air of Paradise is stirred by their presence. They pause a moment, thrilled with the new, strange beauty around them, and then each angel, with his sword of light, seeks his post. One at the northern, one at the western, and one at the southern gate. Israfil, "Youngest of the angel band," *reluctantly* turns toward his station upon eastern hill; for he had lately heard it whispered among the shining throng that Eden contained a newly created being of wondrous beauty and purity,

"The latest miracle of Deity
 The first of human womanhood."

Without evil spirits lurk to catch the first opportunity to enter those pure and sinless bowers. But the angel guards are at their post and keep back those dark and evil

spirits. The night slowly passes on; the moon calmly looks down on the scene and all is hushed and still.

Israfil often turns his longing eyes to the place where the inhabitants of Eden are supposed to be taking their rest. He looks around. All is yet still and there are no indications that evil spirits are near. Again he looks around, and determines to leave his post for one moment.

"O, Israfil!

Bid thy impulsive soul be still;

Until the morning wait."

But no, deserted is his post, and now he stands in mute wonder and glad surprise before the sleeping forms, half hid in the freshly-gathered flowers, and murmurs low,

"Daughter of earth—how fair!"

While yet he stands and gazes, he hears the cry of "Israfil! Israfil!" from the angels who fly toward the unprotected gate. But alas! they are too late.

"The serpent's taint is on the air."

Israfil stands dumb, and the startled cry rises from Eden to heaven, that Satan has entered those sinless retreats. When the morning comes he cannot wing his way back with his companions, and with deep-sorrow Israfil hears his own doom:

"Since death by thee is come unto the earth,
Be thou its messenger."

Sadly he goes forth upon his painful mission. He grasps a bough and it is shriveled in his hand. A bird, with tired wing, now rests near him upon a branch. He touches its shining plumage, and the bird, with sudden pain, falls dead. He touches the flowers, and they wither, and "bud and leaf

"Dropped dry and scentless. In a bitter grief
He murmured, 'This is death.'"

From leaf and flower and bird he turns and touches the fairest form of earth—the

one he left his post to see, and she, too, sleeps in death. And now down through all the years the angel Israfil goes. He heeds not human cries, nor grief, nor prayers, but lays his cold and icy hand upon whatever possesses life, and the glory is gone, and he wonders if the influence of his touch is to endure forever. While pausing a moment, in deep thought, a light suddenly shines around him, and he hears his name:

"'Israfil!'

The angel looked, and bowed his face
Before a brow whose sweet, majestic grace
Had shown upon him oft in happier morn
From the eternal hill
Whose dazzling height reveals the Father's
throne.

Immanuel, the First-Born,
Stood smiling on him in the early dawn."

And although the angel Israfil wields 'his melancholy power,' Immanuel follows retouching the faded forms with a finer life and with an eternal celestial bloom.

Thus ends the story of this beautiful poem. It has been illustrated, which adds much to its impressiveness. We learn that this is not the writer's only production.

The "marking" system is to be abolished at Columbia.

In 1839 New England colleges graduated one student for every 1200 of the population. Now it is one for every 3000.

Bowdoin has an unknown benefactor, whose gifts of money come unheralded, unsought, and unconditioned. Last year he sent \$10,000, and this year \$15,000.

The first book published in America was the Bay Psalm Book, which appeared in 1640. This was followed by a book of original poems by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, 1672. John Elliot translated the Bible into the Indian language which was the first Bible printed in America.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WITH the present number our connection with the *STUDENT* ceases. Our readers will remember that at the beginning of the year we said we did not believe in long salutations, no more do we believe in long valedictories, and shall attempt nothing of the kind at this time. We made no promises except that we should do our best to make the *STUDENT* interesting and valuable. This promise we have tried to fulfill. How far we have succeeded we leave others to judge. Though at times we have found our duties almost burdensome, yet we cannot leave them without a feeling of regret, for they have been not altogether unpleasant, and we trust not wholly unprofitable. We extend our heartiest thanks to all who have in any way assisted us during the year. We could wish we might see a more generous willingness on the part of the alumni to contribute to the support of our magazine. Some are almost always ready to furnish an article whenever requested, but unfortunately such seems to be the exception rather than the rule. But it was not our intention just now to write a sermon on the failings of any one, so we will leave the subject. We would extend our best wishes to the new Board of Editors as they enter upon their labors.

"What is the need that college morals should be so low?" We have often heard this question asked, and in good faith, too. We will answer the query by saying that there is no more need for a college boy's morals to be low than for those of any other young man, and we think that if the matter be candidly examined, we shall find that in reality the average student has better morals and is more of a gentleman than the average shop-hand, mechanic, or clerk. The fact is, people expect one

hundred or one thousand students to be associated together without cutting up a single boyish freak, or containing a single vicious or dissipated character among them, while they would be perfectly astonished, should such a state of affairs exist among any other company of men. It is just to expect those who are cultivating their mental faculties to be more moral and temperate than others; but it is not just to make such a wide difference as the majority of people do. We think that we can safely say that the morals of our college are twice as high as those of the same number of young men picked out at random from all parts of New England. We will venture to assert that there is not one-half as much vulgarity, profanity, or dissipation among college boys as among any other class. There are a great many people, and newspapers too, who like to croak, you know.

In taking leave of the acquaintances we have made as editors of the *STUDENT* we would not forget our printers. We feel that all have done everything in their power to help us, as the printing of the *STUDENT* will show. We would never ask to do business with a more courteous gentleman than the foreman of the Journal Job Office. We owe him many thanks for the trouble he has taken to accommodate us. To T., the special guardian of *STUDENT* matter, we would say, "may your genial countenance never be darkened, and your light never hid."

The *STUDENT* has for some years been an expensive luxury, perhaps, partly on account of the scarcity in the money market so that many subscribers could, or would, not pay their dues. In order for it to be a financial success as many adver-

tisements as possible must be obtained. One way to obtain them would be for the boys to patronize only those who advertise in the *STUDENT*. We think this would be but fair, and if some such movement was taken less money would have to leave the pockets of the class to pay *STUDENT* expenses. This movement has been taken in some colleges and we are confident would work well here.

Many students seem to have a very exalted idea of what they term "standing by" a classmate in whatever he sees fit to do. So when a student is disciplined for any breach of college laws, we too often witness an attempt on the part of his class to set aside the effects of this. The Faculty are met with the threat—for we can call it nothing else,—“If you carry out the sentence which you have imposed, the whole class will leave.” Now this is an entirely wrong position. No class has any right to dictate to the Faculty as to how offenders shall be punished. The college laws are intended to benefit, not to oppress the student. We believe no one who has any wish to be fair will complain of them as oppressive. But even if they are not in all respects the very best possible, a student is no more justified in breaking them on that account. That these laws may accomplish their purpose, it is necessary that they be faithfully administered. Clearly then, there must be authority somewhere. This authority of course properly belongs to the Faculty. What right, then, has a class to attempt, by overthrowing this authority, to destroy good order and discipline? Probably very few indeed have any idea of doing this. The trouble is, they do not look upon the matter in the proper light. Under the excitement of the moment they rush to measures which in their more sober moments they would condemn. When one of its members is subjected to discipline, a class hardly ever

fails to think that injustice has been done him. But this does not alter the case. The probabilities are that the punishment is no greater than has been deserved, and even if too great severity has been shown, that does not justify a class in attempting to force the Faculty to remit the punishment. Far better is an occasional mistake in the exercise of authority than no authority at all. Besides being wrong in principle, any such organized attempt on the part of a class is certainly very foolish. It must necessarily fail. In administering justice, the Faculty cannot regard any threat that may be made by students. The college can better afford to lose a class than its reputation for good discipline. The standing of a college depends a great deal upon this very thing. It is therefore a matter of interest to students, no less than to instructors. It is a subject on which Faculty and students ought to have a common feeling.

In the last number of the *STUDENT* we published an article against leaving one college to complete the course at some other institution. The belief that there were principles involved that demanded more careful consideration than is usually given to them, prompted us to write the article. We had strong convictions and in writing were true to these convictions, nor have we found reasons for changing them.

In a communication in the last number of the *Orient*, however, we are informed that nearly one-fifth of our number have left us within the last six months, and that a large proportion of these have entered Bowdoin, hence the article was intended especially for them. This conclusion is as strange and unaccountable to us as the arithmetical computation by which it is reached.

We intended the article to be general—true everywhere,—and were incited by no ambition for petty personality. We meant

no individual student, or students, who have entered any particular college; but endeavored to expose what we considered a wrong principle. We intended, and announced our intention (not, however, to the Faculty,—we have yet to learn that this is required, as was stated in the *Orient*,) of writing the article before we knew that these, who complain of personality, had left or intended to leave.

Again, if our premises were false, our conclusions absurd—in short the very basis of our article a thing of the imagination, we can scarcely see why it should have called forth such a reply. As to our premises, however, we affirmed only what we knew to be true, and as to the fallacy of our reasoning and absurdity of our conclusions, we leave for candid men to judge.

We congratulate our friends that they are so well pleased with the changes they have made. We doubt not that much is found both to please and to profit. It cannot be otherwise at institutions that have long done good work and are still doing such, nor would we in any way undervalue these advantages—the accumulation of years and experience. We rather rejoice in it.

It is a matter of gratification to us, however, that those who have gone from us still cherish such kind remembrances of former associations, and that they bear with them no enmity toward our institution. Yet, we must say, if some of the statements made in the above communication to the *Orient* are true, we can hardly credit such loving kindness—such generosity of heart.

It is a sufficient refutation of these scurrilous charges, that our college qualifies students to pass successful examinations on the work of the first two years to enter one of the oldest and largest colleges of New England on an equal footing with its own students, and that they are admitted to the smaller colleges, during any year of the

course, without any examination; if not, the position our graduates have taken for the last ten years, is.

As to the accusation that the writer of the above editorial ever gave utterance to, or believed the absurd statement imputed to him in the *Orient*, it is absolutely false, like very much of the article—merely rhetorical flourish.

Possibly our article may have been somewhat obscure. Judging from the communication in the *Orient*, it was very obscure; but this obscurity may have arisen, in part, from diseased eyes, which we are told “often close altogether as soon as light touches them.”

The article on the “Public School Failure,” in the December number of the *North American Review*, must awaken serious thought in the mind of every patriotic citizen. We believe, however, other reasons than the present common school system may be assigned as producing the evils this article unfolds; yet, it contains enough of truth to prove the best system of education a thing of the future.

The writer complains that millions of dollars yearly are uselessly expended in elementary education. No more uselessly expended, we would say, than the time and money (perchance) in the first fruitless efforts to solve any difficult problem, before the right method is discovered. Human frailty makes waste before it perfects anything, and the cause of general education is worthy of a great sacrifice. The writer might have gone farther and shown that money is spent with no return, in college training. The same category of evils might be charged upon every college in the United States.

We might argue that the giving of aid to students, for a higher education, tends to lessen their appreciation of its value, since there is, in this respect, a royal road to learning; that it is undermining their

manhood, since they are the children of charity; that it saps them of their honesty, since they learn to use, with no intention of paying, money they have not earned; hence they go forth from college not strong and well balanced, but a privileged class, with no strength of manhood, rather with seeds of dishonesty in their hearts, ready to make their way through life by fair means or foul. That this is true of a few base souls, we must admit; but does it prove that colleges are corrupting young men, and the giving of aid an unmitigated evil? By no means. It only proves that our educational system is not yet perfect, and that good may be turned into evil.

Can this be avoided? We trust it can and will be in the near future. How? By large hearted philanthropy sparing no pains to thoroughly furnish our institutions so that a good education can be acquired at small expense; and when students need other aid, it shall be given in the form of loans, to be returned, save where misfortune or death renders it impossible.

In the article in the last STUDENT entitled "Education as a Remedy for Hard Times," there were several errors which it is only fair to the writer to say were not his but probably ours, through oversight in correcting the proof.

LOCALS.

"And we like, too, old Winter's greeting:
His touch is cold but his heart is warm;
So though he may bring to us wind and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting."

December.

"Did you pass."

Again the campus is deserted by the usual throng of students.

A few students remain in town during vacation.

Gilkey and Goding, '81, are studying medicine.

W. B. Perkins, '81, is "clerking it" at Lothrop's, Boston.

The old college bell no longer rings out sleepy Seniors to late breakfasts.

McCleery, '81, goes to Augusta again this winter for the *Lewiston Journal*.

Four students have resolved that the bowling alley shall not remain silent this vacation.

A small party, composed of alumni and seniors was pleasantly entertained Thanksgiving eve at Professor Hayes'.

We learn, through the columns of the *Journal*, that Rev. Mr. Constantine and wife, who lately visited Lewiston, have sailed for Smyrna via England.

Libby's smiling face is occasionally seen on the street. He is just now taking advertisements for the next issue. Tell them, "Lib," we shall patronize those who advertise in our columns, and we mean it, too.

The Spring Term of Nichols Latin School commenced Tuesday, Dec. 7th. The school opened well. Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Parsons, '80, are creditably sustaining the high character of this institution.

The following gentlemen from '82 have been appointed editors of the STUDENT for the ensuing year: F. L. Blanchard, W. S. Hoyt, S. A. Lowell, W. H. Cogswell, E. R. Richards; C. H. Libby, Business Manager.

A large number of the students are improving the vacation teaching. Waving in triumph the pedagogical wand they stand monarch of all they survey; yet they cannot escape being the central object of neighborhood gossip.

The Sophomores, who are so fond of fun and practical jokes in college, are most desperately opposed to it when they stand as teacher in the common school. Why should there be this sudden change of opinion? Will Sophomoric genius please inform us?

"The difference between soil and society," says Warner, "is evident. We bury decay in the earth; we plant in it the perishing; we feed it with offensive refuse; but nothing grows out of it that is not clean; it gives us back life and beauty for our rubbish. Society returns us what we give it."

At the close of the term the Freshmen all hastened away to the paternal, or some other, hearth, to recount the experiences of their first term in college. Some of them have had considerable experience in teaching, so of course their services were in good demand; others are trying the experiment for the first time.

A Senior lately started, as we had good reasons to suppose, to visit that one "what ain't his sister nor his cousin," but he tells us that he has visited the lighthouses and relief stations all along the shore from Portland to Boston. We pity him. No doubt he wanted something to take up his attention and get his mind off himself and —

December 2d, Lewiston was visited by Remenyi, the celebrated Hungarian violinist. Unlike Portland, Lewiston gave this worthy artist a good house. His execution was remarkably fine. In newspaper criticism we find his style compared with his greater contemporary, Wilhelmj. All who attended the concert were amply repaid.

Considerable grading has been done this fall on the college grounds toward the Theological buildings. New streets have been made and shade trees are to be set next

season. A few thousand dollars well laid out would make the campus one of the most beautiful in New England. We understand the grading has been done at the expense of some citizens of Lewiston.

"Manners," says Emerson, "have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance." Again he says: "Manners impress as they indicate real power. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality." Hence, for manners to be real, to effect anything for an individual, they must originate in a kind and unselfish heart.

Two men chanced to meet, one day, in a covered bridge not a hundred miles from here. One was a wag, the other was one of the gruff sort. As fate would have it they both had extremely large noses. The wag, taking in the situation at a glance, instantly seized himself by the nose and turned his head to one side, saying as he did so, "If you will do the same, stranger, I think we will succeed in getting past." The gruff man of course was enraged and swore.

A college student recently went to teach a rural school. Fearing that *whispering* would injure the interest and reputation of the school, the teacher thought it best to make one of those Medo-Persian laws with a terrible penalty attached, that there should be no whispering during school-hours. When this rule was announced, a Miss on the *back seat* raised her hand. The teacher was at her side in a moment. She, looking up innocently into his face, said in a low whisper, "May I not whisper to you?" This was unexpected, and he stammered out, "Well—why—ah—yes, but wait until we get home."

The prize debate of the first division of the Sophomore class took place Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th. The following was the order of exercises:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

DEBATE.

Question—Does the Democratic party rather than the Republican deserve the support of the American people at the present time?
Aff., L. B. Hunt, C. E. Sargent.

Neg., D. N. Grice, *F. E. Perham.

MUSIC.

AWARD OF PRIZE.

Committee of Award: L. H. Hutchinson, A.M., James Nash, A.M., A. M. Garcelon, A.M.

Though, owing to a change of their question, the disputants had but a short time to prepare, and though the question might be thought to have been nearly exhausted during the late political campaign, yet the debate was an interesting one. Good arguments were advanced on both sides of the question. The prize was awarded to C. E. Sargent.

On the following evening, Nov. 18th, the second division held its debate. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

DISCUSSION.

Ought the United States to restrict rather than to encourage immigration?

Aff., E. A. Tinkham, O. L. Gile, G. M. Beals, C. J. Atwater.

Neg., *E. F. Holden, W. H. Barber, *O. L. Frisbee.

MUSIC.

DECISION.

Committee of Award: J. H. Parsons, J. E. Holton, O. M. Drake.

The debate was a highly successful one. The speakers showed careful preparation and a thorough knowledge of the subject. The parts of Tinkham, Gile, and Atwater might be mentioned as especially good. The committee unanimously awarded the prize to O. L. Gile. Music was furnished for both divisions by the '81 Quartette.

* Excused.

Our Glee Club has had a glorious rest, not a note or a chord has been struck for the whole fall. The leader and several members of the club being absent, it was thought expedient not to attempt any work in the musical line until all were present. We hope by the middle of the spring term, to reorganize and begin to take regular exercise, so that as soon as the evenings become warm and pleasant we can give our usual out-door concerts. Possibly the experiment of an in-door concert will be tried.

Harper's Bazar gives the names of the new Spanish baby as follows: "Maria De Las Mercedes," after the late Queen of Spain, and at the request of Queen Christina; "Isabel," after the two royal grandmothers; "Teresa," after the great empress of Austria; "Christina," after the Queen; "Alfonsa," after the King; "Ana," after the empress of Austria; "Josefa," after the emperor; "Francisca," after her grandfather; "Fernanda," after her great grandfather; "Jacinta-Carolina-Filomena," after the saints of the day on which she was born; and finally "Maria De Todos Los Santos," which includes all the saints as usual in Spain. Thirteen names—great heavens! that child will never live to grow up unless it has the constitution of all those for whom she is named combined.

In a small village in the town of G., there was a certain druggist who was fond of playing practical jokes upon the loafers who were continually hanging about the shop. One day an old fellow came in who was never known to refuse a drink. The druggist, after making a few comments upon the weather, invited his aged friend to have a drink of Bourbon, at the same time passing a Bourbon bottle filled with the strongest extract of cayenne pepper. Up went the bottle and down went a good round swallow of the fiery article. After regaining his breath, he departed for home

without saying a word. A few weeks after the same familiar face appeared again at the shop. "Good morning, Mr. C.," says the druggist, "how do you like Bourbon?" "Bourbon, *Bourbon*," shrieked the old man, "I thought ter heavens I should onsoder."

Not long ago a fellow from a back town determined to visit the famous city of Lewiston, to see the sights and gain a little notoriety among his companions. So taking a lunch, tied up in a red bandanna, he started one morning for the nearest railroad station. As he stepped off the train at the Lewiston depot, the hackmen gathered around him like a pack of hungry wolves, shouting: "DeWitt," "Marston House," "have a hack," etc. Our friend was bewildered, and said: "No, no; I have got a lunch; I—I came to see the city." Escaping from the hackmen, he breathed a sigh of relief and started on a tramp about town. Occasionally he was seen standing gazing up at some elegant mansion or long (?) block. Now the City Building held him fixed to the spot as he gazed upon its lofty proportions. At last he came around to the factories. Here his wonder and amazement knew no bounds, and he was heard to say, "I vum them is larger than my father's barn!" Night found him at home, where he put on the air of an old traveler and answered all questions in a careless, disinterested manner. After many other questions had been put, he was asked if he saw any large, fine houses in Lewiston. "Well, yes," he replied, "I saw one pretty good house where De(a) Witt lives." His next trip is to be to Portland.

Prof. in Physics—"Can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last any longer?" Pale Freshie—"I suppose it would last longer if it didn't smoke so much."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sirnames were first used in the tenth century.

God gives no value unto men matchless by need of labor.—*Holland*.

Imperfectly acquainted with life how can I know of death?—*Confucius*.

This age is a babe that goes in a cradle on wheels and no longer in one on rockers.—*Cook*.

The spirit that struggles up through the scum of society becomes its brightest ornament.—*Townsend*.

If penitent tears could be crystalized they would be the only gems of earth that angels would covet.—*Roe*.

The two great principles which move the world are the love of wealth and the love of knowledge.—*Buckle*.

We inhabit miniature tabernacles which are built under the eaves and shadow of the everlasting palaces.—*Townsend*.

One does not learn history in college, nor politics, nor law, nor medicine, so much as the right method of learning them.—*Cook*.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinity pictured windows. Standing without,—you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.—*Hawthorne*.

In the old cemetery in Portland lies buried the commander of the United States Brig Enterprise, who was killed in an engagement off Portland harbor, September 15, 1813, aged 28. By his side lies Samuel Blythe, commander of the British brig Boxer, who was killed in the same engagement, aged 29. There is also a Lieut. Kerwin Walters (American), buried by their side, who died from wounds received in this same engagement, aged 18.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'78.—C. F. Peasley is studying law in Chicago.

'77.—J. A. Chase is studying theology at Unitarian School, Meadville, Pa.; O. B. Clason is studying law in Gardiner; P. R. Clason has been teaching at Lisbon Falls during the autumn; C. V. Emerson is teaching a successful school at Warren; B. F. Hathaway is studying law at the office of A. M. Spear, class of '75, Hallowell; N. P. Noble is in business in Phillips; Miss J. R. North is still first assistant of the Rockland High School, with increased salary; H. W. Oakes is practicing law in Auburn, in company with N. W. Harris, class of '73; F. F. Phillips is still the popular principal of Rockland High School; A. W. Potter has been teaching the High School at Lisbon Factory this fall, with excellent success; J. W. Smith is in the insurance business at Philadelphia, and has a fine situation. His address is 1914 Fairmount Avenue; G. A. Stuart remains principal of North Anson Academy, and is very successful; J. K. Tomlinson is teaching in the Boys High School, at his home in Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. C. Warner Morehouse is at Washington Depot, Ct.; G. H. Wyman is at his home in Lincoln.

EXCHANGES.

At last our turn has come to say goodbye to our friends and exchanges, and it is "with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret" that we hand over our exchanges to the tender mercies of another's pen. In all our criticisms we have endeavored to be candid, and if at any time we have been unjust, we are sorry. We have tried to belong neither to that class of exchange

editors who are forever tilting the lance of sarcasm, nor to the other class who persistently apply "soft soap" to every one and every thing in order to secure their patronizing glances of approval. We despise a bully or a toady. Our aim has been to meet all our exchanges with the right spirit and neither to elbow nor to fawn ourselves into their notice. As a general thing the criticisms upon the *STUDENT* have been favorable—in many instances, more so than we could expect. Our only real "unpleasantness" has been with the *Index* (and no paper can hope to find favor with the *Index*), and the *Dartmouth*. We can hardly understand the attitude of the *Dartmouth* toward us, yet we part without enmity as we have met without fear.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains the following gem which we will let speak for itself:

"'Tis evening—all along the valley's bed
A feathery mist is foaming. From the hills
The rosy light which now the horizon fills
Before the chasing shades has slowly fled.
The village lights are twinkling, and above
There breaks a silver light where one lone
star
Gleams gently in the heavens, eastward far,
The hidden moon's faint rays burst o'er the
grove.
Scarcely felt, a breeze glides through the wood-
land glen,
And stirs the leaflets as it sweeps along.
Now all is still, till, answering, come again
The last few measures of the farewell song
Of bird to sleeping mate. Now, these, too,
cease,—
And on the world is rest,—and on the spirit,
peace."

The last November number of the *Bowdoin Orient* is an unusually good one,—not that the *Orient* is ever dull; for that would be untrue. The editorials are all well written and energetic. The editorial on the *Bugle* brings up sad thoughts of our defunct *Garnet*. The first chapter of "Bowdoin Stories" is quite interesting.

"What I Saw in a College Room," is true to life. The author, after describing the position in which he found the occupants of the room, namely, one enveloped in tobacco smoke and his chum diligently studying "Hoyle's American Games," and a caller comfortably puffing away at his briar-wood pipe, goes on to say: "The walls were adorned, for the most part with appropriate pictures, although a motto over one door, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' seemed to claim its date as reaching far back into the Freshman year. The next period chronologically, the Sophomoric, was clearly marked by the arrangement of tin-horns over the mantel and a group of canes held by a cord in their place against the wall. Junior ease was characterized by a careless arrangement of knives, pipes, and tobacco scattered promiscuously over the room, and the only thing that reminded one of Senior dignity was a Psychology carefully laid away in its proper place—the book-case. A pack of well-worn cards adorned the center-table, and a dusty Testament was placed behind one leg of the sofa to save the wall paper." "In the room were countless glasses, some whole, some broken, all dirty, and in the bottom of some, I thought I espied small deposits of aromatic $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$." In some respects, this description would not quite fit a student's room at Bates. The local column is well edited. We clip the following: "A young lady says the new sewing machine is like a kiss, 'because,' she blushing adds, 'because, you see, it *seems* so good.'"

The literary department of the *Nassau Lit.* is well conducted. But where is the local news? And what ails the College Gossip man? Notice this nonsense: "But we hasten to assure the anxious public that the country is safe; the College of the City of New York has a *Free Press*. Its motto is: 'A day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bond-

age!!!! Beludd! Beludd!' The editors publish the paper while the publishers return the favor and edit it. So it is kept dark by tall, judicious lying." Again: "Go ahead! Sick 'em! Down with the tyrants. Get on a tare, Johnny; get mad; break a few chairs in your sanctum; spit, and say d—n; our hearts are with you in the deadly struggle for 'Libaaty.' Beludd! Gore!" We forbear.

We think the following from the *Acta* worthy to be inserted entire:

"A REASONABLE DOUBT.

[“It has been found that when young men and women are brought together in colleges, their conversation is no longer characterized by a tone of frivolity, but is elevated by the discussion of subjects suggested by their mutual studies.”—*Susan B. Anthony*.]

“When in his chair the Soph perceives
His neighbor's fingers taper
Dropping betwixt his 'pony' leaves
A slip of tinted paper,
Writ and re-writ from rim to rim
And signed, 'Your loving Mamie,'—
Will he reply in Sanskrit hymns,
Or answer her in paradigms,
Of εἰμι and τιθημι?

“When, from the ivied College Hall
The lights begin to glimmer,
And forth they stroll at even-fall
To watch the starlight shimmer;
And not a soul is nigh to hear,
While silence soothes the senses—
Say! will he murmur in her ear
A lecture on the lunar sphere,
Or achromatic lenses?

“And, when within the deepening shade,
The blushing girl grows bolder,
And a shy head is softly laid
On his protecting shoulder,—
Then, with her red lips near his own,
And the soft, starlit glory
Falling about them all alone,
Will he discuss the works of Bohn—
Or tell the old, old story?”

The average age at which English students matriculate at Oxford is nineteen.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Dartmouth College has decided to admit females.

Cornell has three Brazilians among its students.

The latest theory is that Prof. Ko wrote the Chinese letter.—*Crimson*.

Williams College rejoices in the formation of a College Bicycle Club.

Columbia has the largest number of students of any American college, 1,494.

In a recent rowing contest between Yale and Harvard, the former won easily in 24.27.

733 of the 2930 graduates of Brown University, from 1769 to 1880, have become clergymen.

There are 358 colleges in the United States, 250 of which have been established since 1850.

The study of journalism has recently been added to the curriculum at Michigan University.

The cockswain of the Yale crew is a Chinaman, Mun Yew Chung by name; weighs just 100 pounds.

At Yale the '81 nine, out of thirty-one games played, have won twenty-four, lost five, and forfeited two.

Cambridge College, England, has decided to drop Greek from the list of required studies. Sensible idea, that.

Exeter seems to be tending toward Yale and away from Harvard. Over fifteen men will enter '85 from her academy.

A factory has been connected with Eton College, England, so that the students may get a practical knowledge of tools.

Oberlin furnishes the fun for all the other colleges on account of her strictness: No late hours; no cigars, not even a ciga-

rette; no buggy rides; no moonlight strolls; no serenades; no nothin'.

During the 242 years of its existence, Harvard has turned out 14,062 men.—*Ex*. What a deuced lot of faculty meetings they must have had.

A man and wife are aspirants for the valedictory in the same class at Wesleyan. United we stand, divided we fall. Co-weduction extraordinary.—*Record*.

Cornell University has been thrown into a state of excitement by the suicide of David Halsey of the Senior class. No motive for the deed has been formed.

The Senior class election at Cornell is giving considerable trouble. Officers have been elected by part of the class, and the others refuse to recognize them as such.

At Grinnell College, Iowa, the rule for evening study reads: "Study hours shall continue from seven o'clock onwards." Just to think of a rule so delightfully indefinite.—*Ex*.

Cornell is now talking of sending her crew to England next summer. It would cost them from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, and some of them feel confident that they could raise the amount.

George Bancroft, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, Benjamin R. Curtis, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Edward Everett were members, while in college, of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club, which was organized in 1797. The organization intends building a club house.

CLIPPINGS.

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach-of-promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.—*Ex*.

A Sophomore has two books on his shelf labelled "Maud S." and "St. Julien."

"Yes," said Johnnie, "lapsus may be the Latin for slip, but when mother laps us it usually means a slipper."

"I never could be so soft as to call a girl my *darling* or my *sheet anchor*," whispered a Junior the other day.—*Oberlin Review*.

A certain Junior has at last discovered one advantage in the Faculty. He says they write to his parents so often that it saves him the trouble.—*Ex*.

Facetious man (to sea sick chum)—"I say, old fellow, you're not sick, are you?" Chum—"You don't suppose I'm doing it for fun, do you?"—*Spectator*.

Prof.—"Mr. M., what is the answer to the second question?" Mr. M. (after waiting in vain to be prompted)—"Nobody seems to know, professor."—*Mercury*.

Prof.—"If sulphur is odorless what is the matter with this?" (producing Hydrogen Sulphide.) Student—"I should think *something* has gone wrong with it."—*Ex*.

An exchange says: "If Carl Schurtz is the head of his department the clerks must be undershirts." Yes, and when he goes out of office they'll have to *shift* for themselves.

Some unlucky lads in the University bearing a spite to the Dean for his severity towards them, went secretly one night and daubed the rails of his staircase with tar. The Dean coming down in the dark dirtied his hands and coats very much with the tar; and being greatly enraged he sent for one, most suspected to be the author. This the lad utterly denied; but said: "Truly I did not, but if you please, I can tell you who had a hand in it." Here he thought to have found out the truth and asked him who. The lad answered: "Your worship, sir," which caused him to be dismissed with great applause for his ingenuity.—*Ex*.

Merchant (to commercial seeking a position as book-keeper)—"Tell me, sir, what would you do if, on entering the office in the morning, you found that the cash-drawer had been opened and \$1000 stolen?" Commercial—"Nothing more easy. I would simply open an account with the thief and debit him with \$1000."

Draw it mild, "brother," the Faculty are unsafe to deal with. They have the "faculty" of *dealing* themselves "lone hands," and you might get *euchred*. The editor-in-chief of the BATES STUDENT was suspended for making charges against the Faculty, in an article on "Examinations." That was like "The Charge of the Light Brigade."—*Dartmouth*.

A student recently went out to one of the College Sunday School Missions to supply an absent teacher's place. He was guiltless of extensive acquaintance with the Bible, but was well up in Geometry. On finding a reference to 1 Cor., 6, 19, he gravely referred his class to the first corollary of the sixth book, nineteenth theorem. (Fact.)—*Mercury*.

"Beneath a shady tree they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat;
They kissed, I saw them do it.

"He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it."
—*Ex*.

A little peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue.
—*Kansas City Times*.

A little boy he climbed the fence,
And took that peach from hence to thence.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

A little colic found him there,
And then he climbed the golden stair.
—*Mini*.

His weeping playmates could not tell
Whether he went to heaven or—not.
—*Madisonensis*.

He found a good warm place there though,
Too tropical to peaches grow.
—*Orient*.

We cannot speak of things as true
Unless we've seen and been there too.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hudley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular admission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

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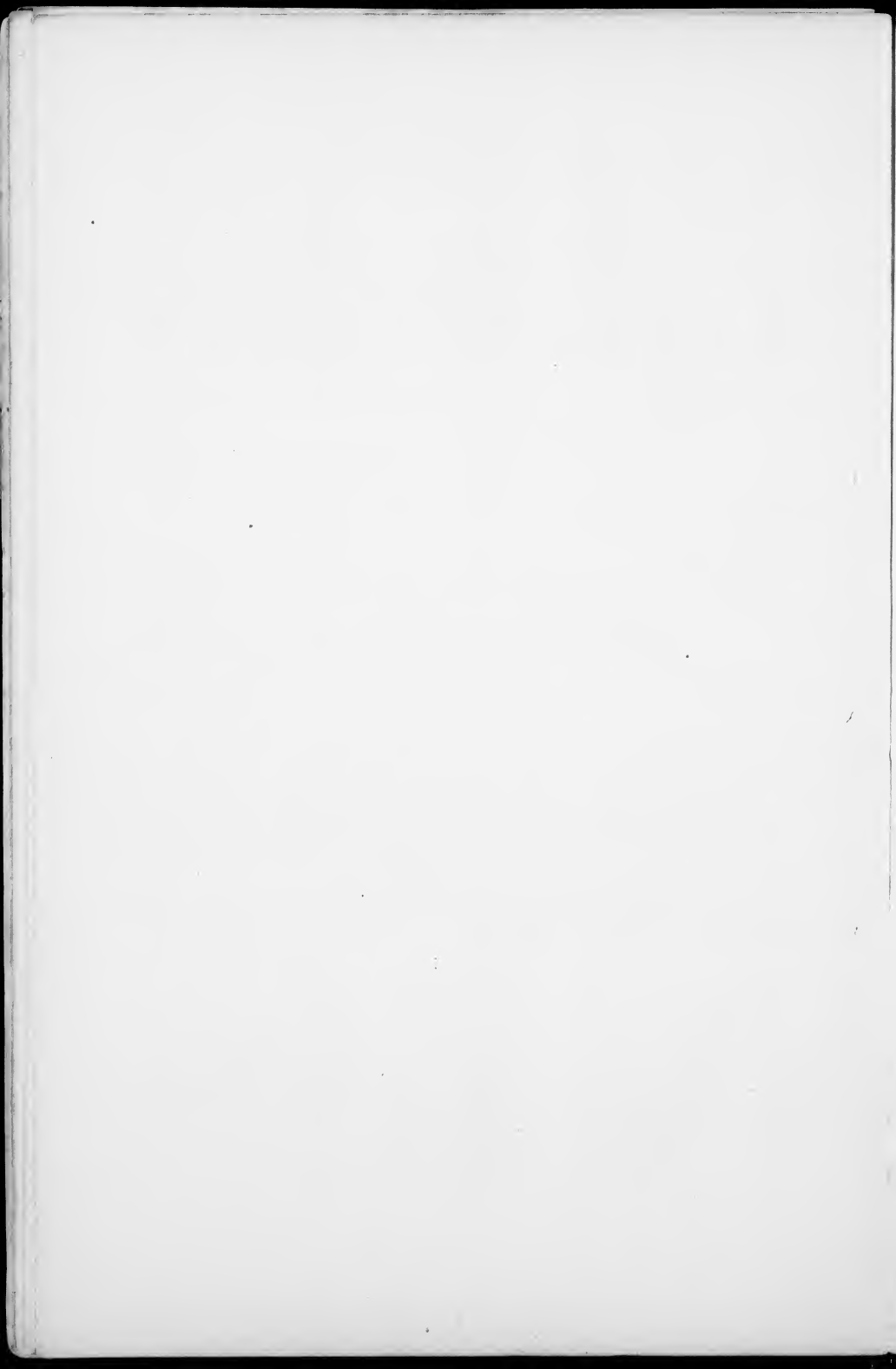
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